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Edited by William Bittle Wells

Volume VII

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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The Pacific Monthly

Volume 7

JANUARY, 1902

Number 1

SMORZANDO

By **LORIS MELIKOFF JOHNSON**

IT was summer, and we had gone to the Coast to rest, Gluk and I. He had said we must go where there would be only quiet, for he was worn out from a winter's hard toil with the pupils at the Conservatory. And I had suggested the Coast.

For some time we had been passing the days quietly, lounging about the hammocks on the broad verandas of the hotel or watching the more active boarders at their pastimes, when the daily trains from the city began to bring numbers of gay people. It became evident to Gluk and me that our place of rest was to prove as lively as the city, so we abandoned our hammocks and shade and fell to taking long strolls on the beach.

One beautiful evening our landlord met us in the hall as we were passing out to take our accustomed walk. He said there was "to be some music for the guests," and, addressing himself to Gluk, "would we not stay and hear?"

With that characteristic which had made his name become him well, Gluk concealed the irritation he must have felt, and consented to be a listener. I, at least, could understand how wretched he would be if we chanced to hear any musical atrocities. I had studied his expressions at numerous recitals, where his pupils had horrified or pleased him.

We stayed. There were a number of those plodding musical aspirants who fill up the ranks and make the Conservatory a financial possibility. Then came a performer who was unique in his appearance if nothing more. He

was a young man, quite a boy, with an aged expression which sat almost comically on his white face. Of very slight stature, and stooping, his poor, cheap clothes were only more noticeable on him than they would have been elsewhere.

He played a violin—and without accompaniment. It was only a little ballad and one that everyone knew, but he played it so exquisitely that he was recalled. This time he came back only just inside the door, and for a moment he stood as if meditating upon what to do. I noticed Gluk was interested.

Our player began an adagio movement—thoughtful, deep, graceful. Repeatedly he played something, as if waiting, groping about. Then he commenced the same thing in a different presentation. It seemed strange and growing stranger.

Suddenly I realized he was improvising with this his opening theme.

Gradually it lost simplicity, becoming all the while more indistinct; but having impressed itself in the beginning, it could not be forgotten. As it grew in form it took an expression. The notes followed each other out, out, away from the violin, through the open windows, into the great, still night, and there they went their different ways, bidding their farewells in sleepy echoes, always in that stately, beautiful movement. The melody sang, and it seemed to sing a promise, alternately quickening slightly, throbbing, like a great imprisoned passion, then yielding sorrowfully but hopefully. Its joy and spirit,

wild and powerful, yet perfectly restrained, triumphed, momentarily yielded, grew again, then receded, all the while suggesting hidden conflict. And the promise sang always; but even as it promised its voice grew thin and spoke of its own death.

As the moments passed it lost its passion and mourned the loss, wailing, sighing, protesting weakly. Spasmodically it fought for mastery, each time yielding in point and falling back exhausted, more hopelessly than before. Finally it ceased to struggle, only begging for mercy, calling on an inexorable pity. Then an agony of despair consumed all its remaining strength. Weak resignation came, abiding with the melody to the end, sobbing fainter, fainter, at last the thread broke and there was rest.

A stillness that was wonderful followed. To applaud would have been sacrilege, and each one present seemed to feel this.

Slowly I came to myself, feeling as if I had been far away, alone. Gluk's voice aroused me and I heard him saying "Come." Linking arms we went out of the door into one of the most brilliant nights I have ever seen. Down the pebbled walk and out into the beach we went, saying nothing.

The sea was excessively calm, as if asleep; I have rarely seen it so. The full moon in the sky made the scene heavenly. How charitable the moonlight is! How it hides defect and beautifies beauty!

For a long time we strolled in silence. I broke the silence finally: "Gluk, what was he saying?" He replied after some time. "He was telling us how hard it has been; how the spirit which learned its own genius has struggled for recognition and failed as often as success seemed imminent; how despair is gradually settling over ebbing courage; how abject resignation will come." And again we walked in silence.

Late that night we parted in the hallway to go to rest. I think each of us had made a resolution.

We did not see the violinist after that for many days. Perhaps the landlord would have been glad to tell us of him had he known our interest, but it seemed

better to await a chance meeting, and so we said nothing.

There was a woman at the hotel to whom Gluk and I had been presented in the first days of our visit there. After our introduction we had not occupied ourselves much with her, for she was not just the sort of person a worn-out man would care to cultivate. How well I remember her! Now, as I look back upon that summer, a thousand things come to my mind to make her memory vivid. I little noticed her then; but I was to see her before those days drew to a close in a way which would leave her indelibly stamped in my recollection.

She was a worldly woman. Her wealth enabled her to engage in an endless maze of balls, parties, excursions and suppers, and to these it was her pleasure to invite all whom she chose to call her friends. It may be remarked here that "her friends" meant all whose intimacy could exalt her socially. Accordingly, to her affairs came dignitaries of all the walks of life—artists, capitalists, musicians, statesmen. Here she must give these entertainments, and in this she spared herself no trouble. Her energy would have been admirable in a better cause.

Gluk and I had been in receipt of her invitations frequently, and sometimes we had attended.

One day not long after that glorious night of which I have told, an attendant brought us a request from her ladyship to attend a water party which was to embark on the evening of the next day for a few hours on the bay. We sent back our appreciation and a promise to come. That afternoon being a hot one we engaged a trap and drove out. When at some distance from the hotel we came upon a road which apparently led away from the beach back into the hills. The green trees looked inviting in the distance; we took their direction and at length were among them. We had ambled along for some time enjoying the shade, when a sudden turn in the road brought to view a carriage—our ladyship's carriage—standing before a little rustic cottage.

Strangely, the rear of the cottage faced the road and the front was turned away, giving it a queer air of reserve, or con-

tempt for publicity. The carriage had driven around before the door, away from the road. There was no one in sight save the coachman, who appeared to be dozing, with his eyes closed and his head fallen forward. A vision of a vine-covered well suggested to us that we were thirsty. We got out and leaving our horse to stand went to refresh ourselves. There was no bucket; nothing but a coil of rope near by. Down in the well we could see crystal water.

I was on the point of going around to ask for a bucket when we heard voices inside. A woman was saying impatiently: "My guests have all been invited. I must have music. I will have music, and you shall play." There was a faint reply. Then the woman again: "If you do not play for me I will give you no more opportunities. Then where will your bread come from? You don't seem to have too much, to judge from that celestial, wolfish face of yours. Ha! ha!" After a pause she added, the mirth gone from her voice: "Very well. You may, of course, do as you wish. But know that henceforth you receive no employment from me." With this she flounced out to her carriage. As she was about to enter it she turned back and said: "If you should change your mind in time, get up some good starlight music and come to me in the hotel a trifle before the hour. We will let this little matter be a bygone in that case." And she popped into her carriage and was off.

If she had seen us she did not betray it, for her composure was as complete as could be under the circumstances.

After the winding road had hidden her from view, Gluk and I went around and knocked at the open door. A very hoarse voice bade us enter. As we did so we beheld a man's figure at full length on a bed on the floor. As soon as our eyes had grown accustomed to the dim light of the room we recognized our acquaintance of the hotel musicale. He appeared to have contracted an extremely aggravated cold, and could not speak without great effort.

The walls about us were entirely bare, save for an old, old violin which hung near the head of the sick man's pallet. There was but one chair in the room; toward this he waved a skinny hand,

but neither of us caring to accept the only luxury of the kind in the room we both remained standing. There was indication of extreme poverty all about.

We expressed sympathy and asked if we could be of service. He seemed very much embarrassed, as if his mind were still on the recent scene and he feared we had heard. Feeling that our presence made him uncomfortable, we took our leave.

The next day, near the hour of sunset, we went down to the wharf to join the water party. I think the same thought was in both of our minds; we were wondering if he would be there.

As soon as greetings at the wharf were over we looked about. There was no trace of our friend. I was half thankful, half disappointed.

The party was one of the merriest I have ever seen. We rode about in the neat little white boats which the landlord kept as an additional source of revenue, until the moon had risen high in the starry sky. As the night passed, the air grew colder, and a thoughtful silence fell upon the merrymakers. Each one had found entertainment within himself under the influence of the people about us.

Suddenly a weird music came floating over the water to us from somewhere out to sea. We listened, curiously at first; then, as we began to realize that it was for us—for us, through the kindness of a hostess who never spared herself—we yielded up to the enjoyment of it.

It was a violin, the tone changed by the environment until it seemed almost supernatural.

For an hour we listened, half in awe. Gradually it died away and left us in a silence denser than before.

After this we instinctively felt the time for laughter had gone. The boatmen rowed us back to the landing and we got out. I heard our hostess give instructions in a low voice to a boatman to go out after something at the buoy in the bay. Then a single boat went out again and disappeared in the mist which was gathering in the cold of the late hour.

Our party strolled up the beach to the hotel, and on the way our hostess was the receiver of compliments upon the novelty of her entertainment and the in-

genuity she had displayed in providing it. After congratulations and good-nights we separated and retired. Again, I think Gluk and I had made resolutions.

I was up early in the morning, and supposing Gluk wished to sleep off his weariness I did not seek him. I had a basket filled with the most palatable things that could be had there to eat and departed in a chaise for the violinist's place along the hill road.

Arrived there, I noticed a horse tied to a tree by the wayside. I got out with my basket and went around to the door of the cabin.

With my foot upon the threshold I beheld Gluk sitting on the floor by the bed, embracing one knee as if in thought. On the single chair was a covered basket similar to mine. A glance of mutual understanding passed between

us as his eyes fell upon what I carried; then he lost expression and resumed his old vacant stare. In a sad voice he said: "I am afraid we have come too late, my friend."

Instantly I divined his meaning. There on the pallet lay the dead form of the violinist. His violin was on the floor near an outstretched hand. His bow, too, lay beside him. It seemed that he had walked home in the last hours of the darkness after his work for madame, and the cold, in his susceptible condition, had ended his hardships. "Come," Gluk said. "We will go back and tell the landlord about it."

A few days later we returned to the city.

Since that time, his work has separated Gluk from me. He does not go to the coast in the summer. And I—I have never cared to go back.

Memory's Tryst

*Along the broad time-beaten track
Made by the years in passing slow,
My heart and memory wander back
To meet the days of long ago;
Times' path was smooth and lovely there
With flowers instead of thorns 'twas spread,
With bird songs in the perfumed air,
And cloudless azure over-head.*

*No wonder memory loves to fly
Back to the dearest spot she knows;
To walk beneath a cloudless sky
On fallen petals of the rose!
No wonder that my heart should seek
In those old days its long-lost mate.
Alas, that love should be so weak,
And that so strong and sure is fate!*

—Florence May Wright

THE CHURCH ON THE MOUNTAIN

By MARY STARCH

TRAVELING through the Sierras in search of health and inspiration, Arthur Reynolds, artist, followed his guide through narrow passes, up rocky slopes and over footpaths winding in and out among the firs. Now he could reach out and touch a huge boulder towering above him, with his right hand, while his left was held over a hungry-looking chasm which almost made him shiver with fear. Again, the warm sunshine and the deep blue of the summer sky, with the trickling of streamlets from melting snows higher up, would almost delude him into the belief that he was in some half-forgotten, secluded vale of his boyhood days.

They had camped each night, sometimes with rough miners or lumbermen, and sometimes alone; never with many tokens of civilization around them. On this morning, the guide had promised Mr. Reynolds a surprise.

They traveled on slowly, stopping to admire, and the artist often to question. Suddenly Reynolds drew a deep breath of astonishment, and stopped short. The guide laughed, saying, "This is the surprise I mentioned when we were starting."

They had come out upon a level surface, which seemed large after their long ascending journey. Not far in the distance, on the left, rose a tall, rounded summit, crowned with snow; and nearer, on the right, stood a beautiful little church, nestled among some tall firs. They walked over to the entrance, and stood listening for a moment to strains of familiar hymns coming from the organ. Entering, and seating themselves, after they had greeted the organist, the artist asked for the story of the place.

"Many years ago," said the organist, "a bankrupt from the East, with his little daughter, made his home on this spot. Having been swindled by friends, as he thought, he no longer wished to

see human faces around him. He felt that the solitude of this place was well suited to one who had been separated from his fellows by misfortune.

"Golden-haired Edith, his daughter, was at that time only ten or eleven years old, and would have been well satisfied to be with her father, even in a desert. She had not been much with him in their prosperous Eastern home, for business cares were too pressing. Now, however, there grew up between them that love which comes only with constant companionship, and Edith was the sunshine of her father's life. Once or twice a year they made a trip to the settlement at the base of the mountains, for supplies, and the only other times when they were not alone were when occasional travelers or surveying parties asked for shelter or assistance.

"Never a religious man, the father had not so much as brought a Bible to his new home; but Edith was of a different disposition. She had been a regular attendant at all services for children in her church; this, of course, the one of which her mother had been a member until her death five years before. Every Sunday the child insisted upon her father's dressing for church; and, drawing up two chairs side by side very stiffly, they would have their service. She would bring out old lesson papers, and her father was obliged to take his turn in reading from them.

"And then, the questions she would ask, and the personal applications she would make of the verses read, were enough to make a sinner tremble or a saint rejoice. 'Love your enemies,' he would read. 'Father have you any enemies?' she would say. 'And do you love them? How can you do good to them if you are nowhere near them?' And 'father' would wince as he remembered all his thoughts of ill against James White, who had been president of the

company in which he had lost all his property. A derisive smile would curl his lip as he thought of doing good to James White. 'And White a deacon in the church, too,' the father would mentally conclude, while he gave Edith some half satisfactory answer raked up from memories of his own Sunday school days.

"After living here several years, one sultry July day, while they were in the settlement, they were attracted by the sound of music in a vacant store building; and, going in, found a congregation listening to some evangelists. There were three young men, one of whom was playing a small organ.

"Edith was delighted, and, seating herself upon one of the boxes which served as pews, drank in every word that was said. Her father listened with less interest, and kept his eyes fixed upon the young man still seated at the organ, with his back toward the congregation. There was something strangely familiar about his appearance, the poise of his head and his occasional movements. So absorbed did the observer become that he failed to hear the second speaker announce that they would be dismissed after prayer by Brother White; and when the young man arose, facing him for the first time, he almost started from his place. It was James White's son!

"When Edith wished to linger with the rest and greet the evangelists, she met the roughest refusal her father had ever given her. The sky had become dark with clouds while they were engaged in the service, so they hurried up the mountain, trying to reach home before the storm should break.

"Ernest White had recognized his old neighbor at once, and inquiring where he lived, followed as soon as he could; for he had important news to give him. Before he had gone half way, the lightning began to flash, the rain came down in sheets and the wind roared through

the trees and gulches; but he pressed forward, as it was no more dangerous than to halt or go back.

"The storm seemed to increase in fury as he went on; trees were falling and rocks crashing over his path. Almost at his destination, thinking that he heard voices, he quickened his pace until he almost stumbled over a young girl kneeling upon the ground, and trying with all her strength to lift a tree from her path. Under the tree was pinioned her father.

"Hastily laying hold of the tree, his greater strength, added to hers, was able to lift it away. Then the two carried the wounded and now unconscious man to his cabin, and Ernest White did all in his power to make him comfortable until the doctor could be brought.

"After long and careful nursing by Ernest White and Edith, her father was once more able to sit up. 'Are you ready for church, Edith?' he said on Sunday morning. Edith blushed and, explaining to Mr. White how they had always held their service, brought out the lesson papers. 'Father, we have come to 'Love your enemies' again, she said. But 'father's' hatred toward James White was gone now.

"It was the next day that Ernest told them how his father's company had re-organized for the purpose of making full payment to the investors. 'A great many people say it is unbusinesslike and foolish, but my father judges himself by the law of God, which tells us to love our neighbors as ourselves. And there is now fifty per cent of your investment waiting for you at his bank; the rest will be paid later, with full interest.'

"Edith and her father returned to the East with Mr. White, who was in his junior year at college, studying for the ministry. Not long after they had gone a home missionary came to the settlement and made arrangements to have this church built upon the spot where they had lived. The funds were furnished by Edith's father."

I have never found that there was truth in the old saying "A woman's work is never done." It may very easily be done if the little household duties are taken up systematically and performed thoroughly at their proper times.—Woman's Home Companion.

For the children's play-room the attic has vast claims, and for this reason, if for no other, it should be kept clean and wholesome.—Woman's Home Companion.

THE COEUR D'ALENES

By H. B. LUCE

*The Autumn sun flames o'er the Coeur d'Alenes
Whose seried peaks, a gleam in green and gold,
Shine against the azure sky like gilded fanes,
The tumuli of mighty Titans aeons old.*

*Dawn from the mountain tops, all sweet with dew,
Child of sun and sea, swift the Coeur d'Alene,
With tints of sun and sky and mountains blue,
Rushes thro' wasted woods and canyons deep and
green.*

*In these deep glens and canyons, grooved
By earthquakes and erosion's stony teeth,
The sunshine plays 'mong boughs and flowers moved
By zephyrs bearing songs and odors sweet.*

*Fire-weed and thistle-seed, like spirits free,
Fly with silk wings o'er airs that wax and wane,
And whispering pines tell of the sapphire sea,
And my rich argosy that comes from Sunny Spain.*

*Here, where erst the Indian wigwam stood,
And roved the dusky maid and warrior bold,
The white man came and burned the noble wood,
And crushed the red man's bones for sordid gold.*

*Here where the eagle builds her rugged nest,
Where free from caste and sins of cities gilded,
The mountain men have come—for privilege blest—
To work or rest in temples God hath builded.*

*O ye, in smoky towns for wealth who toil,
And drudge, and tramp the dirty streets, and plod;
Come, see the Coeur d'Alenes flash mile on mile,
And drink the wine of mountain winds that come
from God!*

Delta, Idaho, Sept. 21, 1901.

Mrs. Percy Pearson Pidwell

By MRS. MARGUERITE T. BELL

MRS. Percy Pearson Pidwell very abruptly entered the library, where her husband sat looking over the morning papers.

"What shall I do, Pearson?" she inquired in a perplexed tone. I gave Pauline permission to spend Sunday with her mother, intending to leave Percy with Patsy; but Patsy has just received word of her sister's illness, and must go to her. I feel so annoyed about it, for, you know, this is Saint Patrick's day, and I am to assist with the music at our church. Everyone will be so disappointed if I fail to go."

"Go right along, my dear," answered Pearson. "I can take care of the infant. You don't know what an excellent nurse I am."

"That is so good in you, Pearson!" she exclaimed. "I do hope Percy will not be troublesome."

Then she hastened upstairs to make her toilet and presently appeared in the parlor, wearing a pink plush poke bonnet, trimmed with a profusion of pumpkin-colored ribbon and poppies, which went prettily with her purple gown. She carried a palm leaf fan and a bouquet of pale pinks and pansies. With her hair puffed and perfumed in the latest Parisian style, and arrayed in this costume, she looked a perfect picture of piquant, petite prettiness.

The bay was sleeping sweetly as she kissed him good-bye and took her departure for the house of prayer. She had not been gone long, however, when the infant aroused, and set up a prolonged cry. This was followed by more lamentation, until Pearson thought that everyone within three or four blocks would hear. He resorted to paregoric, but it did not quiet him. He would first call his young son by every endearing cognomen, and the next second swear at him with increasing wrath.

A bright idea presenting itself, he finally called Peter and requested him to bring the brandy. Peter returned promptly from the pantry with a bottle of turpentine in one hand and a bottle of hartshorn in the other, and exclaimed. "Here is proper medicine, Mr. Pidwell. Let him smell this and he'll be quiet immediately," holding the bottle of hartshorn aloft.

Mr. Pidwell assured him that it was too powerful for the child, so he found the brandy.

To the great relief of the two men, the brandy was effective in restoring peace, and the infant slept.

The perspiration was trickling down Pearson's cheeks, as he threw himself upon the sofa. The quiet after the storm soon lulled him to sleep.

Previous to the calm he had telephoned to nearly all the physicians in Tacoma. For one after another of the replies came that they were attending services or making their morning calls.

Presently Mr. Pidwell was awakened by his wife weeping over him. She knelt down by the sofa, all unmindful of her pretty purple dress with its passamenterie trimmings.

Pearson's astonishment was complete when he looked about and saw the room was filled with physicians. Some were old and some were young, some had gray hair and not a few were bald-headed. They had arrived while he slept, and feeling rather piqued at not discovering any patient, after such an abrupt summons, had lingered until Mrs. Percy Pearson Pidwell arrived. Upon entering the gate, she had met Peter, who told her that the baby was "all right and sleepin'." She then entered the house and was frightened upon seeing so many physicians. Hastening away in search of her husband, she found him asleep and looking very feverish, while he muttered incoherent words about "harts-

horn, doctors, and "squawking youngsters."

As soon as Pearson recovered from his amazement he explained to them all about the affair, and the physicians took their departure. Then all was serene in the Pidwell mansion once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Pidwell entered their palatial dining-room, where they partook of a luncheon of potato salad, parsnip balls and parsley, with pickled pep-

pers, followed by pudding, pie and pears, prunes, plums and peaches. Then they adjourned to the portico, where Polly, the parrot, sat prattling to the puppy. They rested in the parlor, where Pearl performed on the piano, for she was perfect in music. To end the day's events they enjoyed a pleasant promenade on Front street.

New Whatcom, Wash.

Merry Christmas

This number of the Pacific Monthly will reach its readers as the glad days, which commemorate the greatest event of the centuries, are passing. The two days, Christmas and New Year's, both are expressive of hope and opportunity. The light that lighted the magi is lighting up the whole world, and is destined to shine brighter to the perfect day. It shines in the hearts of men, and is reflected back in deeds of love and mercy. It permeates society, and is the element which is transfiguring human lives. It has found expression in protests against oppression and in constitutional guarantees to all men of inalienable rights. It is the light of love, and blessed be the Giver! it will never go out. Its purifying and life-giving power is limitless, and whosoever will, may receive it and walk in it. It is more appreciated, and seems more gloriously resplendent as it

is more fully received. The story of its humble, though celestial, origin and the wonderful messages of Him who brought it, are encircling the globe and ushering in the universal federation, the recognized brotherhood of man. Why should not the birthday of undying hope and boundless love be celebrated? Why should not He who gave to it, and still gives to it, its wonderful significance, be hailed the King of Glory? A King who did no wrong, a King whose scepter is love, and who, by that sign, is to conquer. So, Merry Christmas! Merry in outward manifestation, but merry chiefly in the merry heart, the heart made glad and joyous by a great presence and a great hope. May Santa Claus bring to us all the undying gift, and may the new life make us bearers of sweet tidings to the universal brotherhood.

The Prophet of the Mayax.

A TALE OF PREHISTORIC TIMES ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

By CHARLES GRISSIN

Chapter XI

IT had been a busy day for Quito. Tulha was, next to the capital, the greatest place of importance in the province. Here were located the great magazines of the Votan and the priesthood. From sunrise to sunset there was one incessant stream of tribute bearers from all parts of the province. Quito, as the highest functionary of the church at this place, but subordinate to the Itzas Ahau or governor of the city and province, was busy all day giving orders for the arrangement and classification of the tribute as well as for the entertainment of the numerous chiefs and Batabs.* Under him were employed two chief clerks making entries of every article reported by the assistants receiving the same. One of the clerks kept a record on behalf of the Ahau for the crown, the other for the priesthood.

It was late in the evening when Quito dismissed his clerks rolling up the skin scroll with a long list of names upon it, he sat down on a low, wooden bench, and, watching the glorious sunset through the opening in the thick wall, his thoughts wandered back to the incident of his unexpected meeting with Father Culkan in the morning. But, from the cloud that passed over his kindly and thoughtful face, whose contour and color indicated mixed blood, it was evident there was some disturbance in his mind. Presently his thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of a novice, a young man of about twenty, who announced that an old man with a long beard desired to see him.

"Admit him at once, Uzul," was Quito's eager reply.

"By the eternal Tanatu!"* exclaimed Quito, extending his right hand to Father Culkan, as the venerable prophet entered the room, "at last you are come."

"Blessed be the only true God, my son. He hath preserved me from many dangers and guided me back to my people once more. Great is His name and mysterious are His ways."

"You are rested and refreshed from your journey, I trust, my father?"

"I am, my son."

"Although this has been a busy day for me, and I am much fatigued, yet am I thirsting to hear the story of your wanderings, my teacher, now even here."

"How long have you held this position, my son?"

"Two years, my father."

"Much honor has fallen to thy lot, my son—yet am I not rejoiced."

"Nor am I, my father."

"Tell me first, Quito, has the slave been recorded?"

"The unfortunate whom you cared for this morning?"

"Aye, he."

Quito, unfolding his scroll and looking over the long list of names, read: "Pipilus, of the tribe of shepherds, a captive of war, from the Batab of Chihu to the Itza Ahau of Tulha." "It is he, my father."

"It is well; strike out the name."

"I have no power to do this."

"Aye, read," and drawing a scroll from his garments, he handed it to Quito, who read aloud:

"To Culkan, a priest of the Sun, the slave Pipilus is delivered into his hand. I, Itzas Ahau so command it."

"Praise unto Tonatu, it is as you have spoken."

"Aye, my son, and Pipilus, with his wife and children, is now on his way rejoicing, a free man. Culkan though slave unto all men will have no man for his slave. My God is the God of all

men, and it is His will that all men be free."

"Still, I wonder how the Itzas came to grant your wish?"

"I knew him when he was a youth, my son, and he could not refuse my wish."

"But he may repent of his act."

"Aye, this he may. 'Tis I will bear the consequence."

"Still, I fear for you."

"What dost thou fear, my son?"

"The power of the Votan, and the greater power of Metates."

"Didst not thou say, even this morning, 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble?' The very truth I taught thee years ago. Hast thou forgotten?"

"No, my father, but the things you taught then are not the things that are practiced now."

"Wherefore they must be taught again, with greater eloquence today. Have I not seen the star, and followed it by land and sea; aye, my son, the Light of the World is risen, and the time of deliverance is at hand."

"You speak strangely, Father Culkan. Tell me, tell me all you saw and heard in those strange lands."

"My son, God is great, and he has led me most wonderfully, praise unto His name, and thou, too, shalt rejoice with me in the blessings He vouchsafed unto His poor servant."

"Thou knowest, to me were known the teachings of the fathers of the land of Uri; even as they are known to Metates; but, alas, day by day I witnessed how the leaders of the people followed in the paths of the wicked, and, losing sight of the true faith, fell to worshiping strange gods even as they did of old. It grieved my heart, and I prayed long and earnestly for strength and light, that I might see the truth. It was then, in the stillness of my chamber, that the light, the sun of truth broke upon my soul, although my eyes were closed in sleep. This is what I saw:

"In the midst of a great plain there arose a mountain, high and abrupt. The plain was a desert, and great multitudes of people eagerly, but vainly, sought for harvest-yielding soil. Then, looking up with eyes out of which hope

had fled, they regarded the mountain wistfully; and many there were that said: 'If we could only ascend the mountain, then might we obtain a better view of this desert, and perchance note whither direct our course out of the desert into a country that shall yield us food and water.'

"But, alas, many there were that fell down in despair when looking at the craggy and precipitous sides of the mountain. My heart grew sore and sick with pity for these people. Then there came upon me a resolution. I sprang forward with alacrity and began the ascent of the mountain. On and on, upward and upward, I climbed the dizzy heights, giving here and there a hand to a fainting and despairing creature. Thus, on and on I climbed, with the hope firm in my heart. Faint and sore, I reached the top,—when, alas, the light of day went out and utter darkness fell upon me. An unspeakable loneliness and despair took possession of me. Now did I feel myself indeed forsaken. I threw myself down upon my face, and in the agony of my soul cried out: 'O God, do not now forsake thy poor servant!' Then came upon me a sweet calm and restfulness, and, looking up, I beheld the rugged mountain wreathed in a light of ineffable glory; a sun brighter than the lord of day shone upon me, and, amid the solemn stillness, I heard a voice speak unto me: 'This is given unto thee, follow the star and thou shalt behold the Light of the World.' I opened mine eyes, my son, and from that moment have I known and worshiped the one and only true God."

"Truly a marvelous vision, Father Culkan," spoke Quito, regarding his teacher with reverential awe; "I am burning with desire to learn your tale."

"Then came upon me a desire to journey eastward to the sea—hark, my son, what means this chanting of hymns in the street below?" Quito listened. A shadow passed over his face.

"What is it, my son?"

"A band of Zapotecs are preparing a victim for the sacrifice unto Toci—'tis a woman, and fair to look upon, whom the northern barbarians bought for this vile purpose. She is to die tonight. 'Tis

strange Metates allows these people to practice their abominations."

"Aye, more need for me, and you, too, my son, to spread the light of truth. But cannot we save this unfortunate?"

"No, Father Culkan, it is too late; besides, you would but draw the fury of the mob upon yourself."

"So be it, then; the time is not yet come, but when 'tis come, no man's fury shall deter me from showing unto them the truth."

"Pray do proceed: wherefore you journeyed hence, father? I am all athirst to hear your story."

"Led by some strange and inward power, I journeyed eastward toward the sea. * 'Follow the star, and thou shalt behold the Light of the World.' These words ever lingered with me. I marveled at their import, but no answer came. Yet ever was I moved, onward and forward, by an impulse, not my own, irresistible. Every night my eyes surveyed the stars in lonely vigil but the same stars familiar to my sight came and went, night after night, leaving me no guidance save the promptings of my own heart. At last after a weary journey through the country of the Choles, the Manches, and the Mopanes, I reached the city of the Pokomams. Here I made diligent enquiry among the priests and wise men concerning the star I was to follow, but they, likewise, had seen no new star in the heavens. But lately, thus they told me, there had arrived strange seafaring men from the East, such as had been seen by our ancestors in times past. They had brought with them strange wares from their far-off countries, which they were exchanging for gold and for silver. 'Their ships,' said they, 'are yet lying in the harbor, which can be seen by ascending the promontory overlooking the sea.'

"Night came, and I ascended the hill that I might look upon the strangers' ships in the light of the morning. The sister of the Lord of Day rose gloriously from the deep, and one after another, the stars traversed the heavens in their accustomed course from horizon to zenith. While thus I watched and marveled, my heart grew faint in meditation over the degeneracy of our race; walking in the darkness of idolatry,

away from the goodness and mercy of the true God. A deluded and credulous people, blindly following their priests, who, knowing better, are false at heart and hypocritical in their belief; seeking ever their own welfare as against that of the people, thus making their religion a sham and a mockery. I knew, and so felt it in my heart, that the time had come when the Light of the World was to dawn upon a new era—a new dispensation. This faith was strong in me, and yet was my heart heavy, for I knew, also, that much suffering must yet come to me and to my people.

"Thus meditating, I fell into a deep slumber.

"Suddenly I was awakened, and a voice within me spake. 'Arise, my son, the time is come, follow the star across the sea.' I knew the voice, and trembling, rose to my feet. Looking out upon the sea, I beheld the same glorious light that illumined the mountain in my vision, directly over the sea, and there, beneath I saw the strangers' ships. I knew the sign, and with joy inexpressible in my heart, I forthwith descended to the harbor. Ere long I met the strangers, and learned they were to take sail that very day, 'for,' said they, 'a new star arose this night in the East, and we must follow it for great things are to happen, so say the wise men of our country.' I told them I, too, had come to follow the star, and asked them to give me passage in their ships; they at first regarded me strangely, but after some debate, bade me follow them.

"They had four ships, laden with such store as is found in the country of the Pokomams; gold, silver and copper from the mines, and cotton and maize from the fields; also many llamas which served as food on our voyage. Each ship had twenty oars, and hard was the labor o'er the pathless seas for many moons. But the strangers showed much skill upon the ocean, and knew their course even as men do upon land. They had made this voyage before, but never, said they, under such propitious guidance, for the new and glorious star was ever in advance of our course. We passed many strange and wonderful islands, peopled by races of men unknown to me, but apparently familiar to

the navigators. I marveled much at the greatness of the earth and at the yet greater expanse of the waters. But for the faith that was in me, my courage would have failed, when through several courses of the moon my eyes beheld naught but the sky above and the sea beneath.

"At last we came to a group of isles, and then, directing our course eastward still, we neared the coast of a new land which was hailed by the navigators with joy. Passing the Pillars of Heracles, we entered an inner sea, and, judging from the craft we met along the waters, it was laden with the wares of every land and clime. I knew that a great people inhabited this new land. On entering the harbor of a great city which my friends called Alexandria, a vast concourse of people awaited our coming. I was regarded by these people with much curiosity, but received at their hands the most generous hospitality. On making known my mission they marveled much, having themselves seen the new and beautiful star. Being accorded passage in another ship, I continued my voyage eastward, still guided by the star. After many days' sail we cast anchor at another city which the mariners called Sidon. Here I joined a caravan of merchants, with whom I crossed the mountains of Lebanon. Here, my son, my eyes beheld the wonders of the world. My soul was lifted up in a song of praise to Him that made this great and wondrous world! Ascending a range of mountains, it seemed my blood must freeze. It was then we came upon a dazzling whiteness covering the ground. I was seized with a sudden fear, for my eyes had never beheld the like. My companions seeing my plight, laughed

at me with much enjoyment, saying: 'Come, come, 'tis only snow!'"

"Snow!" repeated Quito, "the wonder of the world! What is it?"

"Nay, nay, my son, it was snow, and it covered the ground, and it made all things seem cold, so cold that my bones ached—wherefore I know snow is cold. We came upon a temple, Quito, standing on a high plain, between two mountain ranges which they call Lebanon. A grand and wonderful temple it is, my son, surpassing in proportions those of Cholula and Xibalba. As I marvelled at the greatness of those ruins, for there were two great temples, I questioned my companions regarding their origin, and the deity to which they were dedicated. But they shook their heads, saying, 'We know not when they were built, but 'tis said the prophets of ancient times, who were worshipers of fire, here ministered unto their deity, the great luminary, the Sun giver of all life, for one of these temples is dedicated to Baal, the other to Jupiter.' Think of it, my son, my amazement grew apace. Here, in this strange land, I found a temple dedicated to the same deity to whom the priests of my own country also erected temples, performing in times past the same rites (not the corrupted forms of the present day) as did those of ancient times in that far-off land. It seemed so passing strange; wherefore I asked myself: 'Is our ancestry sprung from thence, or has theirs come from us?' God is great. I can only marvel. Descending the mountains, we entered a beautiful valley. Here, on the banks of two streams, we came upon a city which they called Damascus. My companions said it was founded by Uz†, and they called it the 'Pearl of the East!'"

(Concluded.)

A Sonnet

'Tis only when dark clouds o'ercast the sky
That we appreciate the sun that's fled,
And long for summer days forever dead,
We heeded not when once they passed us by.
'Tis for occasions lost we heave a sigh;
For early morn with sky all flushed with red,
To have our feet through dewy meadows led,

And never in the arms of sorrow lie,—
Although this life to us is bitter-sweet,
We would not rid us of mortality;
We realize 'tis stern reality,
And not a passing dream of joy and gain;
No human life is counted quite complete
That has not had its share of bitter pain.

—Edith M. Church

By WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS

The New Canal Treaty—

There has been a general note of satisfaction expressed by the newspapers throughout the country over the terms of the new canal treaty, and yet if the text already made public is the correct one, it is difficult to see just how we are to be especially benefited. It is true America is to have the great privilege of spending millions of dollars to build the canal, and is to guarantee that it shall be open to all nations in peace and in war! By inference, we have the right to fortify the canal, but according to the terms of the treaty it is an empty privilege. The treaty is a little better than its predecessor, but it is nothing to boast of at best.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition—

Now that it is settled that an exposition will be held to commemorate the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, the importance of the Pacific Coast States, and especially those of the Pacific Northwest, lending their unanimous support to the project, cannot be too strongly emphasized. The exposition will partake more of the nature of an advertisement of the regions represented than previous expositions held in this country have done, and a failure to be properly represented will mean the loss of a great opportunity. The greatest argument in favor of the exposition is to say that it will be a good advertisement, that is, it will give the Pacific Northwest the opportunity of doing some judicious advertising, and will be the means of bringing people to the Coast. It might be urged, of course, that the advertising could be done without the exposition, which is true. But the drawing card, the "piece de resistance," as it were, of all the advertising will be the exposition, though in reality it is only a means towards an end—bringing masses to the

Coast, so that they may see for themselves the vastness of the country and the great opportunities in all lines of endeavor. Our greatest need is not manufactures. It is not shops or ships or any of those things. It is simply PEOPLE. The land cries aloud for them, and yet they do not come. Why? Because the world today is ignorant of the Pacific Coast. Farmers are eking out a miserable existence from the rocky, stingy, pitifully barren soil of New England and worse places, when they might be comparative kings on the Pacific Coast with the same amount of labor. They need us, but we need them more. We need the sturdy New England farmer to leave his miserable little patch of ten or twenty acres and come to where the land is yet comparatively free and where it brings forth in abundance a great diversity of products. "We need men. We need men." That is the great cry of the Pacific Coast States. So this Lewis and Clark exposition will be an unusual opportunity for us, and it should and doubtless will receive the hearty endorsement of all who understand our greatest need.

The Message and the Monroe Doctrine—

(One of the most satisfactory references in President Roosevelt's strong message is that concerning the Monroe doctrine. While it is not to be expected that any President will ever advise the rejection of the doctrine, inasmuch as it has become an integral part of our national welfare, it is natural to expect a difference in the enthusiasm with which the policy is upheld. President Roosevelt's words leave no doubt in the mind of Continental Europe that we are irrevocably pledged to sustain the doctrine, peaceably if we can, but by force of arms if we must. Though reluctant to do so,

Europe must admit, as England has already done, that this policy is the one great law of the Western hemisphere.

* * *

It is interesting to know that the famous Monroe Doctrine was not originated by President Monroe himself, but that Jefferson had uttered something like it fifteen years before, and John Quincy Adams, a short time before Monroe published his message, had formulated the idea, which was finally embodied in President Monroe's message to Congress in 1823. It was a daring policy to enunciate at so early a period in the life of the Republic.

Shall We Become a Great Naval Power?

The editor of an English newspaper, after reading President Roosevelt's recommendations for an increase in the size and efficiency of the navy, predicts that within twenty years America will rank as the second naval power in the world. Judging by our progress in the past and our naval programme for the future, the prediction seems a sound one. The question is, do we want to become a great naval power? Is it the wise thing to do? Might not the vast sums to be expended for huge battleships be put to much better advantage in constructing great national highways, and deepening and otherwise improving our rivers and harbors? Or, if not in these ways, could not the money to be spent on the navy be used to better ultimate advantage in endeavoring to improve our social conditions or in elevating the artistic and literary tastes of the nation? These are the questions which must confront us when we contemplate a great naval programme. A great navy has a fascination about it that is almost irresistible. It is the plaything of a nation—the toy that is most highly prized. Are we succumbing to the temptation to have ships, or is the building of a great navy our wisest policy, imperatively demanded by our progress and expansion? The latter seems the more sensible view. President Roosevelt in his message sums up the arguments for a great navy as follows:

The work of upbuilding the navy must be steadily continued. No one point of our

policy, foreign or domestic, is more important than this to the honor and material welfare, and above all to the peace, of our Nation in the future. Whether we desire it or not, we must henceforth recognize that we have international duties no less than international rights. Even if our flag were hauled down in the Philippines and Porto Rico, even if we decided not to build the Isthmian Canal, we should need a thoroughly trained navy of adequate size, or else be prepared definitely and for all time to abandon the idea that our Nation is among those whose sons go down to the sea in ships. Unless our commerce is always to be carried in foreign bottoms, we must have war craft to protect it.

Inasmuch, however, as the American people have no thought of abandoning the path upon which they have entered, and especially in view of the fact that the building of the Isthmian Canal is fast becoming one of the matters which the whole people are united in demanding, it is imperative that our navy should be put and kept in the highest state of efficiency, and should be made to answer to our growing needs. So far from being in any way a provocation to war, an adequate and highly trained navy is the best guaranty against war, the cheapest and most effective peace insurance. The cost of building and maintaining such a navy represents the very lightest premium for insuring peace which this Nation can possibly pay.

Probably no other great nation in the world is so anxious for peace as we are. There is not a single civilized power which has anything whatever to fear from aggressiveness on our part. All we want is peace, and toward this end we wish to be able to secure the same respect for our rights from others which we are eager and anxious to extend to their rights in return, to insure fair treatment to us commercially, and to guarantee the safety of the American people.

Our people intend to abide by the Monroe Doctrine and to insist upon it as the one sure means of securing the peace of the Western Hemisphere. The navy offers us the only means of making our insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine anything but a subject of derision to whatever nation chooses to disregard it. We desire the peace which comes as of right to the just man armed; not the peace granted on terms of ignominy to the craven and the weakling.

It is not possible to improvise a navy after war breaks out. The ships must be built and the men trained long in advance. Some auxiliary vessels can be turned into makeshifts which will do in default of any better for the minor work, and a proportion of raw men can be mixed with the highly trained, their shortcomings being made good by the skill of their fellows; but the efficient fighting force of the navy when pitted against an equal opponent will be found almost exclusively in the war ships that have been regularly built and in the officers and men who through years of faithful performance of sea duty have been trained to handle their formidable but com-

ulex and delicate weapons with the highest efficiency. In the late war with Spain the ships that dealt the decisive blows at Manila and Santiago had been launched from two to fourteen years, and they were able to do as they did because the men in the conning towers, the gun turrets, and the engine rooms had through long years of practice at sea learned how to do their duty.

Our present navy was begun in 1882. At that period our navy consisted of a collection of antiquated wooden ships, already almost as out of place against modern war vessels as the galleys of Alcibiades and Hamilcar—certainly as the ships of Tromp and Blake. Nor at that time did we have men fit to

handle a modern man-of-war. Under the wise legislation of the Congress and the successful administration of a succession of patriotic Secretaries of the Navy, belonging to both political parties, the work of upbuilding the navy went on, and ships equal to any in the world of their kind were continually added; and what was even more important, these ships were exercised at sea singly and in squadrons until the men aboard them were able to get the best possible service out of them. The result was seen in the short war with Spain, which was decided with such rapidity because of the infinitely greater preparedness of our navy than of the Spanish navy.

Calling Me Home

*When out from the woodland the dark shadows creep,
Veiling the world from sight,
I think of the mother who soothed me to sleep,
Kissing me fond good-night.
I see her loved form, in the dim far away,
Standing beside the door,
And hear her sweet voice, at the close of the day,
Calling me home once more.*

*No earthly devotion so true and so pure,
Changeless in sun or rain;
No sorrow of childhood her kiss cannot cure,
Soothing away the pain.
Oh, bring back the voice of my mother to-day,
Winds from the unseen shore,
The voice that in childhood I loved to obey,
Calling me home once more.*

*Come back from the silence so deep and so vast,
Mother, come home to-day,
And comfort me just as you did in the past,
Kissing my tears away.
Oh, give me my childhood, so happy and free,
Give me the friends of yore;
Restore the sweet voice that was music to me,
Calling me home once more.*

—Charles K. Burnside

Roosevelt a Disciplinarian—

"The Personality of President Roosevelt" is analyzed in the Century by one who knows him well.

He is a kind-hearted man, yet a rigid disciplinarian, and will demand a faithful and efficient discharge of public duties by public officials. I happened to be present when graduates of Harvard and other universities and Western mining engineers, to the number of thirty or forty, collected in the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to be enlisted in the "Rough Rider" Regiment. Mr. Roosevelt stood in front of his desk, while these earnest, manly young fellows stood ranged around three sides of his office. Addressing them in his peculiarly quick, earnest manner, to the effect that they must not underestimate the dangers or difficulties they would encounter, he told them that it would probably be the roughest experience that they ever had, and he wished them to understand that after once being sworn in they must take whatever came without grumbling. "Positively, gentlemen," said he, "I will have no squealing," and he urged them, if any of them thought they could not endure the greatest hardships, to withdraw before it was too late. Then, turning to a pile of volumes of mounted infantry tactics, he said: "I will remain behind a few days and hurry forward the equipments. You, gentlemen, hurry to San Antonio, and if you do your part toward getting the men in order and licking them into shape, I promise to get you into the fight. There are not enough tactics to go round, but I will distribute these, and you must read and study them on the cars." Calling out their names, he hurled the books at the men so fast that several would be in the air at once, the men catching them on the fly. I could see in their faces that every one of them was ready to follow him to the death.

One of the clouds of misconception

and the false impressions thrown about this picturesque figure by the cartoonists and the paragraphers, more interested in sensationalism than in reality, there suddenly emerges this intensely earnest, forceful, brave, patriotic, humanity-loving, broad-minded, non-sectional American, this practical idealist, to become the youngest ruler of the greatest country in the world.

* * *

Why Platt Can Never Rule New York City—

William Allen White in McClure's.

For some reason the Republicans of New York State regard Platt as a heaven-sent leader to reform and redeem the wicked city of New York. They do not see that Platt can never rule New York. New York is essentially feudal, and the king must be of the native blood. Platt is a foreigner; he may make an occasional raid into the city and dethrone the king; he may even set up a temporary protectorate or a fleeting dynasty; but he and all his kith and kin will ever be pretenders with the populace. It will rise and drive them out at the first crisis. Platt knows no more about New York City than he knows of Lahore, and he can never learn it. For the spirit of feudal charity and rough kindness to its own people, which is the real spirit of Tammany, with all its corruption, is the spirit of New York, and a cold-blooded, mousey, fidgety little man who walks cautiously catwise across his own bedroom floor, will never rule New York City.

* * *

Thackeray at Delmonico's—

Gen. James Grant Wilson describes in the Century a dinner given to Thackeray soon after his arrival in New York in 1852.

"Soon after Thackeray's arrival in New

York about two-score friends and admirers among the leading literary and social celebrities of the city gave him a delightful dinner at Delmonico's. Washington Irving was invited to preside, but remembering his unfortunate fiasco at the Dickens entertainment—when as chairman, he began well enough in welcoming the distinguished guest of the evening, uttered a few sentences and then broke down completely, dropping back in his chair after announcing the toast—he declined the invitation of the committee, consisting of Bryant, Davis, Halleck, Jay, King and Verplanck, unless speeches and reporters were absolutely forbidden. According to the recollection of George William Curtis, the last survivor of the dinner party, "the conditions were faithfully observed, but it was the most extraordinary instance of American self-command on record. Irving's cheery anecdote and gaiety, the songs and banter of the company, the happy chat and sparkling wit, took the place of eloquence, and I remember no dinner more delightful."

* * *

Thackeray's First Lecture in New York—

Among the audience of about twelve hundred that filled every seat in Dr. Chapin's Universalist Church on the east side of Broadway, a little below Prince street, on Friday evening, November 19, 1852, were an unusual number of literary, artistic and professional celebrities. Besides an imposing array of society leaders, the writer recalls Bancroft and Bryant, Halleck and Irving, O'Connor and Verplanck, President King and Professor Morse, with the editors Greeley, Morris, Webb and Willis. Thackeray appeared in the pulpit promptly at 8 o'clock and was cordially welcomed by the sympathetic audience. He seemed "a very castle of a man," as Irving said of Fenimore Cooper. His breadth of shoulders was quite in keeping with his six feet three inches. He was in his forty-second year, but his silvered hair and gold spectacles gave him the appearance of a person past fifty. His subject was "Swift." His exceedingly fine presence, combined with his charm of manner and the melody of his

rich tenor voice, created a most favorable impression. Never rising into the declamatory, the lecturer read with a quiet, graceful ease, and a few notes above the conversational level. He occupied about an hour, but there was no sense of the lapse of time with at least one youthful listener. It was "a happy hour too swiftly sped." Many years later, in comparing the readings of Thackeray and Dickens, George William Curtis remarked: "The style of 'Boz' was that of the perfectly trained actor; of 'Titmarsh,' that of the accomplished gentleman amateur."—Century.

* * *

The recent publication of Edwin Markham's second book of verse, "Lincoln, and Other Poems," recalls the tribute paid the poet by Max Nordau. Says the author of "Degeneration": "Edwin Markham is a great poet. I place him higher than Walt Whitman, as his form is more artistic and beautiful. There is sometimes a Miltonic ring in his verses and Swinburnian richness in his rhymes and rhythms. And as to his philosophy and emotion, they are of the noblest kind. It honors Americans that Mr. Markham's poetry should have been able to create at once a sensation among them."

The advent of Edwin Markham's new book, "Lincoln, and Other Poems," recalls the vicissitudinous career of "The Man With the Hoe." In the beginning it was hailed as the noble Psalm of Labor. Then it was denounced as a travesty of the toiler; then men like Professors William James and Edward Dowden declared that it was full of hope and humanity. Next the critics spent themselves in showing forth its black pessimism. The late Collis P. Huntington, of railroad fame, offered \$700 for a poem refuting the Markham heresies. The prize-winner was forthcoming, but it was declared more pessimistic than the poem whose effects it sought to remedy. And still "The Man With the Hoe" has lived. However, Mr. Markham's second book of verse will probably be more satisfying to the early faultfinders. Along with sympathy for all forms of honest activity, it sounds a distinct optimistic note which will be highly gratifying even to the poet's admirers.

The New Year—

To the Memory of Winston Cabell
Horsley.

The room was dark, lighted only by the glow of the dying fire. By its fading light sat a man, grave, sad and careworn. Beside him stood a figure, that seemed to be dissolving into the shadows of the room. "Farewell," it said, out of the gathering darkness, and the voice seemed vibrant with the minor chords of many instruments, "farewell."

"Farewell," he cried, "farewell, old year; sad melancholy loves its own. You have brought me great sorrow, and bitter disappointments, yet am I loath to part."

"The New Year comes," she murmured, "brilliant and beautiful, bathed in the golden aureole of hope; farewell, farewell."

"Stay, stay," he cried; "my hopes are dead, my illusions vanished, and in their place are only sad memories of the past, that hope can only chasten by her touch, as the moon-flower withers and dies beneath the kiss of the sun;" but she was gone, and in her place stood a maiden, radiant as the dawn, bright and glowing, with shining eyes and sunlit brow.

"I am the glad New Year," she cried, and the music of her voice was as the music of the bright and joyous song, and all about her was light, but the shadows seemed to gather deeper 'round the old man's chair.

"The glad New Year?" he echoed, "and what can you give me in return for the memories of the past?" "Hope," she answered. "Hope," he cried, "but she for whom I hoped is dead, and with her died all hope," and the shadows enveloped him, as in a heavy cloud.

"Have you no wish, no ambition, no affection yet to be gratified?" "None," he answered, and as he spoke, the gray shadows seemed, like licking flames, to leap out toward the glowing figure, but she waved them back, and gaily laughed

and said, as on she passed, "but hope is young, and cannot die."

"Ah, yes," he said, "but hope grows old before she dies."

"Hope is eternal, and cannot die," said a voice, and the music of the voice was as the harmony of things divine, and the bright glow was replaced by a soft diffused light, that seemed to interpenetrate the shadows, and pierce even the gloom of his heart.

"Can you give me back the past?" he cried, with eager cry.

"I cannot give you back what you have never lost," she answered. "While memory lives, you have the past."

"Yes," he said, retrospectively, and his voice was low and tender, but hope is dead."

She smiled, and lo, the shadows melted away.

"While human hopes live, oh, mortal," she said, "there dances ever before the imagination of man that vain and transitory thing called human happiness. It is not only a will-o-the-wisp, elusive and unsatisfying, but the complement of human happiness is human sorrow. To feel one is to know the other, but when human hope dies in the heart, upon its enriched soil may spring up divine hope, that, if carefully nurtured, may bloom into the beautiful white blossom of peace. The final chord that resolves alike the harmonies and discords of mortal life is peace."

She was gone, but there lingered behind her a soft radiance, like the after-glow of a sunset, and in his heart, where the shadows had gathered so darkly, was light

MAUD HORSLEY.

* * *

Will the Jews Return to Palestine?

In a remarkable article in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for December, Zangwill discusses the famous project of the recolonization of the Jews.

The task, he says, to which Israel is

thus called is of an originality congruous with his unique history. Motherlands have always created colonies. Here colonies are to create motherland, or rather recreate her. It is not essential that all her daughters shall return to her skirts. Long before Titus conquered Jerusalem, Jewish settlers had followed in the wake of Tyran and Phoenician commerce. The problem is simply to set up a center of Jewish life and concentrate all one's labors on it. Gradually it would become the magnet of the race.

The task is difficult—more difficult, perhaps, than any in human history, beset with more theological and political mantraps—unique in its problem of migration. But the very greatness of the task should stimulate the most maligned of races to break the desolate monotony of this brutal world by the splendor of an antique idealism.

Palestine is a country without a people, the Jews are a people without a country. The regeneration of the soil would bring the regeneration of the people. It is marvellous that the country should have remained comparatively empty for eighteen hundred years, but it cannot remain unexploited much longer. The age of electricity is upon us, and the problem of Asia. Now or never is Israel's opportunity. Another generation and Palestine will be populated by Uitlanders and dominated by Germany. Another generation and the Western Jew will have lost the warmth of Jewish sentiment. In the Jews, as in Palestine, there have been more changes during the last generation than during all the centuries of the Christian era. Neither the Jew nor Palestine can wait longer. The Red Sea was divided for Israel's first exodus; it is united to the Mediterranean for the second. The Suez Canal has brought the world to the doorstep of Palestine. And Palestine is the center of the world.

* * *

The Loveliness of Childhood—

It takes a good deal of self-abnegation to win the friendship of a child. Gifts will not always do it. Gentleness, frankness and good humor go a long way; but a very potent aid is the ability to pretend. If the painter nopes to

catch the fugitive charm he must put on the badge of the nursery and live its life.

* * *

New Year's Suggestions for Women—

Read good books and keep up with the best writers and thinkers of the age.

Ally yourself with some church and use your influence to spread the truths of Christianity.

Be womanly in your every act—remember that the home is usually what the wife and mother make it.

Do not marry a man for his money or his social prestige. Love founded upon true respect is the only road to happiness.

Don't be extravagant; live within your means, and if you are married help your husband to save something from his salary every month. Honest poverty is no disgrace.—Mrs. Russell Sage in New York Journal.

* * *

New Year's Superstitions—

Queer beliefs of the Peasant Folk in Provincial England.

"Don't take a light out of the house before one has been brought in," is the solemn injunction on New Year's night of the peasantry of Lincolnshire, England. Death is certain to result if this advice is not followed.

To permit a woman to enter the house first on New Year's Day is said to be a sure forerunner of evil. The same results are said to follow the throwing of dirty water, ashes or any kind of refuse.

In sweeping the house the dust must be swept from the door to the hearth or death will be the consequence. A custom largely observed at present is after making the fire in the morning to spread the ashes over the threshold. If in the morning there is an impression of a foot leading from the house, a death in that family is so firmly believed in that preparations are made for it, but if the footmark leads toward the house a birth during the year is sure, and preparations are made accordingly.—New Orleans Picayune.

This department is for the use of our readers, and contributions are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

Community of Interests

First Paper

It has been apparent for a long time that agreements entered into between railroad managers were no sooner made than broken. There have been meetings almost without number, and the pledges to stand by certain established rates have been made by the officials having absolute power, and made in the strongest terms, and heavy penalties have been assured in case of violation. There have been just common managerial agreements, which were supposed to be entered into in good faith, and these failing to be kept again and again, came to be considered, as they really were, inconsequential, so that the average railroad agent of whatever railroad corporation, no sooner was informed that an agreement had been entered into and there was to be no more rate-cutting, than he began to watch the "weak lines," if not himself to study where he could possibly make a breach in the holy covenant. When, after many trials, all ineffectual, this sort of "play for position" had become discredited, and thoroughly farcial, there was ushered in, under the most solemn evidences of sincerity, the famous "gentlemen's agreement," but, wonderful as it may seem, this appears to have been about the shortest of duration of any that had ever been made. There were, finally, lines which declined to enter into agreements at all, on the ground that the compacts were a violation of the interstate commerce law ostensibly, though in the opinion of the writer, the influence behind this, operating more effectually than it, was the conviction finally settled, that the making of agreements had

had its day, accomplished nothing and should be abandoned.

Meanwhile, from time to time, lines of road were built, which were more or less needed, but which were built, owned and operated independent of some of the great trunk lines, and which interfered with their revenues and their plans. This was true not in one locality only, and not in a very few, but increasingly and threateningly throughout the country. It became evident many months ago that, under existing conditions, there could be no harmony, no protection of fixed rates. It is to be presumed that the average president of a railroad, or the average man intrusted with the immediate duties of a railroad manager, is equally as honest and reliable as the man responsible for great interests in other lines of business, and yet surface indications have been quite the contrary. It is not to be wondered at that the vast and constantly increasingly vast aggregations of capital represented by the trunk lines demanded of their representatives that a way be devised by which they could have sure and abiding protection. This was a necessity. The plans already spoken of had been tried, and had proved unavailing. It had been shown experimentally, that as long as there were independent conflicting interests, no compacts could be devised binding enough to prevent disastrous rupture.

Out of these conditions and disasters has been evolved, in the most natural way, the community-of-interest plan. It began to be operative in the great railroad corporations centering in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard, especially New

York, and has been made to cover all lines, practically east of the Mississippi. Of late the battleground has been shifted to the West, and, to all appearances, the systems centering principally in Chicago are to be managed in harmony. A very interesting feature of the struggle for harmony, which has been on now for some months past, has been obvious in the contest over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. This line comprehends a vast mileage, and has been so managed as to make it a very important factor in Middle West transportation to both North and South connecting lines. With a guaranty of 8 per cent on \$100,000,000 it was leased for ninety-nine years to the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways. But its connections with the Union Pacific and its allies were so important that those interested to protect Union Pacific interests took measures which have been successful to compel the giving to them a share in the operations of this lease. It has certainly been a very proud position which the Burlington has occupied in the working out of "Community of Interests" in the West. She had conquered and thoroughly occupied a vast and very productive field.

There can be but little doubt, that, in some form, community of interests has come among us to remain. It appears to be natural in the evolution of railway transportation. The economies which will result from its application to railway operations and management, are legitimate and easy to be seen. They are in line with the other great trust movements which have distinguished the opening year of the twentieth century. The Governor of Minnesota announces that he shall have suit brought to prevent the consummation of the taking over by the \$400,000,000 Securities Company, of which Mr. J. J. Hill is the president, such stocks and bonds as will virtually consolidate the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Companies. But whatever he may do, it does not seem likely that the designs of the men forming this railroad trust will be ultimately defeated.

The very obvious jealousies which have given rise to almost insurmounta-

ble obstacles in the formulating of plans thus far, indicate that each one of the men prominent in developing the community-of-interests trust in the West is in favor of it for the benefit of the corporations with which he is identified, and as it is not likely that there will be less selfishness among the promoters after than before the plans are put into operation, it is questionable whether harmony will remain harmonious. We shall see.

—George M. Gage

* * *

A Problem We Face—

Problems themselves are an evolution; they mark the progressive steps of humanity.

The discovery of new truths, the creation of higher ideals, the change in the current of thought by some masterly stroke of the pen; this arrest of thought, like the dawning of a new hope, breaks through the hardened crust of custom and prejudice, and a new era is born.

It takes no very philosophical mind to grasp the fact that we are entering a new epoch, when new principles are struggling toward supremacy, and when radical transformations are imminent.

In the words of Professor Gide, of France: "We are upon the threshold of a new epoch—the moral education of the consumer. The nineteenth century has been the century of the producers, let us hope the twentieth will be the century of the consumer."

Professor Hadley, of Yale, well says: "As years go by I am more and more impressed with the idea that economic reform is likely to come through the agency of the consumer rather than from any other source."

Again, J. A. Hobson, A. M., tells us: "You may increase the wealth of a nation far more effectively by educating the consumers than by increasing the efficiency of the producer."

Here we have a vital problem of today, "The moral education of the consumer."

Davenport, in his late book on "Economic Theory," page 334, makes this thoughtful statement:

"Only that sort or that degree of consumption can be justified which in the

getting, or in the using, makes for human welfare."

Is it not true, that as consumers, we have bought without scruple in the cheapest markets, with no thought whatever as to how the cheapness was obtained?"

There are two kinds of cheapness, one right, the other wrong.

Investigation has proven that a great variety of goods of the very lowest price can be traced directly to good conditions, fair wages and reasonable hours of labor. This is cheapness of which we cannot have too much, especially for those of small means. Of the other kind of cheapness Mrs. C. R. Lowell, of New York, says:

"The rage of the purchasing public for cheap goods is the awful power which crushes the life out of the working people, and it is strange that men and women who would shrink with horror from buying stolen goods, will congratulate themselves on buying cheap goods, one necessary element of whose cheapness, is, that part of the working time of other men and women and even of children, has practically been stolen."

The depth of misery caused by this insane rage for bargains is scarcely conceivable.

Here are some of the prices actually paid to workers in the clothing trade, through what is known as the "sweating system": Cambric dresses with lined waists, some trimming, \$1.20 per dozen; nightgowns, tucked yokes (thread furnished by worker), some insertion cut out by worker, \$1 per dozen; silk waists, 89 cents per dozen; shirts, 30 cents per dozen; knee pants, \$1.23 per gross; vests, 50 cents per dozen; percentage off for boss sweaters, and deduction for cost of cartage.

Are these living wages? What becomes of the golden rule, when these things exist in a Christian country? Here are some facts from "Some Phases of the Sweating System in Chicago," as found in a recent number of the American Journal of Sociology.

In the garment trade in that city there are 35,853 workers.

Among the families visited, in 23

cases, the family income was less than \$100 per year; 89 of the families had from \$100 to \$300 per year; while 54 made more than \$300. In only 52 cases could the rate per hour be secured. In only 30 of these was the rate as high as 5 cents per hour; in 11, as high as 10 cents, and only in one case does it exceed 25 cents. The tailors received the highest rate.

The Monthly Leader, the official journal of the Christian Social Union, cries out: "What can we do about it? It almost seems as if we were watching a huge machine grinding up these poor people, while we were unable to lift a finger to prevent it."

There are more than two hundred thousand sweatshop workers in New York, and thousands in other cities.

There is one phase of this sweatshop evil few understand.

This sweatshop and tenement house work, in the clothing trade, is an immediate peril to every home, the magnitude of the peril and the ways through which disease may be carried to the most distant towns are dangerously misunderstood.

In New York alone in 1899 some \$160,000,000 worth of goods were manufactured; some, of course, is done in almost model factories and shops; other portions are made in tenement living rooms, where children under six years of age toil instead of play; where the family live, eat, drink, sleep, are sick and die.

Amidst all this the garments are made and sent out, a menace to innocent buyers

The Tenement House Commission called as witnesses several prominent physicians, and their testimony given no later than November, 1900, gives undisputed evidence of the prevalence of infectious disease in these houses, where garments are made up and distributed through a multitude of retail stores in all parts of the country. A volume could be written on the subject, not only the menace to homes by way of disease, but degradation of womanhood and childhood by such fearfully bad surroundings. In the face of this problem, we must rejoice that an effort is now

being made to right this wrong—to abolish child labor and the sweatshop.

The Consumers' League, with its reliable investigations, with its authorized label to manufacturers where right conditions prevail, is a movement in the

right direction. Of this movement we will write in a future issue.

—*Lucia Focan Additon*

National Lecturer on Social Problems.
Portland, Oregon.

Looking Backward

'Tis midnight, and the passing year
Creeps noiselessly away;
No stern regret nor bitter tear,
No pleadings in its dull, cold ear,
Can bid it stay.

'Tis gone, and I am left alone
To ponder o'er the lost,
To weep o'er wasted moments flown,
To reap the harvest I have sown
And count the cost.

The flowers lift their heads in praise
In their appointed time;
'Tis man alone finds idle ways,
Neglectful of the passing days,
While in his prime.

The fruitage ripens on the trees
When summer's sun is bright,
While man enjoys the soothing breeze
And slumbers on nor heeds nor sees
The coming night.

The birds from instinct know just when
To leave the downy nest,
While oft the recreant sons of men
Repent and weep and turn again
To mother's breast.

The sun and moon and stars roll on
Nor slacken in their pace;
They cheer the night and gild the dawn,
Just as in ages long ago
Before our race.

And I sit here alone and sigh,
Another year begun,
And, looking back with tearful eye
Through misty days, cannot descry
What I have done.
—E. L. Aultman in Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Department Devoted to Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, the Pioneers, the Sons and Daughters of Pioneers and Historical Data of the Northwest.

Editor's Note.—Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, members of the Historical and Pioneer Societies, and sons and daughters of Oregon pioneers, are asked to contribute to this department any facts that may be of interest to the public or to the society of which they are members. The amount of space devoted to this department will depend in a measure upon the support of this kind which is received. The Pacific Monthly is desirous, however, of making "The Native Son" its most important department, and one that will be unique and interesting to all classes of readers. Stories of pioneer life and experiences will help to attain this end, and are earnestly solicited. We wish the pioneer, the native son and daughter, to feel that this is their department, devoted to their interests and welfare, and that its editor is simply the medium through which the most fascinating part of the history and literature of Oregon may be given to the world.

The Daughters of Coosta

A Romance of the Northwest

By Henry Grant Guild

Chapter I

IN the year 1830 the Hudson's Bay Company—the pioneers of the Great Northwest—was in the zenith of its fame. Under the able management of Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor, the trading posts of the company at Vancouver, Nisqually, Fort George, Langley and Umpqua, did a thriving business in the exchange of English-made goods for peltries with the Indians. In addition to the trade with the natives, the company had several companies of French Canadians in its employ, who trapped and hunted upon the streams of the now Oregon and Washington, with great success.

Usually, once a year, there came a supply ship from the company's headquarters in England, with a cargo of goods useful in traffic with the natives, and returned, laden with the season's accumulation of furs and hides.

Already the French Canadians, under the leadership of the intrepid Cannon, McKay, Cockdelord and other company captains, had penetrated the Willamette Valley and explored for a considerable distance the noble river of the same name.

On what is now known as Champoege, in Marion County, a few French Canadians had settled in the year of which I speak, and upon the advice of Dr. McLoughlin began clearing the fertile valley for wheat-raising, the Doctor having become convinced by careful experiments that the soil of the Northwest was well adapted to the successful cultivation of that cereal. In those pioneer days the only practical mode of travel was by small boats—the light but speedy batteaux of the French voyageurs answering the purpose.

At the Falls of the Willamette, where Oregon City now stands, the voyageur was compelled to make a portage from the upper river—more than a mile—to the lower river, where the boat was again launched, with a smooth waterway to Fort Vancouver, situated six miles from the mouth of the Willamette River, where it joins the lordly Columbia.

In the year 1830 two young French Canadians Jean LeClerc and Antoine DuBois, servants of the Hudson Bay Company, pleased with a former trip up the Beautiful Willamette Valley, "squatted" upon some land at a point where a deep stream issued from the valley and

emptied into the Willamette River and proceeded to erect a cabin for their joint occupancy. This completed, and their meager belongings duly installed therein, the pioneers set about clearing the undergrowth of vine maple, and felling the fir trees that encumbered the land. Their object was to raise wheat, and in due time become farmers, instead of trappers, as the former occupation promised more remunerative returns and fewer hardships. Meanwhile, until such time as the clearing should be completed and the ground prepared for the precious wheat seed, the settlers were not idle in their vocation of taking beaver, otter, mink and muskrats in the waters of the stream on whose banks they had settled. Their meat was easily obtained. Deer and elk trails were numerous and well beaten, and were, as a matter of fact, much used by the early pioneers in communicating with each other, before the advent of wagon roads and other adjuncts of civilization. Upon most all of these trails in the early morning, or, in the evening, a deer, or a drove of them for that matter, might be encountered en route to the river to quench its thirst, and when the "old Queen Anne" muskets of the trappers awoke the echoes of the quiet forest, there was sure to be a season of feasting in camp.

Here, these simple sons of Arcadia lived contentedly together. The echoes of their axes were rude, but not unpleasant, music to their ears, that told of the impending downfall of another titan of the forest.

At intervals the songs of their childhood rang out cheerily upon the still air, and the echoes trembled and vibrated in the distance until lost in the realms of space. Despite their seeming contentment, there was one thing lacking—the society of the gentler sex.

Chapter II

It was a clear, sunny June day. The forest songsters trilled their morning medley in delightful strains. The air was fresh and buoyant, and our pioneers were in the best of humor. A huge fir tree had just gone crashing to mother earth, and its strong limbs lay broken and buried in a mass of green boughs.

The comrades were resting from their healthful labors.

It was Jean who spoke:

"Comrade," said he, half in banter, "let us go to the Fort (Vancouver) and marry each a wife. It is not good for man to live alone, and I like not the work of cooking."

"Agreed, my brother," cried Antoine, with enthusiasm.

They then fell to discussing the merits and demerits of the several half-breed belles at the Fort.

"Jeanette Le Fleur shall be my bride, if she will but say the word," cried Jean.

Antoine dropped his head. Jeanette was the belle of the Fort and had been the recipient of attentions from several of the officers and clerks of the post, to say nothing of the half-breed trappers, and while she was both pretty and vivacious, she was also vain and coquettish. Since the opening of the subject he, too, had resolved to lay before the charming brunette a picture of life in the Willamette Valley, with himself as her lord, but Jean's first stated preference had filled his heart with sadness; though he loved big-hearted Jean too well to be his rival in a love affair. Yet, his crestfallen looks had not escaped his companion.

"Comrade," said the impulsive Jean, divining the cause of his friend's sudden gloom. "thou, too, lovest Jeanette? Am I right? Thou shalt have the bonny maid for thine own," and the warm-hearted pioneer tenderly embraced his friend, thus proving his unselfish nature and loyalty.

"Nay," answered sturdy Antoine, shamefacedly, "I am but a brute, brother, to give way to my feelings thus; thou shalt have pretty Jeanette, and I will be god-father to your first-born," as he cordially returned his companion's embrace.

"Enough," exclaimed Jean gaily, "and if thou wilt not, neither will I. Who knows but that she is the betrothed of one of those Scotch-clerks, and besides, she might turn up her nose at our chatteau—the log cabin," laughed the sinewy settler. Antoine joined heartily in his companion's mirth, and again their axes rang out, and the incident was soon forgotten by the light-hearted fellows.

Chapter III

To the southeast of the settlers lay a beautiful country—a grand expanse of sloping upland and bunch-grass valley—past and through which flowed the crystal streams of the Cascade range of mountains. To the northeast there meandered Butte Creek, the Abiqua and Molalla—since famous trout streams, and noted moreover for their fertile valleys and scenic beauty.

Upon the headwaters of the Butte Creek and Molalla River at this time there dwelt an athletic and well favored tribe of Indians called "Molallas." They differed radically from their lazy, salmon-eating neighbors along the lower Willamette and Columbia Rivers, in the respect that they were stalwart, healthy, brave and aggressive. They seldom mingled with the "siwashes" about the Willamette Falls, preferring to make forays on the "Calipooias," a timid tribe to the southwest, whose territory lay along a trail over which the "Molallas" passed occasionally to visit their "tillacums" (friends), the "Klamaths," of Southern Oregon. The "Calipooias" also claimed the "illahee" (land) over which a trail wound its sinuous course to Eastern Oregon, where the "Cayuses," "Klickitats," "Warm Springs" and "Wascoes" dwelt. The Indians of Eastern Oregon, notably the above-named tribes, had plenty of horses—commonly called "Cayuses"—and excepting the "Klamaths" of Southern Oregon, the "Molallas" were the only savages west of the Cascade range, who then possessed horses. By the aid of those useful animals, as a means of transportation through the forest paths, the "Molallas" terrorized the "Fish Eaters" of the Willamette to quite an extent, and murdered and enslaved the inoffensive "Calipooias" whenever opportunity afforded.

The "Molalla" tribe was formed no doubt by defections from the "Cayuses" and other Eastern Oregon tribes, who, straying or deserting, in due time crossed the Cascades and organized a tribal confederacy of their own. There was an element of pride and fierceness in the "Molallas" not to be found in any of the Valley tribes.

The most noted of the "Molallas" was a chieftain, named "Coosta," who was and killed by a pioneer in 1845, for insults offered the latter's wife. This act precipitated the "Battle of the Abiqua," in which a few visiting "Klamaths" and "Cayuses," together with the "Molallas" under the leadership of "Crookedfinger," their chief, were severely punished and humiliated by the "Waldo Hills Rangers," commanded by Capt. Ralph Geer, in the same year.

"Red Blanket," a sub-chief of the "Molallas," with several of his tribe, including a few "Klamaths" and "Cayuses," were slain in this fight. "Red Blanket," in attempting to escape from his determined pursuers, the Rangers, sprang into the Abiqua from a bluff fully 200 feet in height, and was killed by the fall. With one or two exceptions the remainder of this once puissant tribe may be found on the Grand Ronde Indian Reservation, Oregon.

"Beavertrapper," who enjoyed the double distinction of being the "medicine man" and tribal executioner, is still living near Oregon City—a sullen old savage. His age is close to the century mark, and his teeth are worn down to the gums, and he is nearly blind. With the exception of Michell Whitlock, a pioneer of 1843, himself a noted mountaineer and pathfinder, in the Cascades, and possibly one or two other early settlers, "Beavertrapper" holds no communication with the hated "palefaces." A short time before the battle of Abiqua, and after the killing of "Coosta," the "Molallas" became very insolent in their behavior toward the settlers, and "Beavertrapper" on several occasions disguised his features with a hideous bear-skin headdress, from which appeared the open jaws and ghastly teeth of a rampant bruin. Thus disguised, he would suddenly appear at the cabin of some lonely settler and by his savage masquerading seek to terrify the settler and his family. On one or two occasions narrowly escaped death on account of his foolishness.

For the French Canadians, however, the "Molallas" appeared to have great respect, enforced, it is possible, by the terrifying reports of their "Queen Anne" muskets, which the former so

well knew how to handle. Moreover, by methods of peace and fair dealing, which the Hudson's Bay Company invariably pursued in its intercourse with the natives, the covetous nature of the aborigine was more likely to be gratified by securing for a suitable consideration of ponies or furs many articles of civilization dear to the Indian heart. For this last, if for no other reason, Chief "Coosta" showed a marked friendliness for Capt. Cannon and other Hudson's Bay men.

Chapter IV

Shortly after the incident of Jeanette Le Fleur the corpulent old chief of the "Molallas," with a score of his aboriginal attendants, paid our pioneers a visit. In his retinue were two well-favored daughters, "White Fawn" and "Water Lily."

By means of a smattering of the Hudson's Bay "jargon" on the part of the "Molallas" and the sign language, the chief and the pioneers were able to converse quite well. The settlers lost no time in falling desperately in love with the two comely Indian girls, and before the courtship had progressed very far it became apparent that the maidens were by no means insensible to the charms of the stalwart trappers, who spoke a language that sounded like the murmur of "Chinook" wind when it was heard afar off in the tree tops, coming to drink up the blood of the snow drifts and drive the chill of winter away to the land of the pole star.

The wily monarch of the "Molallas," noticing the turn of affairs, and with an eye to business, at once opened negotiations by which the settlers might become the possessors of his daughters. He finally brought matters to a climax by offering to trade his daughters for a brass kettle, a hunting-knife and some nails. Consulting apart from the savages in their native tongue, the friends soon came to a conclusion to accept the

proposition, and after an impromptu wedding feast on the carcass of an elk which the trappers had slain the previous day, and with much show of friendship on both sides, the chief and his followers withdrew, leaving each of the settlers with a wife.

All went merrily with Antoine and Jean. Their wives made rapid progress in the art of housekeeping and came to regard their "paleface" mates with more than ordinary affection, which the French Canadians reciprocated with all the ardor of their race.

By September of the same year the settlers had burned the debris of the clearing and were ready for seeding. All being in readiness, the settlers resolved to take their batteaux, lade them with their catch of peltries and go to the Fort at Vancouver, and exchange them for as much seed wheat as was required, and for household necessities, not forgetting such cheap finery as they knew would please their Indian wives.

Explaining matters to the women, and promising a speedy return, Jean and Antoine, not without some secret misgivings, bade their sweethearts a tender adieu.

Embarking in their batteaux, they soon emerged upon the bosom of the Willamette, upon whose current, aided by their paddles, they sped rapidly down stream. With our heroes well launched upon their journey, let us return to their homes, and note what befel their Indian wives during their absence.

(To be concluded next month.)

* * *

The "Farmington Normal" is a new bi-monthly magazine, the first number of which was issued in October, 1901. Its editor is George C. Purington, principal of the State Normal School at Farmington, Maine, and it is to be conducted by the instructors and students of that institution. It will undoubtedly be a welcome visitor in the homes of the numerous graduates of the school, and will be influential for good in the state, to whose educational advancement it is intended to minister. May success attend it.

An Odd Jewel—

A Postnuptial Tale
of World-Wide Passion.

By Warren M. Macleod.

Cloth, 12mo, 159 pp. 50 cents.

The Abbey Press, New York.

The author dedicates this book as follows: "To the men who go down to the sea in ships, among which craft was numbered my father—and to the women at home, whose hearts go with them, this book is dedicated in fond remembrance."

The characters in the story are five in number: Jack Merton and his wife, Annie, just married; Alan Enderley, Amelia Hearn and Col. D—. In the "prologue" Jack is requested by his wife to tell the history of a flower which he had kept carefully guarded in a jeweled casket. The flower was a white rose, now faded and withered. The narrative pictures undying love on the part of Alan Enderley and Amelia Hearn, who were separated from each other, and died apart. Alan had been made to suffer most cruelly by learning that Amelia was to marry one Col. D—. He received an invitation to the wedding. With his friend, Jack Merton, he went to witness the ceremony. The vessel which bore these two had on board also Col. D—. It was wrecked. Alan heroically tried in vain to save the life of Col. D—. Alan died from fever soon after getting on shore. Jack Merton received his last message of love and faith for Amelia Hearn. But Amelia died also of a broken heart nearly simultaneously with Alan. It turns out that Amelia had been influenced by Jack's wife to distrust Alan. The author's aim, as stated in his preface, "was found in a secret, but heartfelt protest against the profanation of earth's highest, holiest, most precious inheritance that has ever struggled for expression;" and also "in an irresistible desire to strike one blow, however feeble, that would help rescue earth's fairest goddess from the toils of her slanderers and despoilers." We

think whoever reads a little of this book is likely to read it all. It is interesting, and we think it will be useful.

* * *

At the Temple Gates—

By Stewart Doubleday.

Cloth, 12mo. Price, \$1.00.

The Abbey Press, New York.

This book contains thirty-seven poems, which come partly from the heart and partly from the imagination. They are daintily produced and though not even as to evidence of inspiration, they will repay perusal, and, some of them, study. We quote:

EVEN-SONG.

The holy light of eventide
Is mantling the still sea,
All things in world and heaven wide
Glow with tranquility.
An angel watches o'er the deep,
I feel the presence mute;
The magic of his vesper lute
Has lulled the labouring waves—they
sleep.
How blest the time when every care
Stills like a summer cloud;
When a pure balm breathes in the air,
And nature is endowed
With special powers to heal the mind,—
When heart quaffs blissful springs;
When dreams have high awakenings,
And golden sights enchain the blind.

* * *

The Soldier's Revenge—

Or Roland and Wilfred.

By Florence N. Craddock.

Cloth, 12mo. Price, \$1.00.

The Abbey Press, New York.

"Not in the void of heaven; not in the depths of the sea; not by entering the rocky cliffs of the mountains—not in any of these places, or by any means, can a man escape the consequences of his evil deeds." This Buddhist quotation is used as a sort of introduction to this quite strongly written novel. Perhaps the most interesting and meritorious feature of the book is the rather incidental exposure made of the gambling vice as it exists in army life. As a description of cadet life at West Point it should be widely read. It's a good love story, too.

In Politics—

In domestic politics, since the last issue of the Pacific Monthly, there have been several events of considerable interest and importance. In different cities of the country, and on different occasions, speeches have been made by influential Senators and Representatives expressive, as inferred by their known sympathy with the National Administration, of the views and plans of the President and the party which he represents. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, spoke at Boston, also Senator Frye, of Maine, and, notably, in New York, Secretary of State Hay. There were important utterances by men of affairs able and of sufficient importance to attract attention at home and abroad, review of which would have justified more extended consideration than it will here receive, had it not been for the coming together, in regular session, of the 57th Congress of the United States, and the message of the President to that body, which was read Tuesday, December 3d. The message of President Roosevelt was lengthy, discussing exhaustively the many topics of national interest which are of recognized vitality to the nation as a whole, and in its diversified localities. As was to be expected, there was the characteristic of straightforwardness and there was not too much of what is sometimes mis-called diplomacy. The President has a way of saying what he thinks, and saying it plainly and fearlessly. People generally like that sort of thing, and the message was generally well received both at home and abroad. Of course, before this article will reach those for whose perusal it is intended, public approval and disapproval will have crystallized more definitely, and the administration will have its supporters and opposers. The great questions relating to labor and capital, tariff and reciprocity, immigration, the trusts and trust combinations, the merchant marine and our relations to our newly-acquired

possessions and to foreign countries, will not be viewed from the same standpoint by the men of different party affiliations, and who are influenced by differing local environments and conditions. Doubtless, therefore, there will be heated debates, and not a little political warfare displayed in the 57th Congress, and it will be well that there should be, if pervading it all there is a spirit of patriotism, which puts country to the fore. It is very generally hoped that the President himself will act independently, holding principle foremost, and counseling with those men of affairs who are true as well as far-seeing, and that corruptionists in politics will not find favor in administration circles.

* * *

Following close upon the assembling of Congress came the report to that body of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The commission favors the Nicaragua route, and makes an estimate of \$189,864,062 as the total cost of its construction. The committee discusses in detail the comparative merits of the two rival routes, the Nicaragua and the Panama. The report concludes as follows:

After considering all the facts developed by the investigations made by the commission, the actual situation as it now stands, and having in view the terms offered by the new Panama Canal Company, this commission is of the opinion that the most practical and feasible route for an isthmian canal to be under the control, management and ownership of the United States, is that known as the Nicaragua route.

George S. Morrison, a member of the commission, submitted a minority report favoring the Panama route.

* * *

In furtherance of the measures advocated by the President in his message, bills were introduced Dec. 4: For the exclusion of Chinese immigrants, and (by Senator Mitchell, of Oregon) of Japanese and Filipinos and their descendants as well as the descendants of Chinese; also for the suppression of an-

archism and the punishment of anarchists; also for the construction of the Nicaragua canal.

* * *

In Science—

A REMARKABLE CLOCK.

One of the most wonderful horological curiosities of the age has just been accomplished by a poor German watchmaker. It is a combination of an astronomical and calendar clock. The idea was suggested to the watchmaker by the famous clock at Strasburg Cathedral twenty-four years ago. The ingenious achievement of the poor German artisan represents no less than nineteen years' continual labor, and it is stated to be more wonderful than the horological monument at Strasburg which prompted him to the effort. He was severely handicapped in his work by the lack of funds, but he devoted the whole of his savings to the task, completely ruining himself. The clock is inclosed within a glass case, so that every movement can be seen. It consists of 2,200 parts, 112 of which are wheels. The clock indicates the seconds, minutes, hours, dates, the days of the week, months, and the seasons of the year, the pictures of the signs of the zodiac, the sun, moon and stars and their rising and setting, as well as the exact position of the celestial bodies. It shows besides the moon's phases and the eclipses of the sun and moon. The calendar is the most remarkable feature, since it is perpetual with perfect accuracy. At the beginning of the year it adjusts by itself the statements of astronomical practitioners in explanation of the everlasting calendar, as well as Easter and the changeable festival days of the coming year. A glass ball, representing the spherical globe exactly, shows the movements and position of the planets Mercury, Venus, earth and moon, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus. The work is enhanced by over one hundred movable pictures and figures. Every quarter of an hour the figure of a guardian angel appears on the left side of the principal field. The striking of the quarters is done by two angels standing in the recess on the left, while in the sixth recess two figures

at a time, representing the four ages of man, are changing alternately. On the right side of the principal field the Angel of Death advances, pointing with his scythe to the dial plate. When the full hour strikes, the center angel of the second recess appears holding an hour glass, while the angel on the right side above is sounding a trumpet. Under the roof an allegorical figure represents symbolically the right season of the year, while above in the principal field the guiding star of the year appears. On the left side of the clock cabinet stands a cock, which five minutes before noon beats its wings, stoops its neck, opens its bill and crows three times.

When the picture shows "Spring," there appears a cuckoo above; "Summer" is represented by a quail, which issues forth on the left side, both calling seven times. A bull lying at the feet of St. Luke the Evangelist roars to symbolize "Autumn," and "Winter" is indicated by a lion lying close to St. Mark. Every time the clock strikes twelve, Christ, bending his head, appears with his twelve apostles, and a monk standing in the portal above rings his "Ave."

The clock contains a small chime which plays for five minutes after the striking of an even hour, the melodies changing and each lasting one minute. The work has twelve little bells, and on the roller there are 997 pins, which make the music.—Scientific American.

* * *

HOW THE MISTLETOE COMES TO BE.

The Seeds Stick to the Birds' Bills, and
They Wipe Them Off on the Tree
Branches.

The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some of our birds eat them freely. Now when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the

tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time, and not finding earth—which indeed its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than that in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.—Prof. S. C. Schmucker in the Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

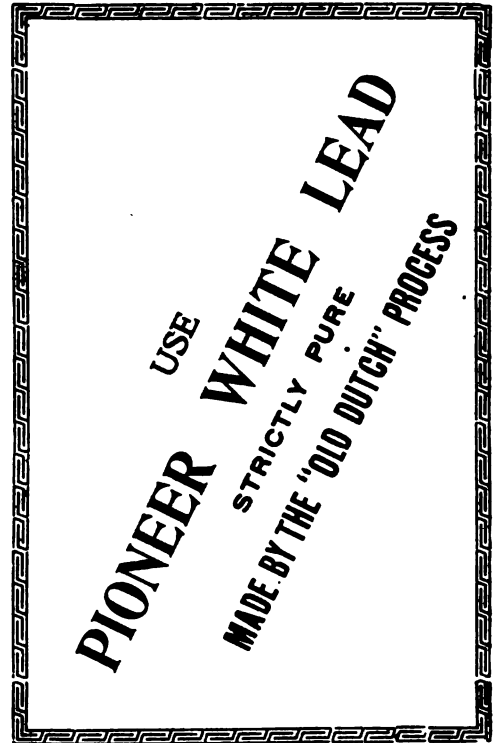
DRY WASHING.

It is quite obvious that there are people who wash too little. It is not so generally recognized that some people wash too much. The skin is not well adapted to frequent applications of water accompanied by even the least irritating of soaps. A tendency arises to maceration of the superficial part of the epidermis, which is too frequently removed and occasions probably too rapid a proliferation of the cells of the Malpighian layer. There is no doubt that many cases of roughness of the skin of the face come from the frequent applications of water. It is a good thing to rub the face with a soft, clean, dry towel two or three times a day. If, in addition, water is used in the morning and at night, the skin will be kept in a sounder, smoother and healthier state than if, as is often the case, soap and water are used three or four times a day. Men are not often offenders in this respect, most men sparing little time for the refinements of the toilette. Women and children, whose skins are the most easily affected by superfluous ablution, are the very persons in whom such excess is too common. They should be taught that there are dry methods of cleanliness as well as wet ones.—Scientific American.

* * *

In Literature—

As holiday season approaches, and throughout its continuance, literature receives, if ever, its due appreciation. The publishers and booksellers, hav-



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ing learned this fact by experience, are on the alert the year through to turn it to their pecuniary advantage. The plans for holiday trade carry from the beginning to the end of every year, and author and artist are under contribution unceasingly. Not every literary effort, not every author and artist. Some are not in demand, though all of rank in their profession have a place in the great work, limited only by degree of adaptation and versatility. And when a reading and appreciative nation like our own enjoys a period of continuous prosperity, as is the case here at present, there are practically no apparent bounds to the activity in the preparation and the marketing of beauty and value. From the plain cloth, which nowadays, thanks to modern appliances in artistic production, have all the charms of beautiful illustration, and which are bought by everybody, up to the standards in Edition De Luxe Limited, the grand procession of purchasers files by, and the express messengers and the mail-carriers are laden with burdens of beauty, carrying messages of choicest thought to the homes of rich and poor.

* * *

In Art—

THE SISTINE MADONNA IN NEEDLE- WORK.

Remarkable Work of a German Woman
Which Has Astounded Artists and
Critics.

Famous painters have sought to copy Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," but have laid their brushes down in despair. And what painters have failed to do with the brush one woman has accomplished with her needle.

Fraulien Clara Ripberger, of Dresden, has dared to create—it is nothing less than a creation—this picture a second time. She spent between five and six years on her work. From the beginning she had unusual difficulties to surmount, and when the great undertaking was finished, and noted artists came and looked, they would not accept the word of the artist until they had examined both sides of the canvas and recognized that every square inch of

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the work, was unmistakably done by the needle alone. The contention that the eyes at least had been painted had to be abandoned. Not a brushful of paint had touched the picture. Filoselle silk of various colors, and in stitches of various lengths, had wrought the marvel. There is no suggestion of tapestry or Gobelin work. It is needle painting, not weaving, both in the flesh tones and expressions of the faces, and in the reproduction of the draperies. The soulful eyes of the Mother and the startled look of the Child are so admirably copied that one feels the full message of the spiritual truth, while the texture and color of the robes leave nothing to be desired. The first exhibition of the embroidered Madonna had not closed before the merit of the work was publicly acknowledged. The King and Queen of Saxony came to view the picture and complimented the embroiderer,

From Germany the picture was taken to St. Petersburg, where a large sum was offered for it. The owner declined to sell, and carried her treasure to London, where it was exhibited at Marlborough House before the Prince and Princess of Wales. From London it was taken to the Paris Exposition, and received the gold medal from the International Jury.—Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

In Education—

The closing of the old year, and the opening of the new are as likely to bring sober reflection to the teacher as to any member of society. His relation to the young and to society in general is of a kind so intimate and important that when the artificial turning point which shuts into the irrevocable past a well-defined period, and opens to him a new page upon the book of time, comes, he falls most naturally to introspection, the final results of which are high resolve. It has been said, that no nation can long prosper which does not hold in high esteem its defenders. In a country to the perpetuity of whose institutions education is so essential as in ours, there are no defenders more worthy of affectionate esteem and encouragement than its teachers. The Pacific Monthly holds in honorable esteem the many

Statement of the Condition of
The United States National Bank
Of Portland, Oregon.
At the close of Business, Sept. 30, 1901

ASSETS.

Loans	\$ 588,406.34
Cash	257,809.10
Demand exchange	346,224.23
Rev. Stamps ...	147.24
U. S. bonds	51,800.00
Real estate, furniture, fixtures ..	41,288.26
Redemption fund	2,500.00

\$1,288,175.17

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock ...\$	250,000.00
Deposits	946,439.10
Circulation	50,000.00
Surp. and profits	41,736.07

\$1,288,175.17

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teachers whom it is proud to have upon its list, and wishes them a happy, useful, prosperous New Year.

* * *

In Religious Thought—

The committee of 20 appointed by the General Assembly to effect the work of revision of the creed of the Presbyterian Church for submission to the next assembly, began its labors in Washington, D. C., December 4th. It was found that none of the members of any sub-committee had united upon any report or statement. The committee held several secret meetings during the first day. In the afternoon the full committee began the work of framing the brief statement. The present long creed of the church is to be considered article by article. It is probable that the new statement will comprise about 1000 words, and that after the conclusion of the work of the committee at Washington the statement agreed upon will be printed, and be again considered at a meeting to be held some time the coming Spring.

* * *

Thomas Nelson Page, writing for Scribner's, speaks of the idea prevalent that the strict observance of the Sabbath was almost wholly confined to the North; he says that nothing could be more erroneous. "The Blue Laws" of Connecticut, surviving as a proverb for hardness, have impressed the popular mind and fixed an idea which was, however, not absolutely accurate. As severe as those enactments were, they were scarcely more rigorous, wherever the observance of Sunday was concerned, than those under which the Colony of Virginia was established and developed. Attendance on Divine service was as strictly enforced, and abstinence from all secular employment as rigidly enjoined. It was a church-going time. Religion engrossed the energies of the people. Participation in worship was the law, and whoever failed in it was a lawbreaker and was dealt with accordingly. Later on, that is, prior to the Revolution, came a certain laxness—the reflex of the taut-strung bow—when the fox-hunting, cock-fighting parsons were inducted into the livings; but as the causes were temporary, the main cause

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being the political appointment by an absentee metropolitan, so the effect was not permanent. It was out of these conditions that the Hanover Presbytery sprang, under the influence of Patrick Henry's model, the eloquent "Parson Davies," later the president of Princeton College. Indeed, while some of the English parsons who have made the time notorious, were dicing and drinking, and fighting, the laity were standing stanchly for the old customs, and were making the saddling upon them of such miscreants one of the charges in their indictment against the Government "at home." They withstood innovation. They kept the faith. They built churches which still stand today as memorials of their piety and churchmanship.

* * *

James Jackson, of Cambridge, Mass., who has been suspended from membership in the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church because, in becoming an American citizen, he took oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States, proposes to fight the ruling of the presbytery. The Reformed Presbyterian denomination looks upon the Constitution of the United States as an immoral document, in that it makes no mention of God, and claims for the people that sovereign power which belongs to God alone.

* *

The New York Commercial Advertiser recently published the pastoral letter from the Episcopal bishops which was read in all the Protestant Episcopal churches, Sunday, November 10. The letter was drawn up at the closing session of the triennial convention in San Francisco, and the authorship is ascribed to Bishop Dudley. In the course of their letter the bishops allude to the great growth of the church during the past hundred years. The chief hindrance to its advancement in the present time is, in their opinion, the spirit of the age, not one of aggressive, angry denial, but of lazy and indifferent consent.

The tendency of the age toward individual license is the mainstay of the letter. On this subject the bishops say: "We must bid you note and strive

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against the last and most evil result of our age tendency in the reckless spirit of individual license, the caricature and contradiction of that ideal of person liberty which the church has created and perpetuated among men. The fool who saith in his heart there is no God, is quick to go forward to the natural corollary, that there is no human authority of right demanding his recognition and obedience. The man who derides the revealed foundation of all ethical obligation is the easy victim of the devil's delusion that self-interest is alone the motive of human action, and self-advancement the only test of moral conduct. The crime at Buffalo, a month ago, by which the head of our nation was taken away, was but the natural fruit of this tree of God-defying denial."

* * *

An editorial in Scribner's on "The New Aspect of Liberty" takes the ground that though liberty is still a word infinitely dear to every true American, experience seems to be qualifying our definition of it.

"It used to mean self-government, and equality and fraternity followed after it naturally as part of the same mental process. In that sense it is still our ideal, for all peoples as well as for ourselves; but our theories, as to its attainment, seem to have been gradually modified. We have come to think a great deal about order, and to suspect that the liberty which includes self-government has a price, and that those who cannot pay that price must wait for it until they can. That price is order; such a degree of order as will make it possible for civilization to advance. We have begun to doubt whether liberty is at all times, for all men of all races, a panacea for all political ills. We have begun to discriminate. We hold liberty in our own gift, and refuse, as we look toward the Philippines, to bestow it in full measure. 'They are not ripe for it yet,' we say. 'They are still children in the world's great family; we will give them for the present personal freedom and order, with more to follow; but full liberty and independence all at once, we dare not grant.' And then we wonder not a little if we are doing right."

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6 P-Q 4	B-Kt 3
7 P-Q R 4	P-Q R 3
8 B-K 3	B-R 2
9 O Kt-Q 2	Kt-B 3
10 Q-B 2	Castles
11 K R-K sq	K-R sq
12 P-Q 5	Kt-Q sq
13 Kt-B sq	Kt-Kt 5 (b)
14 B x B	R x B (c)
15 B-Q 3	Kt-R 3
16 Kt-K 3	P-K Kt 3
17 P-B 4	P-K B 4
18 P-B 5	P-B 5 (d)
19 P x P	P x P
20 Q x B	P x Kt
21 P x P	Q Kt-B 2
22 Q-K 6	R-K sq (e)
23 Q x Q	R x Q
24 Q R-B sq	R-R sq
25 R-B 3	Kt-Kt 5
26 P-R 3	Kt-B 3
27 Kt-Q 2 (f)	K-Kt 2
28 K R-B sq	Kt-K sq (g)
29 Kt-B 4	Kt-B 3
30 Kt-Kt 6	Q R-K sq
31 R-B 7	K-B sq
32 P-Q Kt 4	R x R
33 R x R	R-K 2
34 R-B 2	Kt-K sq (h)
35 Kt-R 8	R-Q 2
36 P-Kt 5	K-K 2 (i)
37 P x P	P x P
38 R-B 6	R-K 2
39 Kt-Kt 6	K-Q sq
40 R-B 3 ch	K-K 2
41 R-Kt 8	R-B 2 (j)
42 B x P	R-B 8 ch
43 K-R 2	Kt-B 3
44 Kt-B 8	K-Q 2
45 R-Kt 7 ch	R-B 2 (k)
46 Kt-Kt 6 ch	K-Q sq
47 R-Kt 8 ch	K-K 2
48 Kt-B sq	K-B sq
49 Kt x P ch (l)	K-Kt 2
50 Kt x Kt	K x Kt
51 R-Kt 7	R x R
52 B x R	K-K 2
53 P-R 5	K-Q 2
54 P-R 6	K-B 2

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55 K—Q 6 K—Kt 3
56 B—B 8 (m) Resigns.

(a) Kt—B 3 is the better continuation here.

(b) Black plans to liberate his game by P—K B 4, and White by his next move tries to prevent it.

(c) White's position is already preferable.

(d) If 18... P x P, White replies 19 P x P. If then 19... P x P; 20 Q x B leads to a similar continuation as that actually played. If, however, 19... Q x P, then 20 B x P, and although his Queen's Pawn is isolated White has an excellent game.

(e) Q x Q would obviously lose a piece; 23 P x Q, Kt—Q sq; 24 P—K 7.

(f) White's advantage lies on the Queen's wing, and Tschigorin loses no time in making this side the battle-ground. The Knight is brought thither and in the best possible way.

(g) Trying to delay White's R—B 7 as long as possible.

(h) The general aspect of affairs more and more shapes in White's favor. The greater activity of his main forces together with the binding influence of his Queen's Pawn may well be noted.

(i) Disintegration goes on apace. Yet ... P x P; 37 B x P would render his case even worse.

(j) The Pawn is doomed, for Kt—B 8 is threatened instant, and Black justly prefers to surrender it at once, seeking compensation elsewhere.

(k) It will be observed that K x Kt would lose a piece.

(l) With the loss of the second Pawn Black's fate is plainly decided, and his struggling further becomes futile. It must, however, be said that hitherto Black in his difficult position defended himself with greatest care and judgment.

* * *

"Here is a story about the great Andersen that our cynical little friend, Emanuel Lasker, tells in an inimitable way. Andersen traveling "incog." landed at a sequestered German village and fell into conversation with a worthy who declared himself a lover of Caissa. As the local devotee and Anderssen seated themselves with a board between them the former said, "I invariably give Queen-odds when I play." The master took these odds and won, to the other player's surprise. More games followed, the odds growing smaller. Then the tables were reversed and Anderssen gave a Queen and won. The local celebrity said, "What a game you play! You must be the great Anderssen." "What? Me Anderssen? Perish the thought! Players to whom Anderssen gives a Queen and wins with ease give me a Queen and win with equal ease." This story is a good one in itself, but it loses some of its flavor in cold type. You should hear Lasker after he is warmed up with a few preliminary pretzels, etc., tell this tale with many a deprecatory shrug and other outward signs of deep self-abasement.

The Pacific Monthly for 1902

The Pacific Monthly

for 1902 will be made more distinctly Western than ever before. The scenic beauties of the Northwest will be represented in every number, and the wonderful resources and possibilities of this region will be set forth in a way to interest readers everywhere. As a representative of the great Northwest, the magazine will become more and more unique, and consequently more indispensable to those who wish to keep in touch with the literature, legends, history and progress of the Northwest.

A Special Columbia River Edition

Will be issued in March, 1902. This number will be as complete and satisfactory as money can produce. The half-tones will be of the highest possible grade, and the paper used will be of the very heavy enameled book, with a special plate finish. There will be at least 50 views, many of them never before reproduced. In short, the number will be a beautiful representation of the Columbia river, and alone will be well worth the subscription price to the magazine for a year. This edition will be a valuable souvenir, which every person in the Northwest will want to send to Eastern friends, besides keeping copies for future use. The first edition will be

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Subscription renewals should be made as promptly as possible. \$1 per year, 10 cents per copy. Make all remittances to the Pacific Monthly, Portland, Oregon.

SOME POINTERS ON MANICURING.

Directions for Keeping the Finger-Nails in Good Condition, and What to Use.

When the nails are fragile a little wax and alum rubbed upon them will strengthen them. If brittle a little almond oil or cold cream will be found beneficial.

To remove white spots from the nails use a mixture of refined pitch and a little myrrh upon them at night, wiping it off the next morning with olive oil.

When about to manicure the hands dip the fingers into warm soapy water and hold them there for a minute or two in order to soften the nails and the scarf skin about them.

The scarf skin should be gently pushed back from the nails before they are polished. It should never, unless absolutely necessary, be cut with the scissors.

Agnails, improperly called hangnails, may be prevented by proper attention to the scarf skin which surrounds the nails.

For manicuring only a pair of curved nail scissors, a nail-file, an orange stick, a chamois polisher, a bottle of vaseline, and a box of rose salve or nail powder are necessary.—Mary E. Walker, M. D., in the Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

Never Forget the Note of Thanks.

Be sure to send a note of thanks for a gift received at the earliest possible moment. Write it before your ardor cools. Make it hearty, spontaneous, enthusiastic. You need not be insincere. Even if you do not like the gift you must like the spirit that prompted it. Never defer writing with the idea that you will thank the giver in person. You may do that as well when opportunity offers, but do not risk delay. Nothing is more discourteous than belated thanks.—The Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

"THE CANDLE ON THE PLATE."

The Curious Way in Which the Poor Sometimes Raise Money to Pay Their Rent.

"The year that I lived in Chicago I noticed one night in passing through the Polish Jew quarter something I have since seen elsewhere," writes the Rev. David M. Steele, in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It was 'the candle on the plate.' A man dies, and for want of means to pay the rent his family is to be turned out on the street. The widow

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sets a plate on the pavement before the door and puts a lighted candle on it. For the length of time that it will burn it is a summons to the neighbors passing by to put in nickels, dimes and pennies—which invariably they do—until a fund is raised sufficient to save the family from eviction. Would the same thing happen on the Stock Exchange if a bank failed?"

* * *

Mrs. Sangster's Advice on Book-Borrowing.

One need have no delicacy in asking a person to return a borrowed book. Books are property, and when borrowed they should be carefully protected from injury and promptly returned to their owners. I doubt the propriety of borrowing a book if one is near a lending library. We do not borrow shoes or gloves or furniture, and why should we make an exception of books? I think the owner of a set should hesitate to let a single volume go out of her possession. Either make a loan of the entire set, or give your friend permission to consult it in your home.—Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

Cab-Service in Germany.

"The whole cab-service of Germany is regulated in a way to make the American envious of German institutions," writes Ray Stannard Baker in "Seen in Germany." In most cities a large proportion of the cabs are provided with "taxameters"—little dials placed in front of the seat and so arranged that they indicate just how much the passenger owes at any given time. For instance, when you take a cab in Berlin the indicator shows a charge of fifty pfennigs (twelve cents) as soon as you take your seat, and as you drive the figures change, ten pfennigs at a time, and when you are ready to stop you pay the sum indicated by the dial, no more, no less. Thus there is no chance for extortion on the part of the cabman, and no disagreement as to charges, a feature of disagreeable prominence in London and Paris. And it may be said in passing, that the charges are generally very low compared with those in American cities."

* * *

Brave Chieftain Sleeps.

Sleep on, brave soldier true,
While nations you made free
Join with our own in sweet refrain,
"Nearer to Thee."

Thy path was not so dark
Nor sad the way, nor lone,
Tho' o'er the world sad voices sing
"My rest a stone."

And that dear cherished one,
Thro' darkest clou's shall see
When near the eventide of life
"Angels to beckon me."

His promise, oh so sure,
Leads us through gloom to Heaven,
His light our blinded eyes shall see,
"In mercy given."

—June McMillen Ordway.

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Germany Ahead of America in One Respect.

Ray Stannard Baker contributes to the current number of Pearson's Magazine an interesting article on the Reichsanstalt, the Imperial Physical and Technical Institute of Germany, which today stands supreme as the final authority, the world over, in scientific matters.

The Reichsanstalt, says the author of the article referred to, bears a part of the commercial race for supremacy in which Germany is now engaging so lustily. England, not slow to see its advantages, is already making arrangements for the establishment at Kew of a similar institution. But as yet Americans are apparently unaroused to the importance of such an institution, although through the influence of several advanced American scientists, the government has obtained some particulars as to the work of the Reichsanstalt. The United States government has not the resources nor the scientific interests of the German empire, but the public spirit of the American citizens, developed, perhaps, by this lack of parental care on the part of the governing power, has been founding universities and libraries on a scale without parallel. May not some of them feel the need of such a scientific establishment as the Reichsanstalt?

* * *

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* * *

"Maggie says she's a daughter of the Revolution."

"Can she prove it?"

"Sure; her father runs a merry-go-round."

* * *

Oldhamme — Young man, have an ideal. Have an ideal, I say, and hug it to your bosom at all times and places.

Youngdogge — She won't allow me.

* * *

Got His Hair Back.

Frederick Manuell, Maryland block, Butte, Montana, bought a bottle of Newbro's Herpicide, April 6, '99, and began to use it for entire baldness. In 20 days, he says, he had hair all over his head, and on July 2 he writes, and today my hair is as thick and luxuriant as any one could wish. Newbro's Herpicide works on an old principle and with a new discovery—destroy the cause and you remove the effect. Herpicide destroys the germ that causes dandruff, falling hair, and finally baldness, so that with the cause gone the effect cannot remain. Stops falling hair at once and starts the new growth in a week.

* * *

The Great West.

The following is from an editorial on "The Great West" in the Century for November:

To one fresh from a perusal of these graphic papers no climax of national achievement seems difficult of belief. As Mr. Gladstone once said that the center of the world's in-

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terest had been transferred to America, so we may say that the center of interest of the New World has been transferred beyond the Alleghanies. And as the frontier of settled country pushed farther and farther westward we came to look beyond the Mississippi for triumphs of exploration, for bold commercial projects, and for open-mindedness and imagination. Once it was the East that led in most things; now in many its leadership is no longer a matter of course. The young giant is already feeling his strength. The material triumphs of the West are sure to be followed in due time by noteworthy achievements of the intellect. Its present prosperity is the gateway to all that resources, knowledge, and opportunity can bestow. The region that embraces more than half of the reading constituency of the country is likely soon to produce, even more richly than it has done, in literature and the arts. The interchange of such products will contribute much to the common pride and the mutual understanding of the sections, thus insuring that unity of national life and aspiration which is increasingly necessary as the borders and the interests of the nation expand.

The Course of Empire.

The westward shifting of the star that marks the center of population is traced by Emerson Hough in the Century:

It is curious to observe that the path of the star, which marks upon the census charts the center of population, in reality has followed much the same line as the early West-bound movement. The star moves slowly westward, across the Alleghanies, as did the first pioneers. Then it follows down the valley of the Ohio, as did the early downstream population under our theory of the transportation of that day. In 1860 the center of population is situated upon the Ohio River, perhaps a hundred miles east of the city of Cincinnati. In 1860 the colors thicken deeply along the river valleys; and far up the streams, even toward the heads of the Mississippi and the Missouri, the map tells us that the population is denser than it is in regions remote from any waterways. In 1870 the face of the map remains, for the most part, bare west of the Missouri, except where the Indian reservations lie. On the Pacific Coast, in California and Oregon, there is a population in some districts of forty-five to ninety persons to the square mile. Around Helena, Deer Lodge, and other mining-towns of Montana there is a faint dash of color showing a population of two to six souls to the square mile, which is beyond the average of all but a few localities west of the Missouri River. At Salt Lake, at Denver, at Santa Fe, termini of transportation in their day, as we have seen, there are bands of a similar color. The total population of America, which in 1810 was 7,239,881, and in 1820, the beginning of our up-stream days, was 9,633,000, was (in 1860) 31,443,321, and, in 1870, 38,558,371. Nearly all of this population shows upon the census

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map as east of the Missouri River. Out in the unsettled and unknown region west of the Missouri there still lay that land which to the present generation means the West—appealing, fascinating, mysterious, inscrutable; and for that West there was to come another day.

* * *

New Topographic Maps of Montana.

A number of sheets or quadrangles of the topographic map of Montana, which will eventually cover the whole State, has just been issued by the United States Geological Survey. The Marysville Special Map shows that part of Lewis and Clark county, near the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, which lies near the town of Marysville. The mountainous topography of the region is indicated by a system of contour lines which also show altitudes above sea level; the map indicates the position of the mine tunnels, prospects, and irrigation canals and ditches of the locality. The Rosebud and St. Xavier Quadrangles cover adjacent territory in the southeast portion of Rosebud county and a part of the Crow Indian Reservation just to the south of the Custer and Renos battlefields, and includes the site of St. Xavier Mission and of Old Fort C. F. Smith. This section is also rough, and reveals rugged mountain topography and a number of striking canyons. There is also a Reconnaissance Map of the country along the Missouri River in the vicinity of Great Falls. The latter is a reprint of an earlier edition which had been exhausted. These maps may all be had at the usual rate, 5 cents each, on application to the Director of the Geological Survey.

* * *

HINTS ON TABLE ETIQUETTE.

To a Baked Fish.

Preserve a respectful demeanor when you are brought into the room;
Don't stare at the guests while they are eating, no matter how much they consume.

To Lettuce.

The humblest are counted the wisest, the modest are lauded the most;
Don't have a big head because sometimes you sit on the right of the host.

To Lamb Chops.

If there are only ladies at luncheon—it being a feminine feast,—
You then may appear in curl-papers; no one will object in the least.

To the Morning Paper.

By the family you're welcomed at breakfast, your presence, indeed, they expect;
But pray do not come in your wrapper—it isn't considered correct.

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PORTLAND, OREGON.

The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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DRAPERY ROOMS

The Pacific Monthly

Vol. VII

FEBRUARY, 1902

No. 2

THE GREAT OREGON CAVES

By GEORGE M. WEISTER

THE above mentioned caves are composed of an innumerable series of caverns situated in Southwestern Oregon, and, probably, Northern California. The entrance is

Davidson, who, while pursuing a bear through a rough, rugged canyon, discovered he suddenly disappeared, and, following in his steps, found himself ushered into what has proved to be the

Ghost Chamber

five miles up Cove creek from Sucker, the famous mining region of 1851, near Josephine, where gold was first discovered in Oregon.

The caves were discovered by Elijah

"Great Oregon Caves." He, however, allowed bruin to continue his journey into the darkness, and began retreating into the light.

Most of the caverns, (or rooms, as

they are called) so far as explored, have proven to be rather small, and generally connected by low, winding passages, in some places too low to permit standing upright. Some of the rooms, however, are quite large, and with ceilings too high to be seen by the light of the lanterns and torches carried by explorers,

found no bottom, but on all sides were openings to caverns, just the same as are to be seen in all the walls of the rooms above.

The whole mountain, for miles, seems to be honeycombed by caverns, the extent of which can only be conjectured, from the fact that a strong wind is constantly

Under the Dome

and some of the passages resemble the aisles of a mammoth cathedral, and are even more beautiful.

Those who live near the Caves say there is a hole or well, so deep that when a stone is dropped into it, no sound of its striking the bottom is heard. A party is said to have once lowered one of their number into this well, as far as their longest rope would reach, and he

blowing along some of the passages from the inner recesses of these caves.

It is said that some twenty miles away (in Northern California), a creek was turned into an unexplored cave for a day and night, in the hope of finding how long it would take to fill it with water, but there was no sign of its becoming full. This may be one of the openings of the "Great Oregon Caves."

The walls are covered with the most beautiful festoons, hung in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and in some such places as the "Dome," or "White Room," they are pure white, and surround the room on all sides, one above another, almost

but as pure as alabaster, and, save where blackened by the torches of the explorers, they show no traces of dirt or dust.

In the "Drapery Room," and others, instead of the lace-like festoons, the walls are covered with the most beautiful folds of massive draperies, so natural as

Queen's Apartments

as high as the eye can penetrate, and cause one to exclaim, "Surely here is the work of a master hand." Our view "Under the Dome" shows the ladder high above which one must climb to reach this Dome. Sometimes the color of the walls is gray.

to tempt one to try to draw them aside to see what is behind, and portions are decorated with fluted columns, between which one might be able to cast an arm; again we find the wavy, uneven undulations, but perfectly smooth, as if melted wax had been recently poured

down the walls from above, and allowed to cool.

The floors of the "Ghost Chamber" are uneven, and plentifully strewn with the inevitable stalagmites; the ceilings are also abundantly hung with stalactites, and occasionally the floor and ceiling are united by columns, small and equal distance from both, as may be seen in the "Ghost Chamber" and "Old Nick's Bedroom." The stalactite and stalagmite have grown into one by the continual dripping of the lime-impregnated water from above, which has slowly

gone quill, which they very much resemble.

Though the rooms so far explored are not large, and though no large lakes have yet been discovered, (although the creek issuing from the lower entrance may be the outlet of one), these caves may equal or exceed in extent the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, and it is to be hoped that in the near future they will be more fully explored and mapped.

The ladders, etc., were put in by a man, who, with sixteen workmen, spent four months in making parts of the in-

Old Nick's Bedroom

lengthened them, until they have met half way and formed a column from ceiling to floor.

In many little pools of water, are found pure crystals, clustered into all sorts of forms, which, though fragile and easily ruined, are as beautiful as the purest diamonds. They glitter and sparkle in the light of the lanterns, and are the most tempting souvenirs. The long translucent tubes found hanging from the walls, which are twelve or fifteen inches long, are the size of a

terior accessible, and preparing the rough canyon outside for the accommodation of tourists. No one has charge of the caves at present, so tourists must provide camp outfits, which must be carried by pack animals over a rough trail many miles. No one should enter the caves without a competent guide, or without marking his route in some way, as the passages are so numerous and intricate that one may easily be hopelessly lost.

Oregon is here afforded an opportu-

nity of becoming famous by possessing so great a "Natural Wonder," as Kentucky is already famous by her possession of the "Mammoth Cave."

The location of this cave is forty miles

from Grants Pass, on the Southern Pacific railway, and is destined to attract tourists from all parts of the world, it being one of the "Great Wonders" of the Pacific Coast.

The Irrigation of Arid Lands

In a recent paper on "National Irrigation," Mr. Thomas F. Walsh, President of the National Irrigation Association, says:

"My thirty years' residence in Colorado, and my travels during that time investigating mines, have given me a personal acquaintance with the great valleys of the arid region, and have enabled me to witness the wonderful metamorphosis brought about by irrigation by private enterprise. Many places where, when I first saw them, nothing but cactus and the prairie dog were found, are today, through irrigation, converted into the most beautiful and prosperous farms to be seen in the world, the homes of contented, happy people. By seeing this wonderful change from a desert waste to the most perfect of farm conditions, I have been convinced of the absolute success of irrigation. I speak of this subject from a disinterested standpoint, but with a personal knowledge of nearly every glen, dale, and valley, as well as the rivers, streams, and mountains of the entire West, and also a limited knowledge of the engineering difficulties to be overcome in the construction of reservoirs on a large scale. From such information as I possess, and what I have obtained from United States government engineers, I am convinced that there are no insurmountable difficulties in the way of successful construction and operation of natural reservoirs to irrigate national or government lands."

President Roosevelt's advocacy of the contention that to build reservoirs for the reclamation of arid lands by irrigation is a proper function, and one which should be exercised, will have much weight, and it is entitled to have, for his field of observation has not been narrow. He says:

"The pioneer settlers on the arid public domain chose their homes along streams from which they could themselves divert the water to reclaim their holdings. Such opportunities are practically gone. There remain, however, vast areas of public land which can be made available for homestead settlement, but only by reservoirs and main-line canals impracticable for private enterprise. There irrigation works should be built by the national government. The lands reclaimed by them should be reserved by the government for actual settlers, and the cost of construction should, so far as possible, be repaid by the land reclaimed. The distribution of the water, the division of the streams among irrigators, should be left to the settlers themselves in conformity with state laws and without interference with those laws or with vested rights. The policy of the national government should be to aid irrigation in the several states and territories in such manner as will enable the people in the local communities to help themselves, and as will stimulate needed reforms in the state laws and regulations governing irrigation."

Meditation

MEDITATION

By LISCHEN M. MILLER

*He seems to look beyond the gates
That bar the years to be,
As if he saw the joy that waits
On those who battle with the Fates,
And win to victory.*

*And who shall say, or who deny
What is revealed to him
Whose visions of the future lie
Focused between the earth and sky,
Ere his soul's sight grows dim?*

*Not we who still, though blind, recall,
Like some faint perfume rare,
Or faroff cry that seems to fall
As music from the pine-tops tall,
Through Memory's lambient air.*

*The day dreams of those earlier years,
Ere we had quite forgot.
To listen to the singing spheres,
Or ere our eyes were dimmed with tears,
And our dark days were not.*

*And oh, it is a blessed thing
To mother such a son!
A child whose heart is like a spring
Where living waters leap and sing
For joy of life begun.*

*And oh, to dream and hope and pray
That as his young feet mount the way
To manhood's fuller, broader day
The light of heaven's grace
May fade not from his face!*

OLD CHIEF SELTICE

By J. MAYNE BALTIMORE

SEVERAL weeks ago Chief Saltes, or Seltice, was stricken with almost total blindness at the De Smet Mission, and was brought, by Major George F. Steele, the Indian Agent, to the hospital at Spokane for

ment and interesting figures in the Indian history of the Northwest. Seltice is one of the few survivors of a generation of Indians who fought the white men in the pioneer days of Washington; but, who were either pacified or cowed

treatment. At last accounts, the old Chief's eyesight was much improved.

Chief Seltice is about 80 years old, and quite feeble. For a great many years he has been the acknowledged head and leader of the Coeur d'Alene Indians. He is one of the most promi-

by the steady, advancing march of civilization.

According to the best authorities, Seltice is not the hereditary Chief of his tribe. His title was granted on account of his shrewdness as a leader, and his ability to acquire money and prop-

erty. One effect of the friendly intercourse between the Indians and the white men, was to inculcate the idea in the savages that the Chief of a tribe must be a man with plenty of money or property.

Chief Seltice has long had the reputation of being a wiley, shrewd, ambitious Indian. He was strong in the art of diplomacy, and is a natural leader. He possesses the ability of keeping his temper, a virtue not possessed by the average Indian chieftain. He taught his people to cultivate land and earn their living in another way besides fighting and plundering for it.

When Colonel Steptoe first came up into the Spokane country from Walla Walla, Chief Seltice was not the head of the Coeur d'Alene tribe. This was away back in 1857. He was merely a fighting Chief. Colonel Steptoe did not come up to fight the Indians. He was sent out by the government to survey roads through that section of the country. He brought some officers and soldiers with him, however, and was accompanied by some Nez Perce guides. The approach of Steptoe and his force led the allied tribes to think that he was coming to fight them.

Father Joset, the priest, heard rumors of trouble, and came hastily down from the Old Mission on the Coeur d'Alene river to prevent, if possible, the Coeur d'Alenes from joining with the other tribes in an attack on Colonel Steptoe's slender force.

Father Joset went to Steptoe's camp, and warned him to go back and get a larger force, if he intended to fight. Steptoe replied that he was not in the country for fighting purposes; and, that to turn back would be a confession of weakness, which an army officer could not afford to make. He assured the Chief of the Coeur d'Alenes of his peaceable intentions. So the Chief went back to his tribe and counseled them not to interfere with the soldiers.

However, the tribe resented the advice, and one of the young and preteritious braves actually slapped the Chief in the face, for even suggesting such a thing. That night, the Chief and Father Joset left with such peaceably inclined Coeur d'Alenes as were inclined to go with them. The rest of the tribe joined

the allied tribes and attacked Colonel Steptoe's camp that same night.

Among the attacking party was Chief Seltice, who was then in his fighting prime. Steptoe was driven back to the Snake river, and several of his men and officers were slain. If Steptoe had not been ferried across the Snake river by the friendly Nez Perces, he would never have reached Walla Walla alive.

In 1858 Gen. Geo. H. Wright came out. Not like Colonel Steptoe, Wright's business was to fight the Indians. He did fight them with a purpose, too. He routed the allied forces root and branch, and with quite a slaughter.

Chief Seltice did not bear a very prominent part in that fight, if he bore any at all. Since that time, the Coeur d'Alenes have not been fighting Indians. In that regard Seltice's influence has been for good.

Gen. Wright told the tribes that he had no desire to fight them, but, that he intended to make remorseless war on the outsiders and disturbers, who were constantly coming into the Spokane country and trying to incite the residents to join with them in murderous warfare against the whites. The Coeur d'Alenes acted on Gen. Wright's hint, and wisely avoided mixing up with the troubles of the other tribes.

One of the most persistent agitators among the Indians was one Squalshin, a Yakima Indian. He persistently endeavored to get the Coeur d'Alenes into a fighting alliance, but they drove him out of their territory. Subsequently, Squalchin was hanged for malicious agitation.

The loss of sight came quite suddenly to Chief Seltice. For years he has been deprived of sight in one eye. One day everything grew dark before the other eye. He is a very devout Catholic, and has been for many years, religiously observing all the rules of the faith. He is greatly honored and respected by all his tribe. For many years Seltice has lived on the reservation, and has led a peaceable, tranquil life. He has accumulated considerable property and money. A small, marshy sort of lake, located about ten miles east of the City of Spokane, has, for a great many years, borne the name of "Saltese Lake," in honor of the aged Chief.

AT THE CONFESSIONAL

By W. F. G. THACHER

A THICK wet mist had crept up from the Channel and wrapt Paris in a dripping shadow. It muffled the noises of the streets, and transformed the street lamps into ghastly blurs of yellow light, reflected dimly in the wet pavement. With the fog came a chill wind which nipped the bare toes of the newsboys, quickened the measured tread of the *gen d'armes*, and caused the few belated pedestrians to hasten homewards.

Within the great cathedral all was gloom and silence. It was deserted, save for a few *miserables*, who lingered more for the warmth and protection than from any motives of piety. The sacrificial candles twinkled with a lambent radiance which lent an uncanny aspect to the barbaric splendor of the altar, and served to exaggerate the impressive distances of the interior.

Before one of the confessionals a priest was standing, alone. His arms were folded on his breast, and his head lowered in an attitude of meditation. He was a man of thirty, or thereabouts, tall and massive, with fine patrician features, from which his ascetic life had not entirely erased the lines of youth and enthusiasm. As he stood there, enwrapt in reverie, his face bore an incongruous expression of brooding pain. It was as if a dead past had come to life and was clutching at his heart with cruel fingers—the past which had drawn him to the priesthood for refuge, and which even its stern consolation could not banish.

In a distant loft an organ sounded, dissipating the images of his reveries. His fingers touched his beads and he prayed swiftly.

Outside, the mist had settled into a chill drizzle, and the streets were rapidly being deserted. A brougham, conspicuous for its rich appointments, swept out of the current of vehicles and drew up in front of the Cathedral. A liveried

footman opened the door, and a woman veiled and garbed in a long coat stepped out, and ascended the marble steps. Inside she noticed with satisfaction the almost deserted condition of the interior. Then she approached the solitary figure of the priest.

"Father," she said, in a low voice, but without hesitation, "I wish to confess to you. Will you hear me?"

The priest had involuntarily drawn the cowl over his face, so as to conceal his features.

"Surely, madame," he replied. "We will enter the confessional, if you please."

Inside the little chapel they took their places; he sitting behind the low rail, on which the woman rested her arms, as she knelt before him.

"Begin, my child, and may God forgive you for your transgressions."

"I have no list of petty wrong-doings to confess to you, Father," she began, "though there are enough of them, Heaven knows, but I wish to tell you the story of my life. I have never told it before, but I can no longer keep silence."

"You do well to come to me," the priest answered mechanically. "May the Holy Virgin intercede for you."

"Years ago," she continued, "no matter how many, I was betrothed to a young man. We were very much in love with each other, and life seemed full of bliss for us. We were not to be married until my lover's fortune was assured, for although he was a scion of a noble house, his father had died and left his affairs in an embarrassed condition, and a feeble mother was dependent upon him for support. He was capable and willing to work, and his prospects were bright for an honorable career; but—ah, well, it is the old story. I was young and ambitious and impatient at the long waiting, and longed for luxury and social distinction, so when Baron de—" she checked herself suddenly—"when the

man I afterwards married offered all these things—I was weak and foolish, and my father urged me—and so I accepted him—God forgive me! and broke faith with my lover.”

Her voice broke, and she paused a moment to gain her self-control.

“It is not so awful thus far, is it. Father? But the terrible part is to come. Fabrice, my lo— what is it, Father?”

The priest had uttered a half suppressed cry.

“Nothing,” he replied hastily—“a slight cough. Proceed.”

“My lover,” she continued, “suddenly disappeared. It was thought that he had committed suicide, but his body was never found. Then his poor mother—he was her idol—died of grief. See what sorrow and suffering my folly has brought about.

“It did not take long for me to discover my mistake—but it was too late. I had bound myself to a man I could never love; my chance for happiness was lost forever. And I have suffered—God knows how much. Not a minute since I first realized the awfulness of my sin but I have endured every agony. Even in my dreams my lost Fabrice comes to me and reproaches me for my faithlessness.

“Ah! I have done penance, Father. I would a thousand times rather be dead than suffer as I do. At first I used to cry my eyes out, but the consolation of tears has long been denied me; and even time has failed to alleviate my suffering.

“Well, Father, that is all. It is a pitiful little story, is it not? I hardly know why I came to you. It was only an impulse—but I have no one to confide in. I will go now.”

With the exception of the slight interruption at the name “Fabrice,” the priest had remained mute throughout the recital; but it was a silence born of a feeling too intense for utterance. The first intonation of the woman’s voice had thrilled and dazed him. At first he discredited his senses; but slowly and painfully the fact forced itself upon him that he was listening to the drama of his own life—that the woman kneeling before him was she for whom, nearly ten years ago, he had renounced the life of

pleasure and ambition and sought the seclusion of the priesthood, and whose face he never expected to look upon again. And now, an inscrutable Fate had brought her to him, and he had heard from her own lips that she had loved him, and loved him yet.

Like one in a trance he went through the formula of absolution; and not until she rose to leave the chapel did he come to himself. Then the full significance of the situation flashed upon him, and with it the alternatives; should he let her go unspoken and live on as he had, or should he speak to her, and reawaken in his heart the old struggle which he had sought so long to quell.

But, no—there was no choice. The mischief had already been done, and he must speak to her, come what may. He followed her from the confessional and spoke her name, “Emilie.” She turned quickly, and, lifting her veil, looked him full in the face.

“Good God!” she gasped. “It is you—Fabrice.” Her face went white, and she reeled slightly, one hand extended, as if to ward off a threatening horror.

“Yes, it is I—Fabrice.” He grew more self-contained as he saw her agitation.

“But—but, I thought you dead—ten years ago.” She passed her hand over her eyes, as if to clear away the mystery that impended.

“No, there is no mistake. It is I, the man whose life you tried to ruin, whom you—but pardon—I have no reproaches—now. I have, through the grace of God, both forgiven and forgotten.”

“But tell me, Emilie,” He went close to her, and looked deep into her eyes, wide with awe. “Tell me, is it true, what you said—you loved me and not this other man?”

Her eyes dropped before his, and she turned half away—then, with an impatient gesture, she faced him and spoke impassionedly.

“True, yes, every word of it is true. God knows I loved you then—and—love you—yet.

“A new light had illuminated her eyes, the light of yearning love, and the hope of happiness.

“And you, Fabrice,” she said softly, “Have you forgotten?”

"Forgotten?" He replied confusedly. "Why—I hardly know—it is so long—ten long years."

"Yes, it is long," she answered eagerly, "but true love knows no time. Ah, Fabrice," her voice was vibrant with pleading, "Is it too late? May we not yet be happy?"

"But your husband—he is living, and—"

"Yes, but he is a broken-down old man now, and we have never loved each other. Such a union as ours is not true marriage—besides a separation may be easily arranged—I am rich —"

"But it is impossible. No, no! How can you tempt me! Think—I am a priest—my vows—"

"What does it matter? You took them because you thought you had lost me. Now, see! I give myself to you."

"As she spoke, she threw back her long mantle, and slowly held out her arms to him. She was doing all in her woman's power to win him to her. Her half-pursed lips, her lustrous eyes, her outstretched arms, every line of her figure was wooing him back to the love of his youth.

The man fairly writhed under the agony of the conflict that was rife within him. On the one hand lay the world,

pleasures, love, life, all that he had schooled himself to despise. On the other hand, the church, duty, and "that peace which passeth understanding." In the midst of the struggle there came from a distant alcove the intonation of a mighty organ, and a boy choir singing a "Te Deum." As he heard, the crisis seemed to resolve itself—the way was clear before his feet. The hollow world, and its life of tinsel and vanity lost its glamour. And the woman—who was she with her shallow beauty and slender passion to tempt him from his duty? She seemed to shrink and shrivel away from him. It was as if a great light had been let into his soul.

With the decision a look of holy calm came into his face. The woman saw it, and knew that she had lost. With a choking sob, she stooped and kissed his hand, then drew her cloak about her and swiftly left the Cathedral. There was the click of a closing door, a word of command, and then the rattle of the vehicle, and the hoof-beats, which were soon swallowed up in the eddy of street noises.

Within, the priest stood before the figure of the dying Christ, his hands clasped, and his face transfigured with a holy triumph.

The Incorporation Fund of the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition

The City of Portland may accept the hearty congratulations of all the dwellers on the Pacific Coast, and, as well, of those who live in the states east of the mountains, upon the astonishing promptness with which the sum of \$300,000, which had been asked for by the committee superintending the proposed Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, was subscribed. The city never showed greater unanimity in acting upon a great undertaking, and never appeared to better advantage as a city of push and public spirit. From the great sums of Hon. H. W. Corbett, who took stock to the amount of \$30,000, and the Ladd & Tilton Bank, \$20,000, down to the boy on the street, who subscribed \$10

for a single share, there was evidence of public spirit, and enthusiasm and union of sentiment and purpose, and determination to push forward the great work to a triumphant and glorious conclusion, which will tell more for the advertisement and upbuilding of Pacific Coast interests than any event which has ever happened in Coast history. So willing and immediate was the response to the committee's call, that it has been determined to make the sum in the articles of incorporation a round half million, and before what is here written will reach the public, that sum will have been raised in the City of Portland. Our good friends in the East will be more than ever attracted to this land of immense resources and genuine vitality.

OH, FRIEND OF MINE

By MRS. W. E. LUCKEY

*Oh, friend of mine, long are the years
Since we were girls together;
And many smiles and many tears
Have made for us life's weather.
The bright days and the stormy days
Have fled in quick succession;
By rough ways, and by pleasant ways,
Has sped the swift procession.*

*Oh, friend of mine, how long the miles
That keep us far asunder;
You watch the coming first day's smiles,
And I the sunset's wonder.
But when night's banners are unfurled,
And all her lamps are lighted,
We gaze upon that starry world,
And find our hearts united.*

*Oh, friend of mine, strong are the ties
Wrought in our early play-time;
And stronger yet the charm that lies
In memories of our May time.
We sat beneath the pines and dreamed
Of what the years were bringing;
Love like a folded blossom seemed,
Hope in our hearts was singing.*

*Oh, friend of mine, sweet is the thought
Of youth, when youth has vanished,
And sweet the peace that Time has brought
In place of joys long banished.
No more we walk beneath the pines,
And dream of coming glory,
But still across life's page there shines
The brightness of love's story.*

*Oh, friend of mine, brave are the hearts
That bid the years defiance,
Tho' time and space with cruel arts
Blend in one firm alliance.
For you the East, for me the West,
But for us both the shining
Of quiet stars, and coming rest,
After the day's declining.*

NATIVE WOMEN OF ALASKA

By LISCHEN M. MILLER

ALL that her white sisters, in the name of Woman's Suffrage, are striving to obtain the Alaskan native already has. Political equality, or, more correctly speaking, political supremacy, is her's, and has been from time immemorial. She is the acknowledged head of the family, exempt from arduous toil and the bearing of heavy burdens, her word is law to all the masculine members of her family, who yield without a protest to her every caprice. And yet, with the inborn perversity of the sex, she is not happy, or even content.

It is an incontrovertible fact of nature that to give a woman her own way is to spoil and rob her of her chief interest in life. And the Alaskan woman is a large and living illustration of the truth of the assertion that the man who tamely submits to be governed by the will of a woman reaps for his reward only the contempt which he deserves. If he were not a stupid sort of a creature, and dull of perception beyond all reasonable excuse, he would know without being told that the feminine nature thrives on opposition. A certain amount of tyranny, judiciously exercised, is necessary to the rounding out of a woman's character, and the perfect development of the charms and finer graces that so endear her to the real man.

Not that a woman should not have her own way! But that is a thing no man need worry about, for if she is not a mere travesty on the daughters of Mother Eve, she will get it as surely as the sun shines in summer, or the rain falls in Oregon. But she will never enjoy it as a free gift, never in this world at least.

In Alaska, that weird land of gold-fields and glaciers, of sunlit summer nights and sunless days in winter, woman through countless centuries has

ruled without the healthful stimulus of an opposing force, and in consequence her nature has been soured and warped to such a degree that she is now become a sullen shrew, alternately sulking and abusive. She cannot be happy in her domestic life, for the simple reason that she despises too much to respect the husband whom she rules without an effort. Meekness in a man is a quality which no true woman can tolerate without contempt. And though her skin may be several shades darker than that of her more civilized sister, the Alaskan's nature is different not at all. A conclusion which is borne out by the fact that wherever you find a white wife of any sensibility and spirit yoked with a man who humbly and submissively bows to her will, who never attempts to exert his prerogative as the natural and authorized head of the family, you find a spoiled and discontented woman, a woman who, under the right sort of masculine tyranny, might have developed into a very lovable and moderately happy matrimonial companion.

The heavy labor that falls to the lot of the noble red man's squaw is practically unknown to the native Alaskan woman, whose husband, sons or brothers bear the burdens and do the work. Domestic duties possess no charms for her, and housekeeping is an art unknown, though she is in most cases provided with a fairly comfortable and well-built habitation. As for the prosaic task of scouring the pots and pans, she scorns it as something utterly beneath her dignity. Indeed, the brief but comprehensive glimpses which I have had of native interiors, incline me to the suspicion that this humble service is usually performed by the favorite husky, that is, if the pet canine happens to be of that breed.

Still, this daughter of the southeast-

ern coast of Alaska, whose remote ancestors were of the Orient, is not wholly given over to idleness. Her fame as a weaver of wonderful baskets has gone abroad throughout the land, and specimens of her handiwork may be seen in more than one English country house. Indeed, Indian baskets from Alaska grace the private collection of a certain countess whose name is known and revered on two continents.

Beadwork and embroidery also find favor in her sight, and her discrimination in the matter of color is something to excite the envy and admiration of carping critics. In the handling of dyes she has drawn her inspiration straight from Mother Nature, who never makes mistakes, and the result is all that could be desired. When it comes to design, who can tell us how the ignorant Indian woman conceived the idea of the Greek key pattern for the adornment of her baskets, and the borders of her garments of tanned moose and caribou skins? Is it that this pattern is universal? One is almost convinced that it is when one considers how it crops out in every quarter of the globe, and among all peoples.

It is the embroidery that stamps the Alaskan woman an artist, and one of the truly feminine. Also, in it lies her surest hope for the future when, having become civilized and subjugated, she takes her proper place in the world of progress. For the woman who can accomplish charming results with a needle there is always hope, be she black, or white, or brown.

But perhaps, after all, it is the white husband of the Indian woman who will prove the means of her salvation. For the picturesque "squaw man," a decorative and indispensable feature in the fringes of civilization, has his own ideas as to the wife's proper place in the economy of the household, and his own method, beautifully simple and direct, of keeping her in it. Anyway, it is patent to all interested observers that the native woman is a different sort of creature when married to a pale face who insists upon being considered the ostensible head of the house. She develops a taste for domestic duties that is really encouraging, and the veneer

of sullenness, the result of over-indulgence, falls from her entirely, leaving a bright-faced, vivacious girl who clearly knows how to appreciate the fact that she must win to her own sweet will by subtle witchery and charm. In short, she is suddenly supplied with a vital purpose in life, namely: the circumvention of a man. She knows that it is only by yielding that she can hope to conquer, and there is something wondrously sweet in yielding against one's own inclination, when there is an element of uncertainty as to just how much one is going to gain by it.

The dissatisfied state of her dark-skinned sister in Alaska might well serve as a warning to the ultra progressive woman of modern civilization who, when she has succeeded in capturing some unwary, meek-minded creature of the opposite sex, insists upon retaining her maiden name, and posing before an amused but not admiring world, as a wedded spinster. For among the coast tribes of Southeast Alaska when a man marries he takes his wife's name and becomes a member of her family. If, for instance, a brave bear unites his fortunes with those of a timid frog, he is henceforth and forever a frog, and his children are frogs. Moreover, a man may not marry into his own totem, or tribe, and in taking a wife he gives up not only his liberty, but his name and his identity, thus reversing the natural order of human affairs, and setting at naught that wisest of all decrees, namely: that a woman should be in subjection to her husband, at least in appearance. Of course, he is altogether to blame for his unhappy condition of servitude. If he would be a *man*, and insist upon being treated as one, he would very soon find himself an object of adoration instead of contempt. Does anyone suppose for a moment that Stanley Weyman's "Count Hannibal" would ever have won the heart of the Huguenot maiden, if he had not boxed her ears in the beginning? A woman loves a master, and if she is to be even halfway happy in this world, which the mental scientists tell us is rushing at automobile speed straight to the millenium, she must have one.

APPLYING THE GOLDEN RULE

By MRS. M. M. DEE

HELLO, stranger, like a ride?" sang out the cheery voice of a prosperous-looking farmer, as he reined up his team of iron grays; then, seeing how readily his invitation was accepted, continued apologetically, "Got kind of poor accommodations, but you're welcome if you can find room."

The two spring seats upon the wagon were already filled to overflowing by the farmer and his family; nevertheless the stranger succeeded in finding a comfortable place behind, which he most thoroughly appreciated.

The team started on at a rather brisk pace. Presently the driver called back: "Where you bound for, stranger?"

"Springfield," came the reply.

"Well, that's several miles farther yet," said the farmer, and the noise of the wagon prevented any further attempt at conversation.

Reclining comfortably upon the straw, Arthur Dale pillowed his head upon his valise, while the motion of the vehicle and the rhythmic hoofbeats of the team soon lulled him to sleep, and he remained perfectly oblivious to his surroundings until awakened by the farmer at his destination.

After arriving at the home of an aunt, and while discussing his intended visit to his invalid mother, he placed his hands, man fashion, in his pockets, when an expression of blank astonishment overspread his countenance.

"Great Scott," exclaimed Arthur. "I have lost \$150, every cent I have in the world."

It flashed upon him in a few moments, that his wallet had slipped out of his pocket while reclining in the farmer's wagon, but as to the man's identity or destination Arthur had not the slightest clue.

Acting upon the advice of his aunt, he secured the services of a trustworthy

neighbor, and they started in pursuit on horseback.

Arthur had little hope of their ultimate success, but his companion, Mr. Brown, who knew the country well, was quite confident he would recover his money.

For several miles a rapid pace was maintained, then branch roads turned off to confuse them.

They wisely concluded to follow the main county road, and presently arrived at a house where they were assured by the lady at the door, that a turnout answering Arthur's description had passed about two hours before.

Thus encouraged, as house after house was passed, Arthur grew quite hopeful, but night was fast drawing her sable curtain, when crossroads were reached with no house visible.

Upon Mr. Brown's suggestion they kept straight ahead to the next town, where they put up for the night.

Their lodgings were comfortable, but to Arthur's distressed mind sleep was impossible.

When he thought of all his hard earnings, which he had hoarded so carefully, gone, he was very miserable indeed. His poor old mother, in a distant state, was gradually failing day by day. Now, before he could again accumulate sufficient means to visit her, she might be laid in the churchyard.

At last the despondent man fell asleep and dreamed they were continuing their quest, and, returning to those last crossroads, something seemed to turn them westward; on they dashed at a rapid pace, past a vacant house, then a schoolhouse, then over a small hill, and a neat little farmhouse was reached, with a row of tall poplars gracefully waving in the breeze.

A new wagon was standing in the barnyard, and as the horsemen approached, the barn doors opened and the

farmer Arthur rode with appeared, leading two iron grays out to water.

His dream was confused at this point, but he received his money, and gave a shout of joy that awoke both him and his companion. Arthur had never been a believer in dreams, but that one was so vivid and real that as the first gray and rosy streaks of dawn were creeping into the eastern sky, they started out to test its truth.

As each landmark appeared exactly as seen in Arthur's vision, his excitement increased, until, as the tall waving poplars appeared from the crest of the little eminence, his nerves were strung to their highest pitch, and their mounts were urged to greater speed. A wagon could be discerned in the barnyard, and as they drew nearer the door opened, and a man leading two iron grays emerged, but the distance was so great he could not be identified.

By force of habit Arthur halted at the

gate, and began describing the team to the lady at the door, when she stopped him with:

"Oh, I know who you are; we've got your money."

"Thank God," fervently ejaculated Arthur, striking his hands with a gesture of delight.

They accepted the invitation to enter the dwelling, and the farmer, who was at the barn preparing to go in search of Arthur, appeared, and restored the lost wallet to its owner.

Fifty dollars was generously offered as a reward, which was promptly declined.

Arthur then urged the farmer to accept a smaller sum, but, thanking him, the reply was: "I do not want any reward for simply doing what is right. 'All I will ask,' said he, impressively, 'is if you are ever placed in a similar position, to remember the Golden Rule, and do as I have done.'"

The Skylark in Oregon

In the following piece is embodied the writer's impression at listening to a skylark in Oregon, where the bird is now becoming acclimated.

A. F.

Where rises this rapturous singing,
The wonderful tune that I hear,
That mellows the air with its ringing,
And thrills with its sweetness my ear?

Such harmony, strange and surprising,
Comes not from yon bushes' thick maze,
No sound from the earth is uprising,—
And so to the heavens I gaze.

A bird to the sky is ascending,
A twinkling of dark in the blue;
And now with a cloud it is blending,
And hiding its form from my view.

But still is the music down-pouring,
With harmony, thrilling and loud,
While the singer is heavenward soaring,
Enwrapped in the dark of a cloud.

Creation is listening with wonder,
At the stranger who sings a new song,
From his choir in the cloudlets up yonder,
Removed from the earth-loving throng.

There's naught in this rapture untiring,
Of mirthfulness, shallow and droll;
But all the sweet notes are inspiring,
Exalted emotions of soul.

O bird, to thy wonderful singing
I harken enwrapped on this shore,
For the heavens with music are ringing,
That were silent through ages before.

We welcome thee, singer, with gladness,
As thou makest thy home in these skies;
Then cheer, with thy song, us in sadness,
And warble the tears from our eyes.

Thou teachest us children of toil,
Indeed, by thy heavenward flight,
At times to forsake the earth's soil
For the regions of purer delight.

—Andrew Franzen

A Great National University—

The gift of \$10,000,000 by Andrew Carnegie to the Government for the purpose of establishing a national university will go far towards realizing the dream of Washington. Just what function the new university will perform has not yet been definitely settled, but that it will greatly strengthen our whole educational system, giving it unity and cohesion, there can be no doubt. If it does this it will do a great and invaluable work. One of the just criticisms of our educational institutions today, public as well as private, is that, in spite of the work that has already been done towards changing the condition of affairs, our schools and colleges are working along lines too independently of each other. They lack the strength that an established national unified system would give. The tendency for several decades past, however, has been toward a unified system, and the new Carnegie university will doubtless be a most prominent factor in bringing about ideal relations between our colleges. It promises to become, indeed, the keystone to the arch of the entire American Educational system, and its possibilities correspondingly great. This gift opens up to the mind's eye a vision of a perfect national educational system performing a work so great and magnificent in the future that today we can only dream of it in a most hazy way.

Apropos of this subject, and of our vast commercial and scientific strides during the past century, it is interesting to speculate upon what these limited states will be a thousand years hence. Such speculation is not altogether profitless for a prospect inevitably means a retrospect. We cannot wisely speculate upon what we may do unless we know what we have done. The realization of a splendid past incites us to a brilliant future. In one hundred years the American Nation has made probably

the most marvelous record on the pages of history. Yet we are only in our youth—a mere child among the nations of the earth. What art, what literature, what science, what economic advancement is before us! What vast vistas of progress are spread out before our imagination! One thousand years hence! The mind fails to comprehend the tremendous possibilities that lie in these words.

* * *

The Age of Young Men—

It has been said that today is pre-eminently the age of young men. To realize how remarkably true this statement is, it is only necessary to come in contact with the great business houses from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, And what is true of the commercial world will be found to be equally true in other lines. Young men are carrying on the affairs of the country. Mr. Roosevelt is the youngest president that has ever occupied the president's chair, and he is typical of his age. It is folly to say, therefore, as some do, that the young man of today has not the opportunities that his father had. Such an assertion shows either a failure to recognize opportunity or ignorance of conditions as they exist. That competition is keener today than it was 50 years ago cannot be denied, but competition produces opportunity, rather than destroys it.

* * *

The Special Columbia River Edition—

The attention of readers of The Pacific Monthly is called to the fact that the March issue will be a special Columbia River edition. Great care has been taken to produce a number of the magazine that every reader will want to send to Eastern friends. A large edition (35,000 copies) has been prepared, and copies will be sold at the usual price of ten cents.

Abolitionists and the Church

To the men and women of today who were living and of mature years before the war for the maintenance of the Union began, there come memories of some of the most heated discussions the world has ever seen. The abolitionist agitators had plenty of arguments, and used them with the most telling effect. William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and others whose powers of oratory were great, and whose convictions were intense, made the enormity of the sin of slavery felt from one end of the country to the other. Most emphatically did these men preach in those days to the pulpit, rebuking it for its short-comings, its complicity with evil, its cowardice and general emasculation of spiritual power. The writer calls to mind two occasions illustrative of the terrible arraignment of the church which characterized the anti-slavery addresses of those times. On one of these occasions the speaker was Garrison. He was not a fluent speaker, not a man of commanding presence, save that he spoke as one who felt that he had a great message to deliver, and that he was determined to deliver that message in the face of whatever opposition might be developed. And yet Garrison never spoke in a defiant manner. He seemed to the listener modest almost to the extreme of diffidence. On the occasion in question he was speaking in the rather small chapel of the Congregational church at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts. His theme was, in general, the evils that had

come upon the nation on account of holding the colored man in bondage, and he bore more heavily upon ministers and church members than upon any other members of society, holding that they sinned against greater light and knowledge. He charged emphatically that the complicity of the church in the sin of slavery had robbed it of its rightful spiritual power; that the church members were made cowards and incompetents. If Garrison had not the gifts of the great orator, he could use language which penetrated the joints and marrow. He read right on, one arraignment after another, and it seemed as if the brethren would crouch behind one another to avoid the searchlight of his invective. As a climax, he raised his eyes from his manuscript, and, looking piercingly, as it would seem, into the eyes of each one of his auditors, he said: "It is in vain that you come into this tastefully decorated place for prayer, and in the warmth and light of these comfortable surroundings, emotionally and rapturously sing,

'Should hell against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world;'

When everybody knows that on this question you don't dare to face your next-door neighbor." The effect of these words can be better imagined than described. And it was words of this kind which at last welded the Union-loving people together, and made them invincible.

The second of these occasions has to do with Wendell Phillips, and is reserved for this department in a future number.

Roosevelt the Reformer

A good many semi-good people still think that "civil-service reform" is the hobby of a few overrighteous souls altogether too fine for the rough affairs of this world. These semi-good people are semi-informed. Now here is a President familiar, if any man alive is, with the actualities and roughnesses of this world; rough ranching, rough riding, rough fighting, rough politics. And he is, and always has been, a civil reformer all the way through, because he knows that civil-service reform means the merit system, and the merit system means the death of the spoils system, and that civil-service reform, therefore, is founded not only in common sense and what the President is always calling "decency," but in common honesty and the true spirit of American institutions; and that if the country is to live and flourish and accomplish its mission, the merit system must prevail in every branch of our government, either by rule or in the spirit.—The Century.

* * *

The plans which Andrew Carnegie has had in mind, and of which the public has received, from time to time, interesting bits of information, assumed greater definiteness and certainty of realization, when, at Washington, January 4th, Secretary Hay and a number of gentlemen interested in the project, formed a corporation known as the "Carnegie Institution." The incorporators besides Secretary Hay, are Edwin P. White, justice of the supreme court; J. C. Gilman, late president of Johns Hopkins university; Charles P. Walcott, superintendent of the geological survey; John S. Billings, former surgeon general of the navy, and Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor.

The preamble of the articles of incorporation sets forth as follows:

"We, the undersigned persons of full age and citizens of the United States, and a majority of whom are citizens of the District of Columbia, being desirous to establish and maintain in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, an institution for promoting original research in science, literature and art, do hereby associate ourselves as a

body corporate for said purpose under an act to establish a code of law for the District of Columbia, approved March 3, 1901, sections 591 to 604, inclusive.

* * *

The Passing of Platt

But all this cannot interest Platt much now; for he whom they have been calling "the old man" for so many years is passing very gently from his kingdom and his power. He has the dry, purple-pink parchment skin of senility, and his voice is no longer firm. His eyes are often dull. He wears the unkempt beard that old men have. He sleeps much in the daytime, and he works automatically when he is awake. Last year he attended a splendid banquet, where the leaders of his national party spoke. While the greatest national leader of them all was covertly jabbing Platt with an innuendo, the old man fell asleep. He drowsed through the evening as gently as a child, and when it was all over he came out rather confused on the arm of a big stalwart New Yorker. A group of reporters in the hallway asked Platt what the national leader had said at the banquet. The old man paused for a moment, looking questioningly at the reporters, and finally replied in a dreary voice: "At the banquet? What banquet? I know of no banquet." Then gripping his big friend's arm, and turning from the reporters, the old man sighed: "Come on; let us go now, Ben." And so he tottered away.

* * *

Mother and I

Mother has gone and the house is lonely.

Here lies her book where she read one day.

Here is the chair, and the foot rest yonder.

Sits as she pushed it from her way.

Only a few short miles between us;

Just a short journey by rail—and then

Back in the cottage home so humble

Mother and I can live again.

Oh, I know I can soon be with her.

'Tis not her absence that pains my heart,—

'Tis but the thought that sometime, somewhere,

Mother and I will drift apart.

She has grown old,—so old and feeble!

What will I do with the dreary day—

What will my heart do with its sorrow—

After my mother "goes home" to stay!

—Jessie L. Field, in Good Housekeeping.

Home Thrift

During the month of December, 1901, there appeared in several papers published on the North Pacific Coast interesting discussion as to the cost of living, generally for a family of two, husband and wife. The estimates were, for the most part, for city housekeeping, and, as was perhaps to be expected, they varied greatly in amount. It is impossible for one family to set the pace for another in the matter of the household budget. There are elements of taste and inclination entering in, and tastes and inclinations do greatly differ. When a young man and young woman come together to make a new home, they come with at least a few preconceived notions, and possibly without having received special training to fit them for their novel and untried position. It is pertinent to inquire what proportion of the young married people of this generation come to the duties and responsibilities of home-making with any definite, well-formed plans and methods. How many out of every hundred have had anything like systematic training in the homes from which they go forth? It makes no difference whether those joined in matrimony be poor or rich, it is a proposition which will apply in every case, that the housekeeping should be done economically. It is wrong for the rich to waste, as well as for the poor. Wastefulness on the part of families in moderate circumstances is soon felt, and, if continued, brings much distress; while to those having large resources to draw upon, actual trouble may not be apparent for a long time, perhaps never. But wastefulness is just as much wrong in the one case, as in the other, and in the ideal condition of society there will be no waste. In by far the greater proportion of cases, it is absolutely necessary that income shall exceed expense; it is the only hope of comfort in case of sickness or disaster;

it is the only assurance of independence should life be prolonged beyond the period of productivity. And there is no assurance against the possibility of disaster and loss, against the revolving of the years and the fluctuating conditions of human affairs.

* * *

Mothers Who Show Off Their Children

Some very well-meaning mothers are so oblivious of the sensitiveness of a child that they will speak of his faults in his presence and ask advice about the best way to control him, in the same cool manner that they allude to his attacks of croup and discuss remedies. But anyone who has the insight to read what is passing in the mind of a little one thus obliged to sit still under torment, would be both pitiful and indignant at the situation.

Of all things let us avoid exploiting our children either in the way of exhibiting their perfections or their weaknesses. A certain loyalty is due the child from the parent. If the little one shows himself just as he is to the close confidant of all his moods it is a betrayal of his trust for the mother to repeat his confessions or to describe to others what she has learned about him. Ah, that all mothers would cultivate in themselves the steady self-poise and firm will which would enable them to pursue the even tenor of their way with their families heedless of what other people say or want! A mother needs some of nature's grand indifference. Nothing does it matter to nature that people slander and defame her, murmur about her changeableness and decry her ways. They may find fault or praise; that which is right is done, and the day comes when the critic's cry is hushed.—Florence Hull Winterburn in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

This department is for the use of our readers, and contributions are solicited on subjects relating to any social, religious or political question. All manuscript sent in must bear the author's name, though a nom de plume will be printed if so desired. The publishers will not, of course, be understood as necessarily endorsing any of the views expressed.

Community of Interests

Second Paper

Transportation so vitally concerns all classes of people, that it is no wonder their attention is aroused when the plans to affect it are being formulated. Products must be marketed, whether of the farm or the factory; and men and women must be transported from place to place. In all ages this fact has been recognized, and, in some way the necessity has been met. In no country and in no epoch of history has this necessity been more pressing than in the United States and at the present time. The increase of population and the development of resources and industries have been so rapid, and have come to be so great, as to demand transportation facilities on an immense scale, and of scientifically modern type. And it is not surprising that, with the increase of transportation necessities, has come a corresponding increase in the application of science. The augmenting demand has been answered by discovery in all departments involved. The United States is honored the world over for its advanced transportation facilities. The plans of construction and operation, which have been evolved here, are examined, studied and applied in the other enlightened nations. The men who have turned their attention to the solution of questions relating to transportation have found a field sufficient for the development of every business faculty, and the work these men have found to do has caused them to become intellectual giants in whatever is involved in means, methods and management of transportation. They have been compelled to study the problems confronting them in every phase

and in every complicated detail, and the knowledge they have accumulated through patient investigation and costly experiment, has made them in many ways the strongest men of this generation. Some of these men have become the wealthiest and the most powerful of this Nation, and of the world. And it is they who have combined to harmonize conflicting interests in railroad transportation, and, finally, in all forms of transportation by water as well as land. Their own vested interests, as individuals, have become very great, and they are the representatives of practically all the owners of stocks and bonds in the great transportation companies. Their thoughts, when expressed, influence the action of all associated with them, even though that association be remote. What they do is watched by those who think and read, whether connected with them by ties of immediate financial concern or not. It is the welding together of the trunk lines engaged in transportation by rail which has recently commanded the attention of these great leaders, and their gigantic community-of-interest plan, their last and greatest transportation movement, designed to make it against self-interest to cut rates, or do any other harmful act one toward another, is profoundly unique, and has produced a decided sensation, and, in some cases, consternation, among the people.

Whatever concerns the welfare of the people of the United States is generally pretty freely discussed. The press is open and free, and whatever anybody feels inclined to say can usually find a channel for reaching the public. Ever

since the memorable "Tea Party" in Faneuil Hall, Boston, and, in less notable instances, at various times before that, there have not been lacking those who were quick to note whatever seemed to be even a possible curtailment of inalienable rights, and to give the alarm. Some times the alarm is sounded more for political effect, than because the danger is real and imminent. But whatever may be the motive, the call for watchfulness is almost always sufficiently made. There are those who at the present time say, that the fundamental principles which underlie our government are imperilled by this effort to harmonize the interests of the principal lines of road west of the Mississippi river, and centering in Chicago. It is claimed so great power as will be vested in the Northern Securities Company can not be exercised with results beneficial to the public. It is said that we may look for fewer and poorer trains, less expensive and less carefully kept equipment, less care in every way to give the people satisfactory service. It is said that the number of employes in the railroad service will be diminished, and the wages of those remaining will be smaller. It is said that towns and cities which have grown, under the possibilities afforded by competing lines, will be injured, and that New York will do the great jobbing trade of the country and the islands of the Pacific, as well as the Oriental countries. It is said that community of interest is likely to develop into an octopus, and that the dearest rights of the people are threatened with annihilation. In small, or comparatively small towns, where now pass two rival trains, with separate stations, and where there is competition for the carrying trade, there will be one station only, and that all the attention which came naturally from competition, will, gradually, at least, pass away. It is said, that the people will be allowed to elect representatives to serve the railroad companies, and that, in case representatives are found acting in the interests of their constituents, rather than the transportation trust, by corrupt and disreputable means, the capitalized power will dominate. It is said, that, in these and other ways, community of interest will

sap the foundation of what has stood as "the government of the people, by the people, for the people," until the superstructure reared by the fathers of the republic and defended by their sons, topples and is overthrown. At present those who think and argue along this line are looking to see what, if any, laws of State or Nation can be evoked to thwart the purposes of the promoters of community of interest. It is claimed that the organization of the Northern Securities Company effects by indirection a consolidation of parallel competing lines of railroad in states whose laws expressly forbid such consolidation. It appears impossible, in the face of the facts, to deny the truth of this assertion, and the claims that this company is not intending to control the traffic arrangements of the roads whose stocks and bonds it guarantees, would seem too puerile a falsehood to command the credence of grown-up men. The putting forth of such statements is indicative of the same insincerity, the same disposition to deceive and thwart the expressed wishes of the public, which has been evidenced in the act of organization itself. It reminds one of Mr. Lincoln's familiar words about "fooling the people." The talk of not attempting to control, coming close upon the heels of the organization, is exasperating; it smacks of efforts to "fool all the people all the time."

It is possible that this colossal effort to bottle up and annihilate competition may prove, like its predecessors, abortive and ineffectual. It is possible that in time it will appear that the magnates have been using the people to play a game upon the stock exchange, and that, having safely secured their millions for themselves, they will not care so much to control the roads which they have "taken over" at a fictitious capitalization, which a too confiding public has furnished. Meanwhile the rate wars go merrily on in various parts of the country. Community of interest may be a case of "vaulting ambition that doth o'er leap itself, and end in nothing." We shall see.

—George M. Gage

Schley and the Court

The verdict of the Schley Court of Inquiry is said to have been a surprise, but it is difficult to understand why anyone who has followed the course of events for some time past—or more properly, perhaps, the course of the enemies of Admiral Schley—should expect any other verdict than that which was rendered by a majority of the Court. It has been the plain purpose of these people for a long time to injure Admiral Schley's reputation as a naval commander, and to correspondingly exalt Admiral Sampson—a purpose into which, unfortunately, the Secretary of the Navy has appeared to enter with a great deal of enthusiasm.

Unfortunately for Schley the court was mainly composed of men who were far less friendly to him than to Sampson, and who care far more for a few important points of discipline, or a strict observance of naval etiquette than they do for results.

Of course, as every one knows, the one man who is primarily responsible for all this trouble is Admiral Sampson—who, from the moment when he arrived at the scene of the battle of Santiago, after all the fighting was done, and signaled to the hero by whose bravery and ability the victory had been won, not a word of praise, not a word of congratulation, but simply the haughty command "Report your casualties"—has not ceased in his endeavors to belittle the achievements and destroy the honor due the man whose modesty is equal to his courage.

The persistence with which these persecutions were continued forced Schley, much against his desire, to ask for an investigation, and the result, up to the present time, is this verdict, which is not in accordance with the evidence, but is a result of prejudice.

These attempts of Sampson to appropriate to himself the honor of the battle of Santiago have, of course, failed. He might as well try to rob the sun of its glory. The American people know, and the whole world knows, to whom the honor belongs, and to whom it will be accorded in history.

The most remarkable thing about this controversy is the selfish vanity which

has seemed to animate Sampson since the battle at which he did not figure. He has seemed to desire that the world should look upon him as the hero of Santiago, and upon Schley as merely a subordinate officer, who did no more than circumstances compelled him to do.

But Sampson himself knows that the facts do not warrant such a view of the case, and he knows that everyone else knows it, and that is why his position in this matter is so hard to account for.

Of course it was Sampson's misfortune that he was absent at the time of the battle. If he had been there, he would probably have earned all the credit, all the honor he now covets. But no one was to blame for his absence. It was probably his duty to go on the mission which took him away, and he could not know that Cervera would attempt to escape at that particular time. Nor did Cervera know that the chief commander of the American fleet was absent, otherwise he might have waited until his return, so as to give him the chance to win fame—an opportunity which fate seems to have forever denied him.

But Sampson has lost another opportunity, and in this the fault is all his own. He should have yielded gracefully to the inevitable, and given Schley the honor of the victory, as did the rest of the world. But he chose otherwise, and in so doing has lost more than he lost by his absence from the battle of Santiago.

Much attention was given to the charge of disobedience of orders, in the verdict of the Court of Inquiry. Of course obedience is one very essential requirement in an officer of the army or navy, but it may sometimes happen that an officer in command of a war vessel must choose between a slight disobedience of orders, previously issued, or defeat. And no man capable of being in command, would hesitate in such a case. Such cases may arise, and indeed have arisen in the past, and important victories have been won because those in command have disobeyed orders. During the war with Spain we had a Naval Board of Strategy—whatever that may be—which was supposed to tell our various naval commanders in various parts of the world just what to do. But we all know that if much attention had been

given to their orders the war might have been continued till now. This controversy is not yet settled, for the President has agreed, it is said, to review the matter, and we can hardly doubt that justice will yet be given to the hero of Santiago, in spite of Sampson's friends in the navy. But, be that as it may, the verdict of the people was rendered before the Court of Inquiry met, and nothing has yet happened, and nothing will happen that will change that verdict in the slightest measure.

—Chas. K. Burnside

* * *

The article of Israel Zangwill on "The Redemption of Palestine," which appeared in the December number of *Leslie's Monthly*, attracted probably more attention than any other contribution to the magazine of that month. There are a great many people outside the Jews who feel much interested in the Zionist movement, and who really hope for its success. A quotation from Mr. Zangwill's notable paper was given place upon these pages last month. We append further suggestive paragraphs:

"A brief review of the present position of Palestine will show that there is nothing chimerical in the scheme of making her habitable by the Jews. On every side there are signs that she is shaking off the slumber of ages. The exports for 1900 were of the value of £264,950; the import cost £382,405. Jerusalem is again a Jewish city. But what a city. Lepers, beggars, ophthalmia, stink, starvation make her a worthy capital of Judea; the metropolis of misery. Rent by the fierce schism of Sephardi and Ashkenazi, she likewise typifies the disunion of Israel.

"Zionism will change all that. We have seen the failure of every other prescription, we have followed the largely unconscious evolution by which—even against his will—Israel's feet have been turned Zionwards at the very moment in history in which it is possible for him to re-occupy the country for the world's benefit and his own. Our examination has been purposely confined to those practical aspects without which the noblest dreams are a form of opium-eating. The dullest imaginations must feel

what a world of romance and spiritual hope, what a ferment of religious revival and literary and artistic activity must attend and follow the home-coming of the Wandering Jew."

* * *

To illustrate the influence of the theatrical trust upon dramatic art, Miss Fiske, speaking before the Nineteenth Century Club, used the following forcible and appropriate analogy:

"What would be said if a few dealers in pictures should usurp possession of the only galleries in which pictures might be exhibited in the City of New York, and should say to the public: 'You shall see no pictures except those we choose to let you see. We shall hang no pictures painted by artists unwilling to sell their pictures painted by our prices. If any artist refuses to come to our terms, to paint pictures in such styles and with such subjects as we demand, his work can remain in his studio, No one shall see it. We shall wipe him off the face of the earth.'"

* * *

Speaking of the awakening of interest in religious matters now observable in Germany, Professor Rudolph Eucken, of the University of Jena, contributing to the *Forum*, remarks, that with the German religion is not a matter of mere authority; nor does it constitute a separate and exclusive domain, inasmuch as it is regarded as the sole, the spiritual, essence of life. This is the reason why the German places so much value upon freedom in religion, and why Germany became the land of the reformation. But Catholicism also is deeper and more spiritual in Germany than among the Romanic nations. True, the desire for freedom is undoubtedly fraught with serious dangers, as it may easily lead to unsubstantiality and schisms. Yet this desire, after all, is but the expression of an earnest striving for truth. The great deeds formerly accomplished by the Germans in behalf of religion justify the hope that the nation will eventually solve the problem, and that it will succeed in uniting liberal ideas with true spiritual zeal, thus conducing not only its own welfare, but that of humanity at large.

A Department Devoted to Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, the Pioneers, the Sons and Daughters of Pioneers and Historical Data of the Northwest.

Editor's Note.—Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, members of the Historical and Pioneer Societies, and sons and daughters of Oregon pioneers, are asked to contribute to this department any facts that may be of interest to the public or to the society of which they are members. The amount of space devoted to this department will depend in a measure upon the support of this kind which is received. The Pacific Monthly is desirous, however, of making "The Native Son" its most important department, and one that will be unique and interesting to all classes of readers. Stories of pioneer life and experiences will help to attain this end, and are earnestly solicited. We wish the pioneer, the native son and daughter, to feel that this is their department, devoted to their interests and welfare, and that its editor is simply the medium through which the most fascinating part of the history and literature of Oregon may be given to the world.

The Daughters of Coosta

A Romance of the Northwest

By Henry Grant Guild

Chapter IV—Concluded

TWO days, to be explicit, after the departure of the settlers, there came riding up to the cabins of Le Clerc and DuBois two gaudily painted bucks of the "Mollalla" tribe, "Little Bear" and "Running Deer," former suitors for the hands of the two Indian women. Ascertaining that the whites had departed, the love-sick bucks laid siege to the hearts of the lonely wives. At first their wooing was met with loyal scorn. But "Little Bear," besides being a brave warrior, was also crafty and eloquent, and by degrees convinced the fickle women that their husbands had deserted them for other wives and children at the Fort. "Running Deer" confirmed his companion's story by asserting that he had seen both the settlers with their wives and numerous children at the Fort the year previous. So subtle and persuasive were the stories of the Indians that at last they gained a reluctant consent from the women to fly with them on a honeymoon to the Sandeam country, the northern border of the "Calipooia's" "illahee."

In a short time, indeed, all the movable goods of the two households were

packed upon ponies and the party took the trail for the south. The Indians had a motive for going afar to spend their honeymoon, which they did not disclose to their companions, the women. They feared the return of the French Canadians, their anger and vengeance, and the possible complications that might arise in case their chieftain, "Coosta," should espouse the cause of the whites. Like the prudent thief, they resolved to hide away with their booty until the affair should blow over.

Chapter V

One week from the date of their departure, our voyageurs returned. In bags, well bestowed, was the precious wheat seed. In addition to the useful pots, pans and garden seeds, there were several yards of calico, mirrors and other trinkets for the women. Gently grounding their batteaux on the bottom of the creek, the settlers, with quickened pulses and happy emotions, ran lightly toward their respective cabins, calling loudly the names of their beloved wives. But alas, in vain. Their cabins were deserted, and a foreboding stillness reigned. The despoiler had been there; all was

confusion and disorder. For a moment both stood as if petrified, gazing vacantly upon the desolate scene before them; then Antoine swore an awful oath:

"Treachery, Jean. We are undone! Oh, my comrade, let us unravel this vile plot!"

"Vengeance! Vengeance!" shouted the mercurial Jean. "Let us cache our goods, and go at once to the camp of 'Coosta,' and if he has taken my bonny Lily, his life shall pay the penalty of his treachery! I swear it."

As if by a common impulse, the simple hearted, but distracted, Arcadians, embraced each other, and mingled their tears of rage and sorrow. It may be that the refined reader may feel like smiling at the woes of our heroes, but remember we are dealing with the artless sons and daughters of the frontier wilderness, whose tears were not shed at the command of the mind, as is the case with our more civilized actor, for so much per night or week, but which came from the heart and represented an unartificial grief, as genuine as it was great.

The next morning saw Jean and Antoine, fully equipped with muskets, pistols and knives, on their way to the camp of their father-in-law, "Coosta," the autocrat of all the Molallas. In due time they arrived, and, confronting his barbaric highness, angrily demanded their wives.

That potentate seemed amazed. He protested immediately any knowledge of the whereabouts of his daughters, and to prove his sincerity, escorted the sullen settlers to every "wickeup" in the village, but in vain. At last, noting the despair of his sons-in-law, "Coosta" caused the entire tribe to be assembled, and sternly urged all present to say if they knew the whereabouts of his children, but no one spoke.

"'Little Bear' and 'Running Deer,' two of my warriors, have gone to the Sandeem illahee to hunt," said "Coosta," "but they are not married men, and took no women with them."

At last a weazen faced "Klickitat," who had married a Molalla squaw, remembered to have met the absent warriors on the trail between the Sandeem and the Molalla camp, but it was at

night, and his band of "Cayuses" became frightened, and took all his care, so he did not stop to "wa wa" (talk) with the warriors, but this much his keen eyes noted—there were two "kluch-men" (squaws) in the party, and all seemed in much haste.

This intelligence, meagre as it was, put the French-Canadians on the scent. Refusing all offers of their savage father-in-law to send runners after the braves, to ascertain the truth of the "Klickitat's" story, the whites withdrew, not, however, before trading for two fleet ponies. They also assured the anxious "Coosta" that there was nothing to fear from "King George's men" by way of reprisal. They then left the blazing camp fires of the Molallas, and started homeward.

Returning to their now desolate cabins, the duet made such arrangements as were necessary, and encountering the trail several miles from the Molalla camp, the pioneers set forth resolutely, in search of their wives, whom they now believed were with the absentees from "Coosta's" camp.

On the third day, by rare good luck, our heroes discovered the camp of their enemies, the Molallas, at the mouth of a silvery mountain stream that emptied into the Santiam.

Antoine, with the stealthiness of a panther, had found the runaways in camp, engaged in cooking their evening meal of venison, which they roasted on sharpened green sticks over glowing alder coals. As they cooked and ate, with seeming relish, Antoine carefully surveyed their surroundings, then retraced his steps and informed his waiting partner, who was filled with fierce joy. The smoke of their camp fire had betrayed the Molallas to their dreaded pursuers.

"Revenge!" exclaimed Jean, with hoarse emotion. "Let us attack and shoot the scoundrels at once!"

"Be not so eager, my comrade," counselled the clear-headed, but less impetuous Antoine. "My wife has told me that when a warrior of her tribe is bereft of his ears by a foe, he becomes, by virtue of a tribal law long standing, an outcast, and dare not mingle with his tribe, under penalty of death. Listen,

my brother; we will steal upon our enemies as they lie upon the ground, gorged with their supper, and seize them and bind them to trees. Then, we will whip them with arrow-wood rods until we are fatigued. Then, me thinks it would be a good joke to compel our unfaithful wives to beat their lovers with the gads, also. This done, our keen knives shall do the rest! What say you?"

Jean listened, not without impatience, to his comrade's plan for the humiliation of their enemies, but his eye kindled with ferocious pleasure at the conclusion of the scheme.

"Enough, comrade! It shall be done as thou sayest! Ah, but my blood is hot for revenge! May the Saints give me a strong arm to wield the gad!"

As the shades of evening settled deeply in the canyon, there rose the plaintive song of the night bird, while from the further depths of the forest, above the murmur of the river, came the doleful screech of an owl, as if in unmelodious answer.

Through the woods, our heroes carefully threaded their way, toward the unsuspecting quartet. Soon a flickering glare of red through the wildwood betrayed the camp. Nearer and nearer, crept the French-Canadians, until at last they could hear the crackling of the camp-fire. Presently Antoine stopped, and, touching his companion, as if to counsel caution, led him to a point of observation, where, from one side of the roots of an upturned tree, a full view of the camp and its occupants could be had.

One glance was enough. Jean ground his teeth with suppressed rage, and was with difficulty restrained from discharging his musket at the group by the fire.

Beside the glowing embers, reclining upon the comfortable Hudson Bay blankets of the pioneers, were the Molallas, their stomachs gorged with venison. From their stone pipes, the fragrant odor of "Killikinick" (a tobacco dear to the Indian heart in those days) arose and was wafted to the sense of the watchers. Hovering about the fire were the women, engaged in cutting venison into thin strips, and holding it in the smoke of the camp-fire, (a precaution still observed by latter-day hunters to prevent the large blue flies, which infest the

green timber of the Northwest, from "blowing" the meat,) preparatory to drying it in the sun.

Occasionally there was a guttural exclamation in the Indian tongue, which evoked laughter from the entire party. Evidently the runaways were in a happy mood.

Hastily perfecting their plans, the settlers stole softly forward, and, with a few cat-like steps, emerged from the darkness into the fire-light, and were over the reclining Indians with uplifted gun-butts before the latter could recover from their surprise and terror.

"Little Bear," ignoring the summons to yield, gained his feet, only to fall senseless from a furious blow on the head, dealt by the athletic Jean. "Running Deer," seeing the folly of resistance sullenly yielded, and, in short order, the warriors were securely bound to trees. When "Little Bear" returned to consciousness, he turned a look of hate upon his captors, and then relapsed into that state of stoical indifference, so characteristic of the savage.

"Madame Le Clerc, I believe!" said Jean, bowing cavalierly, yet mockingly, to his wife.

The humiliated and terrorized woman, believing that death awaited her for her perfidy, fell upon her knees, and in broken French, besought her lord to pardon her.

Between Antoine and his dusky wife, the meeting was equally dramatic. Seated upon the ground, with downcast eyes, "White Swan" swayed her shapely body to and fro like a reed in the wind, moaning and weeping in the anguish of her mind.

"Why did you leave me, 'White Swan,' reproachfully, yet kindly, inquired Antoine.

For some seconds the wretched woman did not answer, when, controlling her motions, she replied in scarcely audible tones:

"Those men," pointing towards the Indians, "told us that you had gone to live with your pale-face wives and children on King George's illahee."

"Le Diable!" shouted Jean. "Ah, Monsieur 'Running Deer,' I have an account to settle with you. Prepare, my brave warrior, to dance a cotillion to my

sweetest of music!" he added, with mock politeness, as he hastily cut with his hunting knife a stout arrow-wood rod.

"Look not so morose, my tawny brave," shouted Antoine, "but prepare thy back to receive the compliments of my good comrade, petite Jean, the avenger. Thou shalt receive a blow for all thy sins, which shall be thy penance."

At his command the women threw arm loads of fuel upon the camp-fire and a great blaze leaped heavenward, lighting a weird but terrible scene of vengeance. Advancing to "Running Deer" with the countenance of a demon, LeClerc poised his stout stick for an instant, when it fell with a resounding thwack upon the bare back of his victim, cutting a ruddy ridge upon the skin of the defenceless Indian. Again and again the rod rose and fell, until, perspiring at every pore, from sheer exhaustion, Jean was forced to desist. Hardly a groan escaped the warrior, yet his torn and bleeding back gave ample evidence of the terrible beating he had received.

Handing a fresh rod to his wife, LeClerc sternly bade her continue the punishment. Fearing to refuse, the terror-stricken woman applied the rod with all the strength she possessed, until, utterly exhausted, she sank to the earth and looked piteously at her husband.

Allowing "Running Deer" a brief respite, Antoine next belabored "Little Bear," but, noting the pitiful aspect of Jean's wife, he humanely refrained from forcing his wife to beat her Indian lover.

At intervals during the night the settlers continued to whip their prisoners, and long before dawn the warriors, anticipating death by the whipping process, began feebly to chant the tribal death song.

Then, tired by their exertions, the trappers ceased their cruel punishment, only to prepare for an act of barbarism which, to their crude minds, was a justifiable finale to the tragedy already enacted.

Eating a hearty breakfast from the venison captured with their foes, the settlers prepared for the final act of the drama. Whetting their knives, and

without further ceremony, they deliberately cropped the ears of each savage close to his head.

The shrill death song of the savages, and the chatter of some inquisitive blue-jays, were the only sounds that came from the otherwise silent camp. The fainting savages were then unbound, and sank upon the ground. So furious had been their punishment that they were now really incapable of resistance—as harmless as children.

Providing them with food from the remnant of the venison, the settlers left the humiliated and lacerated braves to recover or die, as the case might be. Unable to stand, they lay writhing upon the greensward, while swarms of green flies, attracted by the sanguinary bodies of the poor wretches, tortured them by their merciless onslaughts. By this last act of barbarism on the part of the avengers, the warriors lost all standing with their tribe. They were now and forever tribal outcasts. The councils of "Coosta" would never again hear their voices! Lost were they to their friends and the haunts of their childhood! Their brothers would spurn them as they would the vipers that lay hissing upon the rocky trails. Even the rabbits would stand erect and laugh at them! In the still hours of the night the coyotes would howl their derision, and the owls mock them from the tree-tops! Would not the blue-jays taunt them from the thickets of fir with "outcasts! outcasts."

Take from the American Indian his pride and privileges as a warrior, and you have a sullen, groveling, unambitious brute, fitted by his fallen estate to exist only in the condition of primitive man; unable to even hope for a betterment of his life, much less to appreciate the necessity of progression. Such, indeed was the pitiable condition of the two Molalla outcasts, forced by the very circumstances of their degradation to make friends with their despised foes, the chicken-hearted "Calipooias," who, as slaves in the Mollalla camp, performed the vilest acts of drudgery, and were kicked about like so many dogs.

Southward, a short distance only, the disgraced Molallas might find their new associates.

The crimson tints of dawn flushed the

eastern sky, announcing the coming day. From the dewy meadows the animals were led—when they had cropped a breakfast from the succulent bunch-grass—and made ready for the return journey. The ponies of the Indians were taken as the booty of the trappers.

All being mounted and in readiness, the French-Canadians gave a parting glance of contempt at the helpless savages; then the cavalcade wound down the trail, past the leaping cascades of the beautiful stream, and bent its way westward. The homeward journey was accomplished without accident, and without meeting a single member of "Coosta's" band, a people Jean and his comrade had no wish to meet after their signal act of vengeance.

When at last the party halted on the evening of the second day, in front of their cabins, they beheld with great joy a gay party of Hudson Bay trappers—their old comrades—under the command of Captain John Cannon. With him were such kindred spirits as Jos. Gervais, Cockdelord and Latourette, all bound on an exploring expedition up the Willamette valley.

These men afterward became pioneers of the famous French prairie, and a thriving little town in Marion county bears the name of Gervais.

To this party of their friends, DuBois and LeClerc related their adventures. Cannon, a Tennessean, as shrewd as he was brave, knew Indian character as well as the student knows a well-read book, and he listened gravely to the adventures of his friends, at the conclusion of which he said:

"Comrades, you have nothing to fear from 'Coosta,' your father-in-law, but I bid you beware of the kinsmen of the warriors you have punished. The cropping of the ears of the two braves is equivalent to killing them outright, as they are henceforth dead to their tribe. And should they discover, as they surely will, what you have done to their relatives, they will not scruple to slay you. My advice is that you take your women and go to some northern fort of the company, and begin anew."

After some hesitation, induced no doubt by the labor spent upon their new homes, the settlers concluded to accept

the sage advice given them by the level-headed Cannon.

During the return trip a complete reconciliation had been effected between the settlers and their wives, who readily agreed to follow their husbands, no matter where they led. All being settled, the settlers accepted the cordial invitation of the voyageurs to share their hospitality. Huge fires were lighted upon the bank of the creek, and feasting and revelry, interspersed with songs of Arcadia, and the recital of deeds of prowess in hunting and trapping, filled the camp with life and cheer.

News from the fort was eagerly sought by LeClerc and his companion. They asked many questions, and listened eagerly to the responses.

"Ah, yes," continued Monsieur Cockdelord, the chief narrator of the evening, in conclusion: "I nearly forgot a great marriage! You surely remember pretty Jeannette LeFleur, comrades! Of course you do,"—as the settlers exchanged significant glances and nodded assent,—*"she was as handsome as a fawn, but such a flirt! She married a young English clerk—confound his name—I had it on my tongue's end—who came over on the last supply ship. He expects to return to England the very next opportunity, and Jeannette, the little coquette, has made him promise already to take her to Paris as soon as possible after their arrival."*

The next morning found the camp astir early, with preparations to embark, Cannon and his party bound southward, Jean and Antoine with their eyes turned toward Fort Vancouver. The ponies were turned loose, free to wander back to "Coosta's" camp. It was with a feeling of deep regret that our heroes turned their backs upon their wilderness homes. Today those same clearings are fertile farms, more valuable than their original owners ever dreamed.

As the company was about to embark upon the bosom of the sluggish stream on whose bank they had encamped, Flambois, the cook, who had regaled the party on blood-pudding, a favorite dish of the French people, made from the life fluid of an elk, slain the previous evening, shouted:

"Name this stream?"

Before the captain could propose a name, Cockdelord, who had heartily enjoyed the pudding, shouted:

"Call it Puddong Riveaire, Captain!"

"So be it," laughed the good-natured Cannon, "Pudding river is a good name!" Thus it is known to this day, though few people know the origin of the name.

Bidding each other adieu, the parties separated, each accompanied by many hearty "Bon voyages." As the distance between the parties increased after reaching the bosom of the Willamette, the simple-hearted people continued to wave their hands and shout words of cheer to each other until voice and sight failed to distinguish forms and words.

In due time the quartet reached Vancouver. Here, for the first time, the women beheld a great ship and white women, also a brass cannon, whose deafening report caused them to cling to their stalwart husbands in terror. Here, also, came the desire so strong in all their sex, to be decked in the cheap finery of the frontier, variegated shawls and gaudy ribbons.

Tiring at last of a life of inactivity at the fort, LeClerc and DuBois joined a band of trappers bound for one of the Puget Sound forts, where, after some years of service, and after the cession of everything south of the northern line of the now State of Washington to the Americans, by Great Britain, and the removal of the Hudson Bay Company's interests further north, to British soil, the two friends, as did many others of the French-Canadians, settled upon Lewis river, in the now Washington, and became loyal American citizens. Here they lived to see much of civilization, and their Molalla wives bore them sturdy sons and lithsome, dark-eyed daughters, who now own broad grain fields and rich stretches of orchard and meadow lands, and who are a law-abiding, industrious and contented people.

* * *

Ministering Angels

"Some of Our Wise Virgins" is the title of an article in the January *Century*,

in which Lillian Hamilton French gives the other side of the picture painted by Eliot Gregory in the November number, in "Our Foolish Virgins."

I wish that, without violating any of the laws protecting the personalities of friends, I might describe one young girl whom I knew. I remember that on her sixteenth birthday she gave me a cup of tea; and certainly that day, as I watched her, dainty, charming, considerate, and beautiful, moving about her mother's drawing-room with exquisite grace, there was little in her manner to suggest a mind filled with those projects for relieving suffering which my older acquaintance meant to leave until she was forty. And yet, at that very time, this young girl was making daily excursions to a hospital for work in the children's ward. I asked her only the other day to tell me about it, and I shall here record what she said:

"The funds at the hospital were low, and there were only sufficient nurses to do what actual work was needed, but the doctors all said that the children must be amused. After a surgical operation many a little patient has fretted himself or herself into a fever, from crying partly with pain and partly with the irritation of the unaccustomed bandages. At meal-times, too, it was impossible for the few nurses to wait on all at once, and the walls of rage and disappointment that went up from the little cots were piteous. So our committee was composed of girls almost entirely at school. There were about fifty of us, and we were divided into groups, so that four or five of us were supposed to be at the wards every day except Sunday, which is mothers' day. We brought picture books and toys, and played with the children and sang with them if we could, and tried to be there at their dinner and supper time to help feed the hungry little mouths. We were to help soothe and comfort children just coming out of the influence of ether, for often, as you doubtless know, they sob unconsciously, and in some cases much mischief may be done unless the patient is quiet. Then, too, our being there allowed some of the nurses time for their daily walk, or liberty to attend clinical lectures. At Christmas we brought toys and supplied the dinner for the children. Our annual dues (five dollars for each of us) supported a bed. This will give you an idea of how we tried to fill in a few cracks in the good work that was being done by the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee."

Hallie Marshall—

A True Daughter of the South.

By F. F. Williams.

Cloth, 12mo. \$1.00.

The Abbey Press, New York.

The story of a man who, wholly against his volition, deserts his family and home. The people by whom he finds himself surrounded seem to have entered into a conspiracy to efface all traces of the past from his memory. At first he struggles against this, but gradually he yields more and more to the sweet influences that are working on him—the generous Southern hospitality and the witchery of Hallie, who strives in many ways to convince him that his real past is not the past that he recalls. Finally he finds himself making passionate love to Hallie, on Echo Bridge, beneath the glorious full moon of the South. And, as he searches the depths of the girl's eyes, suddenly it seems to him as though he had passed out of his old life through the gates of death and has entered into a life that is free from the disappointments and sorrows of the old. He renounces his old allegiance, but before Hallie will accept his fealty she insists upon a test; she bids him return to his Northern home and then choose once for all between the old life and Hallie.

Mr. Stockton's story of "The Lady or the Tiger?" set people guessing which door was opened. The story of "Hallie Marshall" will set people asking whether the man ought to have accepted Hallie's test or not.

* * *

Mistress of Many Moods—

From the French of

Andree Theurist.

Translated by Charlotte Boardman Rogers.

Cloth, 12mo. 50 cents.

The Abbey Press, New York.

Miss Charlotte Boardman Rogers, the translator of "A Mistress of Many Moods," is a daughter of Mrs. Harrison

Whittingham. Miss Rogers was born in 1878 and was educated at the Dearborn Morgan School in Orange, N. J., where she made her social debut at the age of seventeen. Two years ago Miss Rogers moved to New York, where she took up the study of French literature. She has translated some articles for the "Parisian Magazine," and has also contributed several "Special" articles to newspapers, which have been very highly commended. Miss Rogers is a member of the New Jersey chapter of "The Descendants of Colonial Governors."

* * *

A Romance in Meditation—

By Elaine L. Field.

Cloth, 12mo. Price, 50 cents.

The Abbey Press, 114 5th Ave.,
New York.

This is the work of a new light on the literary horizon. It comes from the pen of a Southern author, who is an ardent club woman. The long drawn-out narrative is giving place to the suggestive style in literature, as the tendency of the age is toward the readier stroke of the artist and cartoonist, whether he handles pen or brush. It abounds in fine descriptions. The busy readers will welcome it eagerly.

* * *

The Queen of Appalachia—

By Joe H. Borders.

Cloth, 12mo. \$1.00.

The Abbey Press, New York.

This novel is as breezy and invigorating as the prairie itself. It deals in a large and characteristic way with Southern scenes and characters. The hero is a genius, although a queer one. The pages are kaleidoscopic—every time you turn one you come upon a new combination. Incidentally, a new religion is exploited and novel ideas and theories are found galore. We venture to say that there are few books more attractive than this in the market.

Viola Livingston—Or What's In a Name?

By Mary E. Payne.

Cloth, 50 cents.

The Abbey Press, New York.

Social life in New York City as it exists today. The desire for titles is the rage among some classes. The hero of this story came across the sea in search of gold, and finds a golden bait awaiting him. A miner is put into the market by a designing mother. The heroine, above the average in intellect, rebels, and the hero finds riches have wings, and the girl disappears without giving warning. She revels in nature, that golden fount, where we may bathe our weary souls and commune with heaven. A songstress and artist, she launches in Cupid's boat with her heart's ideal to a fair haven of unalloyed happiness.

* * *

Tom Huston's Transformation—

By Margaret B. Love.

Cloth, small 12mo, 50 cents.

The Abbey Press, New York.

This is a story of a man who was jilted, and as a result, became a drummer instead of a lawyer, but who, later meeting the right woman, was redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled, and regained his place among manly and honorable men. The story shows the power, both for good and evil, of womankind, and carries a wholesome moral.

* * *

The Little Crusader—

By Isabel Scott Stone.

Cloth, 12mo. Price, \$1.00.

The Abbey Press, New York.

This is an interesting story of one of the most remarkable movements in the history of the human race. The title of the book is the key to its subject, "Crusaders in the Middle Ages," which were prominent and characteristic features of the times. The special matter wrought into absorbing fiction by the author of this work is the organization of the army of "Little Crusaders." "From town and hamlet the little companies came, marching briskly and brightly along, singing aloud in triumphant unison, 'God can wait no longer for you.

Stand back and let us now carry out His commission.' " The introduction of the Maharil, a character never before woven into historical romance, presents ably and justly the Jewish thought of Christ,—the wrongs of that nation in the Middle Ages, as well as the growing acceptance of the Messiah. To old and young, of "every clime and communion," the story will appeal in information and interest, as well as its dramatic fiction. The editing of the book and its especially beautiful cover are most attractive to all lovers of the dainty in type, paper and engraving.

* * *

Christian Science and Kindred Superstitions—

By Charles F. Winbigler, Ph. M.

Cloth, 12mo. \$1.00.

The Abbey Press, New York.

There has been a desire expressed by many persons to have a work that would in a plain way oppose the teachings of Christian Science, and give a scientific explanation of the cures effected. It has been the attempt of the author to meet this desire. The author analyzes the teachings of Christian Science from the standpoint of Christianity. It is intended to be a review of Christian Science, the most complete, suggestive, scientific and critical hitherto published. The book seems to cover the whole question, and will be a valuable accession to private and public libraries.

* * *

The Doomed Turk—

By E. Middleton.

Cloth, 12mo. Price, 50 cents.

The Abbey Press, New York.

The series of ten essays which compose this book are unique in conception and expression. The author is an exegete of ability and his Biblical citations and applications must be read to be appreciated. He contends that the modern Turk is a descendant of the ancient Esau, and the British of today are the descendants of the ancient Jacob. He aims to prove that the birthright which Esau sold to Jacob is identical with the Eastern question of our time. Around these central thoughts he marshals a surprising variety of data, all going to substantiate his theory.

The book reads like a novel, and the

reader is supplied with ample food for thought and reflection. Mr. Middleton is a man of erudition. His reading is not only wide but discriminating.

Life's Springtime—

By J. N. Fradenburgh.
Cloth, 12mo. \$1.00.

The Abey Press, New York.

The writer of "Life's Springtime," Mr. J. N. Fradenburgh, to his regular work as pastor, has added that of an author, and a number of volumes, on both historical and religious subjects, bear witness to the versatility of his pen. As the title of this book indicates, it is primarily addressed to young men and women, but all whose hearts are in sympathy with youth—and who care for inspiring thoughts, expressed in terse English, will find enjoyment in it. These essays abound in humor, keen observation, terse epigrams and kindly sympathy. The style is classic and vigorous. The author writes from an appreciative understanding of young people and of life and its pleasures no less than its problems and duties.

* * *

A Perilous Path Or Apples of Sodom—

By Kate Davis.

Cloth, 12mo. Price, 50 cents.

The Abey Press, New York.

This story is full of interest. There are some strong pointed sayings, search lights into life. We see the insidious temptations that come to a woman, how she loves, suffers and expatiates her sin. We see how little the man cares. It is pleasing as a story, valuable as a character delineator, vital with sincere and noble purpose.

* * *

On the Charleston—

By Irene Widdemer Hartt.

Cloth, 12mo, 28 pages. \$1.00.

The Abbey Press, New York.

Mrs. Hartt, the author, is a native of Philadelphia. She has been a welcome contributor to many of the periodicals of the day, religious, secular and juvenile. This book of hers will be of special interest to those soldiers who were on the transports which took part in the capture of Guam. It has been asserted by those who know, that the record here given is absolutely true, even down to the minutest particulars.

Tommy Foster's Adventures—

By Fred. A. Ober, author of "The Knockabout Club Books," etc.

Pictures by Stanley M. Arthur.

12mo, cloth, ornamental; illustrated.
\$1.00.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

We are indebted to Mr. Ober for much good literature. He has written some two dozen books of various kinds, dealing with travel and adventure mainly, with now and then a dip into history, but we do not think he has given us a better piece of work than "Tommy Foster's Adventures," a book that boys will read with the keenest pleasure for a long time to come. It appears opportunely, too, for at no previous time has there been so general an interest in the Indian tribes of the Southwest, among whom the hero of the story passed several pleasant, yet exciting weeks. The author is a teller of admirable stories for young people; he is thoroughly familiar with the localities he describes—he lived with the Pueblo Indians a while, just as Tommy did; and what he has to say is even worth listening to by older readers.

Mr. Ober has been a student of Indian life for many years, and he is to be congratulated upon the admirable manner in which he has imparted exact information regarding the little known region he has chosen for the scene of his latest book. The pictures are admirable as well. Boys who have the good fortune to obtain a copy of "Tommy Foster's Adventures" may be sure they have a thoroughly breezy story of out-door life that cannot fail to delight them.

"The Octopus" is an eight-page pamphlet, issued from Minneapolis, Minn., and signed by W. D. Washburn, Jr., 41st District Minnesota Legislature. On the first page of the cover are the words of Abraham Lincoln spoken in his memorable speech at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery: "The Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Under several suggestive headings, this pamphlet discusses and scathingly denounces "the projected consolidation of the Great Northern Railroad and the Northern Pacific, under the guise of the 'Northern Securities Company.'"

In Politics—

The first change in the Cabinet since the death of President McKinley was caused by the retirement of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Charles Emory Smith. He is succeeded by Mr. Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin. Mr. Payne was at one time postmaster at Milwaukee, has been a member of the National Republican Committee since 1880. He has been known not only as a shrewd politician, but also as an able man in business affairs, having been at one time the receiver for the Northern Pacific Railroad.—The Schley inquiry, with the approval by Secretary Long of the majority findings of the court, and with the deserved rap over the knuckles administered to Gen. Miles by Secretary Root, and the dismissal of the troublesome historian, MacClay, may be considered a closed incident as far as government action is concerned. The people continue to think, however.—The confirmation of Mr. Knox as Attorney-General was delayed some two weeks on account of charges preferred by the Anti-Trust League. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate, to whom the charges were referred, decided that they were so indefinite and so unsubstantiated by facts as to render opposition to his confirmation unwarranted. Those who have the best means of knowing, have great confidence in Mr. Knox as possessing preeminently the qualifications requisite to warn and defend the administration against whatever may be perilous to the government; and the people in the trusts.—The conference between representatives of capital and labor which took place in New York was an event of much importance. There seems to have been a very frank and full interchange of views, the discussions covering a wide range, and being participated in by the ablest leaders. The conference appointed a permanent Court of Labor, numbering thirty-six, twelve to repre-

sent capital, twelve labor, and twelve the public at large. We note in the first class Senator Hanna, Mr. Schwab, President Callaway and Mr. J. D. Rockefeller; in the second, President Gompers, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Shafer and Mr. Sargent; in the third, Bishop Potter, Arch-Bishop Ireland and ex-President Cleveland.

* * *

Probably in foreign politics no event of the past month outranks in importance the speech of the Earl of Roseberry at Chesterfield. The speech signals not so much the reappearance of the ex-Prime Minister in political life as his readiness to resume the responsibility of leadership of the liberal party in England. It has been said of Lord Roseberry that it is his fault, both as an orator and a leader, that he sees all sides of a question too clearly. In manifestoes or declarations which should be final, there is, on this account, lacking, at times, the note of decision. It is not, apparently, so much that he has not the courage of his convictions, but, if the expression may not be misunderstood, his convictions are too many-sided. He uses a phrase in a public address, and, later on, withdraws or modifies it so that men say he ought never to have used it or never to have withdrawn it. He does not lack adroitness, ingenuity, fertility of devices; he is not baffled by that which is calculated to perplex; his adversaries cannot mislead him; he is capable of great surprises, and of evolving a great policy. He resembles Gladstone in all these ways, and like him, thinks long, hard and exhaustively upon the subjects which he wishes to discuss. But Roseberry does not take his position, and refuse to be driven from it. He builds forts, and presently displays on them flags of truce. To recover power he must simplify and make direct his policies, must study, have faith in and co-operate with the plain people.

In Science—**A Substitute for Rubber.**

The young shoot of the Rocky Mountain grease-wood plant has a milky sap, and the old wood a resinous gum, which is soluble in carbon disulphid and in other known hydrocarbon solvents of rubber. From the young grease-wood sap two inventors have discovered a method of making artificial India rubber. The plant is bruised between rollers, whereby the bark is loosened and the woody fiber of the larger stems crushed. The entire mass is then enclosed in a vessel, mechanically agitated, and exposed to the action of carbon bisulphid, carbon disulphid, naphtha, or other solvent of India rubber. After exposure for some hours to the action of the solvent, heat being applied if necessary, the liquid is strained off. The liquid solvent and contained gum are then placed in a closed vessel and the volatile solvent driven off by heat. The gummy mass that will not volatilize in the still or receiver is then washed in water, either warm or hot, and is then subjected to repeated rollings. The gummy mess that will not volatilize in the still or receiver is then washed in volatile solvent driven off by heat. The gum resulting is of a brown color, highly flexible and elastic, combustible, and seems to possess the characteristics of India rubber, except that it has rather a balsamic odor, differing from the odor of commercial rubber. The gum can be vulcanized by the addition of a quantity of sulphur in the same manner as the India rubber of commerce.—Scientific American.

* * *

To Keep a Coal Fire Over Night.

Anthracite coal, being nearly a solid carbon, the fire may be arranged to "keep" over night. To accomplish this lift the lid on the top of the stove, or open the little draft at the top of the fire box; this will allow cold air to enter, pass over the upper surface of the coal, chill it, and prevent rapid burning. As this is imperfect combustion great care must be taken to have the chimney flue open, that the products of combustion may not come out into the room. Carbon-monoxide, the product of imperfect

The people of Oregon and the Northwest owe their support and appreciation to the Pacific Monthly. It is the only publication in our state of magazine proportions. In the past five years it has grown and improved greatly. It ought to be read by every family in the state. The country "where rolls the Oregon" should have a literature of her own. Nothing will so soon or so surely bring this about as a standard magazine made rich with Oregon talent filled with Oregon thought, beautified by Oregon scenery. Though the Monthly is cosmopolitan and versatile it has proper provincialism which renders it doubly pleasing to Western readers. Read one number and you will read others. Encourage authorship in our peerless state.

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combustion, is a colorless, odorless, poisonous gas. Being an accumulative poison it is still more dangerous. As hard coal contains a little sulphur, when the drafts are imperfect the odor of the sulphur is noticed, which is like the sounding of an alarm bell, for carbon-monoxide is found in its company.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

Some Interesting Facts About Boiling Water

It may seem presumptuous to suggest that few people know how to boil water, but such is the case. The boiling point under ordinary atmospheric pressure (sea level), is 212 degrees Fahrenheit; this point changes according to the altitude. When bubbles form on the bottom of the kettle, come clear to the surface and rupture quietly, without making an ebullition, we have simmering. At this point the thermometer should register 180 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is at that temperature that we cook meats and make soups. When the bubbles begin to form on the sides and surface of the vessel and come toward the top of the water, there is a motion in the water, but it has not really reached the boiling point. It is only when the thermometer reaches 212 degrees Fahrenheit and the water is in rapid motion that it can be said to boil; and the atmospheric gases still continue to be given off with the steam for a considerable time after the water has commenced to boil rapidly; in fact, it is difficult to determine when the last traces have been expelled. It is safe to suppose, however, that ten minutes' boiling will free the water from its gases, make it tasteless, and render it unfit for the making of tea, coffee or other light infusions of delicate materials.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

An ingenious labor-saving machine, which will completely revolutionize the finger-ring manufacturing industry of England, has been devised by Mr. C. P. Denkin, a Birmingham jeweler. This machine effects in one almost instantaneous operation the work of several men. A signet ring fresh from the mold is

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for 1902 will be made more distinctly Western than ever before. The scenic beauties of the Northwest will be represented in every number, and the wonderful resources and possibilities of this region will be set forth in a way to interest readers everywhere. As a representative of the great Northwest, the magazine will become more and more unique, and consequently more indispensable to those who wish to keep in touch with the literature, legends, history and progress of the Northwest.

A Special Columbia River Edition

Will be issued in March, 1902. This number will be as complete and satisfactory as money can produce. The half-tones will be of the highest possible grade, and the paper used will be of the very heavy enameled book, with a special plate finish. There will be at least 100 views, many of them never before reproduced. In short, the number will be a beautiful representation of the Columbia river, and alone will be well worth the subscription price to the magazine for a year. This edition will be a valuable souvenir, which every person in the Northwest will want to send to Eastern friends, besides keeping copies for future use. The first edition will be

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placed in one tool of the Denkin invention, and within the space of a few seconds the inside is fixed, polished and lapped. The treatment of the face of the signet is equally simple and rapid. By means of an ingenious device it is clamped and trained to a revolving surface of special design. In a short space of time the face is finished to perfection, whereas at present the ring has to pass through the hands of four skilled workmen. The process is so simple that it can be worked by a boy or girl, which means a considerable economy in the cost of production.

* * *

Tobacco Is the Best Insecticide.

Most of the insects common to house plants dislike tobacco as much as does the cleanly housewife. The best way to use it as an insecticide upon window plants is to secure a good handful of tobacco stems, place them in an old basin, pour boiling water upon them, and let them stand for several hours. Then drain off the liquid into a basin or tub deep enough for immersing the tops of your plants in, and dilute it with warm water until it shows only a faint tint of brown. Then take up the plants one at a time, and hold them, tops down, in the water, washing them clean.—Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

The Care of the Hands in Cold Weather.

Any extreme temperature, or either very hot or very cold water, is not good for the hands. Warm water is more cleansing than cold water. A dozen drops of the tincture of benzoin added to a basin of warm water is beneficial to the hands. Castile or one of the fine toilet soaps should be used. A generous lather should be made and the hands thoroughly rubbed with it. A rubber flesh-brush is a great comfort. A little bran or oatmeal if put into the water has a softening effect, and makes the skin velvety and pliable. Almond meal is also excellent for this purpose. Care in drying the hands is essential to their good condition, especially in winter. A soft towel will gather up all the moisture and should be used in between the

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that burrows up the scalp, making dandruff scurf, causing the hair to fall, and finally

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fingers of each hand so that every part may be thoroughly dried. After drying the hands it is a good plan to rub in a little cold cream or almond oil, after which, if they are particularly sensitive, powder may be dusted over them.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

* * *

In Education—

Lyman Abbott, writing editorially in "The Outlook" for December 21, so simply, clearly and forcibly presents a great truth which should interest all who have to do with the training of children, whether in the school or the family, that we reproduce his language: "The presence of the angels about the manger at Bethlehem has made the divine birth of every human child evident and beautiful. No condition is so lowly that heaven is not as near it as to the most fortunate and exalted; no mother is so obscure that she is not as much a handmaid of God as if thrones and crowns were within her reach. From the manger the glory of the divine love and fatherhood radiates to every home where a child is born, and rests on every mother who holds a child to her heart. Every woman is sacred since one woman has given birth to a son of God, and every child is sacred since one child brought angel voices to earth to celebrate his kinship with the Infinite and Eternal."

* * *

In Literature—

Lilian Whiting touches the marriage question of the hour with no uncertain note when in "The World Beautiful in Books," she says:

"Now, if marriage were a matter of gain or loss in the outward world of affairs, this might be set down as a fine bit of self-sacrifice and delicate generosity. But marriage is a sacrament, or it is nothing, and it is only a sacrament when mutual love, that asks nothing that this world could either give or take away, consecrates it and makes it holy. As a mere legal contract it is no more sacred than any other legal contract, and the marriage devoid of that mutual trust and tenderness and spiritual response

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that would enable the two to take up their life together on a barren island in mid-ocean and call it all joy; that is wholly independent of the things of this world because it is of the divine realm and exists in another atmosphere than that of trade or traffic or society—the marriage not based on this feeling is not a sacrament, nor can Church or State make it so.”

* * *

In Art—

The Passing of the Madonna in Art.

Speaking of the pious old worshippers with the brush who created once and forever a Madonna which was lifted out of the realities by its sacred fervor, Harrison S. Morris, writing for Scribner's, holds that the artists' conception had a fireside or wayside origin.

One of those devout ancestors of art walked abroad some morning and saw a mother caressing her baby under the twinkling sunlight of a Florentine garden. Another, by a northerly hearthside, watched with parental emotion, the little child he loved lie sleeping in its mother's arms. Botticelli painted the mother and child of Italy, touched with a charm which had come to him as guerdon for light-heartedness and love of beauty for its own sake. Michelangelo modeled a serener Madonna whose face bespoke the profundity of his own insight. Raphael's conception was angelic in its spirituality. He saw far into the heaven of his faith, and lifted his type up to that exalted revelation. Rubens found his ideal at the threshold, and it keeps warm that homelier association.

As you go through the list it is plain that each master discovered a motive among his own surroundings, and those divine types of the Madonna we prize as the heirlooms of a world are, after all, only the everlasting childhood interpreted by genius. The wonder is that such devout passion ever abated; that what was so universal in appeal should have lost its power to stir and inspire. But with the relaxing grasp of the simple old faith in revelation the Madonna was effaced from among the painter's ideals.

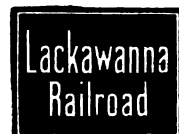
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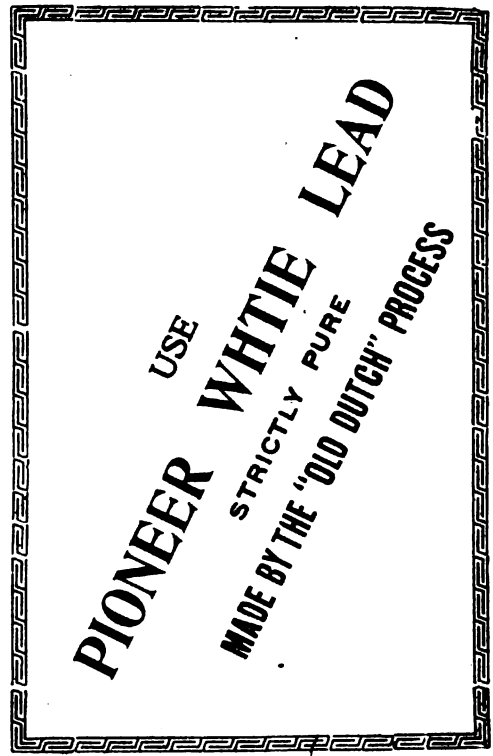
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In Religious Thought—

From Park-Street Church, Boston, of which Dr. J. L. Withrow is the pastor, there were recently evicted certain representatives of the Christian alliance, who had hired the church for a ten days' course of revival meetings. It is said that after the meetings were fairly launched, the promoters of them became so boisterous in their efforts to "convince" their auditors that the pastors and trustees were scandalized, and closed the doors. The meetings were continued in Mechanic's Hall, and closed before an audience of 2500 people, the president saying at the closing meeting: "We thank God for being kicked out of the Park-street Church. We couldn't have got this crowd in there." Of course, an event of this kind caused considerable excitement, and was commented upon by papers secular as well as religious. The criticism, however, so far as we have observed it, was cautious and conservative, the New York Independent saying: "We are not all sure that the Park-street Church trustees were wise in their eviction of these men, who were trying to do good in a rude way, for a crude class of city people. At any rate, there may be room in religion for the tolerant philosophy of Abraham Lincoln, and place in the church for them who like that sort of thing. "But the philosophy and theology of these revivalists are atrocious." The Boston Transcript remarks: "Certainly religion as a matter of principle resulting from an intelligent appreciation of duty to God and to mankind has little to do with this class of manifestations. They find their most reasonable explanation in the accepted theories of modern psychology, under the heads of excitement, ecstasy and hypnotism, and this is supported by the general fact that the subjects of these manipulations are those especially susceptible to these influences."



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24 B x B	P-K 6 (e)
25 R x P	P x Kt
26 R-R 7 ch	Q-Kt 4
27 R x Q ch	K-Kt sq
28 B-K 6 ch (l)	B x R (f)
29 K-B 2	K x R
30 P-K R 4	R-K B sq
31 B-B 5 ch	B-B 3 (m)
32 Q-Kt 4 ch	K-Kt sq
33 B-B 4	B-Kt 2
34 B-K 6 ch	R-B 3
35 K x P	K-B sq
36 P-K B 4	P-R 4
37 Q-Kt 2	R-Q sq
38 P-B 5 (n)	P-Kt 5
39 Q-B 6	B-R 3 ch
40 K-Q 3	B-B 5
41 P-B 4	K-Kt 2
42 Q-B 5	R-K sq
43 P-Q 5	B-K 4
44 P-Kt 3	R-R 3
45 K-K 4	B-Q 3
46 Q-Kt sq ch	K-R 2 (o)
47 P-B 5	B-K 2
48 Q-Kt 3	B-Q sq
49 K-Q 4	R-B sq
50 P-Q B 6	K-R sq
51 P-Q 6	R-R 2
52 Q-R 4 (p)	P x P
53 Q x P	B-K 2
54 Q-K B 4	B-Q sq
55 K-B 4	B-B 2

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55 Q—Q 4 ch	R—Kt 2
56 P—B 6	R—Kt 3
57 P—B 7 ch	K—K 2 (r)
58 Q—Q 7 (s)	K—Kt 2
59 B—Q 5 (t)	B—R 7
60 P—B 7	R—Kt 5 ch
61 K—B 5	B x P
62 Q x B	R x R P
63 Q—K 5 ch	K—Kt 3
64 B—K 6	R—Kt 5
65 Q—B 5 ch	K—R 3
66 K—Q 6	R—Kt 3
67 K—K 7 (u)	Resigns.

Notes by Showalter and Pillsbury.

(a) Unusual, first played between Hodges and Showalter. Black sacrifices the Pawn for a counter attack similar to the Two Knights' Defense.

(b) To prevent P—K 6.

(c) Q—R 5 also looks promising here.

(d) After 21 Kt x B, 22 R x P, Kt x B; 23 Q—R 5, Q—B 3; 24 K R—Kt 6, Q x R; 25 R x Q, B x R; 26 Q x B, P—K 6; 27 P x P, Kt x P; 28 Kt—K 4, and although Black has three pieces including two Rooks for Queen, White must win.

(e) Unsound, but very complicated and difficult to see through, both players being much pressed for time. 23 B x Kt, 24 Q x B, R—K 2; 25 Q—B 4, Q—Q 4 or Q 2, left the game about equal.

(f) P x R would have held the Queen's Pawn, and have given Black fair drawing chances.

By Emil Kemeny.

(l) White was obliged to make this move, for otherwise he would have lost the Queen. He could not play B—K 4. Black would have answered R x B, winning easily.

(m) B—B 5 in order to guard the Q P was a very promising play, yet in all probability it would have caused quicker defeat. White by continuing Q—Kt 2 B—B 5 ch and Q—Kt 6, would have established an almost irresistible attack. The move selected enables Black to defend with B—Kt 2.

(n) White has established now a very strong position, he is also ahead in material, yet the win is by no means an easy one. Had Black a safe abode for his King he would have the best drawing chances, for the Bishops are of opposite colors and the two Rooks are very strong in the ending.

(o) K—B 3 would have caused mate on the move, while K—B sq could not be played on account of Q—Kt 8 ch and Q—Kt 7 ch, followed by Q x R.

(p) A splendid waiting move. Black is now obliged to capture the Q P, for he can not well move either K, R or Bishop.

(r) R—Kt 2 would have been bad on account of Q—B 6 winning easily.

(s) Superior to B—B 5, which would have enabled Black to defend with R x P, remaining finally with R and Bishop against the Queen.

(t) Had White played Q x B, Black would have answered R x B, with pretty good drawing chances.

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A Welsh Rarebit.

First of all, have a large dish (a pretty salad-bowl looks well used with a wooden salad-spoon) filled with cheese cut into squares the size of hickory nuts, says Lillian M. Siegfried, in *Woman's Home Companion*. New, fresh cheese melts better than any other, though it is really wise to try your cheese before the eventful evening, as there is nothing so deceptive when it comes to making Welsh rarebits. Have also a good-sized bottle of wood-alcohol, one-half pint of milk, or beer if preferred, though the latter is not necessary, one-half teaspoonful of mustard to each half-dozen plates, toast of medium thickness and delicately browned and the crust removed—all this previously prepared and on hand, as there must be no running about for forgotten articles, the closest attention being given to cooking rarebit, or a dire failure will be the result and the evening practically spoiled.

When the pan is moderately warm put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut; when this is melted add the cheese—two pounds to six people—and then the mustard; allow this to melt slowly, molding with a spoon, but not stirring; when nearly melted, put in the liquid, stirring very slowly, carefully and smoothly; usually one half pint is enough, sometimes a little too much. By putting in the liquid slowly and not cooking too rapidly this is easily determined. On a very hot plate place one of the pieces of toast, and over this pour enough cheese to cover it nicely. The hostess must have a careful eye and work rapidly, keeping the rarebit as closely to the fire as possible during the pouring process, adding a little liquid and stirring again if it becomes unmanageable. Your guests will pay you the greatest courtesy by immediately eating their bit, and not standing on the ceremony of waiting for the rest to be served, thereby ruining your efforts to give them a delicacy which in the meantime is ruined in the effort to be polite.

* * *

Santa Claus "is that feeling in your heart that makes you want to give things." So the day is always a happy one. Sorrow has been a guest in the home, but on Christmas all thought is centered in the healing and the joy of that first great Gift.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

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They Have Nice Long Courtships In Norway.

Norwegian weddings are almost always celebrated at the close of a short Scandinavian summer, a season which the industrious Norsemen find too short in which to work, and from which they would never dream of taking the days that are necessary for the long-drawn-out festivities of the Norse wedding. So the maidens who are wooed all the year round are usually wedded at the beginning of winter. Norwegian wooings are very frank and very long a-doing. On summer Sundays the lanes, the highways and byways are ateam with lovers. Each couple saunters slowly along, not in the least shy, his arm about her shoulders, her arm about his waist. Nor do they untwine their arms if they pause a little to chat with friends, not even if they stop to speak with casual acquaintances. Ten or a dozen years often elapse between the first day of courtship and the day of marriage, while a seven years' betrothal is considered of very moderate length—Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

"Happy the bride the sun shines on" is an Anglo-Saxon superstition in which the Swedes do not share. After a fat dowry and a handsome bridegroom a rainy wedding-day is that for which a Scandinavian girl most ardently longs, for the Scandinavians not only have a saying, "Wealthy will be the wife upon whose bridal crown the rain falls," but they also believe it.—Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

A Montana Woman Writes in Praise of Newbro's Herpicide.

Butte, Aug. 26.—Newbro Drug Company, City. Dear Sirs: For several years I have been troubled with dandruff, causing me much annoyance, and my hair became very thin. I have used Newbro's Herpicide for a month and the dandruff has entirely disappeared and my hair is becoming much heavier than formerly. New hair is growing where there was none, and I am very thankful to you for the benefit I have received from Newbro's Herpicide. Very truly yours,
MRS. C. B. FOSTER,

No. 985 Utah ave., Butte, Mont.

* * *

Reinforce Yourself.

Most of us are constantly doing things which, though not actually wrong, tend to weaken rather than to reinforce or strengthen us. Our great study should be, not to allow our energies to run to waste through negative or harmful actions, but to reinforce ourselves continually by positive activity in the right direction.

The man who sticks to the truth, who always does the manly, noble thing, however it may affect himself, will find the reaction upon his own character has been salutary. He will find himself reinforced tenfold for the great battle of life.—December Success.

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Some less than a year ago Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip resigned his position as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and went to Europe, bearing letters from the highest officials to Ministers of Finance and other leaders in industry and commerce in all the great nations. He was well fitted by the experiences and observations he had accumulated to understand the world problems in the great struggle for commercial and industrial supremacy, upon which the leading nations seem to have entered. In the first of a series of articles to be published in Scribner's he speaks of the fact that American locomotives, running on American rails now whistle past the Pyramids and across the long Siberian steppes. They carry the Hindoo pilgrims from all parts of their empire to the sacred waters of the Ganges. Three years ago there was but one American locomotive in the United Kingdom; today there is not a road of importance there on which trains are not pulled by American engines. The American locomotive has successfully invaded France. The Manchurian Railway, which is the real beginning of Oriental railway-building, bought all its rails and rolling-stock in the United States. American bridges span rivers on every continent. American cranes swing around over many foreign moles. Wherever there are extensive harvests there may be found American machinery to gather the grain. In every great market of the world tools have no better recommendation than the mark "Made in America."

* * *

Trade Items and Ideas.

Tablets are salable goods for all seasons. The delay in the delivery of slates when school opened immensely increased the demand for tablets for school use, and wherever the slate is dethroned in the school room it is not likely to come into general use again, unless tablets are considerably advanced in price. Some advance is likely to be made soon to keep pace with the advance in paper. But the continued popularity of the better tablets for use outside of the school room is assured, whatever the price may be.

* *

Mr. Munsey, the well-known proprietor of Munsey's Magazine, has recently bought two daily newspapers, the "News," of New York, and the "Times," of Washington. Mr. Munsey published a newspaper before he went to work in the magazine field, so that newspaper work is no new experience for him. If he can make another such hit with his newspapers as he has with his magazines, he'll soon join the ranks of the billionaires.

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Our Calendar.

Few people know that our division of hours into minutes, and minutes into seconds is a heritage from a very ancient past. In old Babylon there existed a system of counting by sixties, the number having been chosen because no other number has so many divisors. The wise men of Babylon divided the sun's daily journey into twenty-four stages, and subdivided each stage into sixty, because in that way they were accustomed to count.

A hundred years before Christ Hipparchus, the Grecian philosopher, introduced the "sixty" system of reckoning into Europe, and 400 years later Ptolemy gave it his sanction in his system of astronomy. So it has come down to us. "It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge," said Prof. Max Muller, "through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins and dates, and subjecting all the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and to allow our dials to remain sexagesimal—that is Babylonian—each hour consisting of sixty minutes."

* * *

Possess an Honest Eye.

A business man said that he once devoted half a day to hiring a man whom he needed in his office. In answer to his advertisement a great many applicants called. He rejected the first because he could not look him in the eye. "The second man," said the merchant, "was armed with a double-barreled recommendation from his pastor, with testimonials as to his business ability and good character; but though he looked me in the eye, I saw that we could never get along well together, and so I dismissed him. The third interested me the moment he stepped inside the door. He was poorly dressed, and, though his clothes were whole, they were at least two sizes too small. It was evident that his attire troubled him not the least, for he held his head high, and, as he approached my desk looked me squarely in the eye. He said that he had no recommendations, that he had no business experience, but that he was willing to do his best to please me. In an instant it dawned upon me that before me was the man I was looking for. He had nothing to recommend him save an honest, bright eye, and a pleasant face; but that was sufficient. I engaged him on the spot.

"Since then I have seen fit to advance him over a man who had been with me three years. The latter grumbled, but there was reason for my move—the new man had proved himself worthy of promotion."

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Instances might be indefinitely multiplied of the value of an honest eye. That wonderful window of the soul, the eye, is a sure index to character. If you have it not, cultivate a bright, honest, straightforward look. It will more than repay your effort. Look up and fearlessly meet the eyes of those with whom you converse. Many a choice position has been lost through an indifferent, flinching eye; and many a coveted position has been won through a fearless, honest eye. That kind of eye is better than a hundred recommendations.—December Success.

* * *

THE PIONEER'S LAST GOAL.

By Andrew Franzen.

Upon the verdant Western plain he stood,
And gazed across the prairie's wide expanse—

Then restless, toward the distant fringe of wood
Beneath the sunse; sky swept on his glance.

A trackless plain had been the flowery land,
A desert spreading o'er a fruitful soil,

Until he came and wrought with restless hand
A paradise rewarding well his toil.

But soon he heard the westward marching throng,
And caught the city's stifling breath from far.

The noisy, moving crowds would come ere long
His solitude, his wilder life to mar.

His solitude, his wilder life to mar.

Again his soul, with restless throbbing, yearned
To conquer new-found wilds beneath his hand.

He craved the scent of furrows freshly turned
Upon the virgin soil in newer land.

Upon the virgin soil in newer land.

Anon upon his dreamy vision rose
A land of mountains, streams and giant trees,

Whose very motion seemed a calm repose.
While gently flowed the western ocean's breeze.

A nature strange, but grander yet and free
Lay westward goldened by the setting sun,

The zephyr wafted softly to his ear
The plashing of the distant Oregon.

Then shone his eyes with new kindled fire,
Again ambition stirred his heaving breast,
And louder spoke his spirit's new desire
Onward, onward, toward the sea-bound West.

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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N. B.—The departments, "Questions of the Day," "The Home" and "The Native Son," which ordinarily appear in the Pacific Monthly, have been omitted this month owing to the number of pages given to the Great Columbia River Basin. They will, however, appear in the following issues.

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Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Oregon

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**"See once Columbia's scenes,
then roam no more;
No more remains on earth for
mortal eyes."**

Joaquin Miller.

"Few ships, if any, in our merchant marine, since the organization of the Republic, have acquired such distinction as the Columbia. By two noteworthy achievements, a hundred years ago (1793), she attracted the attention of the commercial world and rendered a service to the United States unparalleled in our history. She was the first American vessel to carry the Stars and Stripes around the globe; and by her discovery of 'the great river of the West,' to which her name was given, she furnished us with the title to our possession of that magnificent domain, which to day is represented by the flourishing states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho."

E. G. PORTER.

MOUNT HOOD, OREGON,
FROM THE COLUMBIA RIVER, AT A POINT
A FEW MILES ABOVE
VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON

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THE GREAT COLUMBIA RIVER BASIN

By CAPT. CLEVELAND ROCKWELL

MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE DEPARTURE OF THE "COLUMBIA" AND THE "WASHINGTON" TO THE NORTHWEST ON A FUR TRADING EXPEDITION SENT OUT BY BOSTON CAPITAL

ON a fine clear morning, May 11, 1792, a vessel was seen standing in toward the land of the Northwest coast of America. The

strong, steady breeze over her quarter filled her sails and tautened her sheets; her keel parted the fresh water under her prow, and turned up in her wake a pathway of foam-flecked, dark, glistening green as the long Pacific swell passed her to break in seething foam upon the shore. The figure of a man aloft, clinging to the rigging, was seen to be directing her course as she pressed steadily onward between the white-plumed shoals

on either hand. The vessel was the brig "Columbia," and the man in the rigging, her captain, Robert Gray, who discovered the great river which he named in

SUNSET ON THE
PACIFIC OCEAN

THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, FROM A PAINTING
BY CAPT. CLEVELAND ROCKWELL

honor of the vessel that bore him safely in.

Captain Cook, on his exploring expedition of 1778, failed to notice the entrance, and the ships of Vancouver, which had passed up the coast but a few weeks previously, and were even at that time seeking the supposed "Northwest passage in the canals and fiords of Puget Sound," learned first of the great river from Capt. Gray, whose vessel they fell in with at sea.

The entrance to the Columbia, though it is the second largest river in America, is marked by no very striking features noticeable at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles at sea; but on a nearer approach, the moderately bold headland of Cape Hancock or Disappointment rises above the water, and in very clear weather the broad, unobstructed view of the cone-shaped dome of Mt. St. Helens clearly indicates the existence of a wide gorge or valley penetrating the land. However,

Capt. Gray happened to stand in near enough to land to notice the yellow blanket of fresh water—discharged by the river only at times of the melting snows of its vast water-shed—and, aware that so great a volume of water must come from a large river, determined to seek its source.

The water-shed of the Columbia is for the greater part comprised in the interior basins between the Cascades and Rocky

FISHING BOATS AT THE MOUTH
OF THE COLUMBIA

mountain ranges, but the Willamette, Cowlitz and Lewis river valleys and numerous streams in the Coast range contribute to its volume. Cradled in the glacier-fed torrents of the Northwest provinces of British America, the Columbia flows northward and breaks through the serrated summits of the Selkirk mountains in latitude 52 degrees, to pause and rest in the quiet bosom of the Arrow

to dash itself against the basaltic walls of the gloomy canons below Huntington.

During the months of June and July, when the snow and ice are melting, the Snake is indeed a great river. Having its southern sources in a low latitude among the warm deserts, it is the first to discharge into the Columbia its flood water. When a long continued spell of hot weather occurs, as in the year 1892,

lakes; and, joined by the erratic sisters, the Kootenay and Clark fork, coming from the backbone of the continent in Montana and the fountains of Yellowstone Park, it sweeps around through the great bend to a quiet meeting with the Snake at Ainsworth. Born, too, from the gushing streams beneath the lava beds of Oregon and Nevada, and the bubbling springs in Wyoming canons, flowing through dreary miles of sage and sandy deserts, the Snake river plunges madly over the American falls, and is smothered in foam beneath the bold escarpments at the falls of Shoshone. Hurrying onward without rest, it glides swiftly over the ruby and gold-bearing sands of Idaho

and both forks are in flood at the same time, the Columbia rises to a great height. Fortunately such occurrences are extremely rare.

In 1804, the sources of the Columbia river were discovered by the exploring expedition under Capts. Lewis and Clark, sent out during the presidency of Thomas Jefferson. These intrepid pioneers struck the southern springs of the Columbia opposite the sources of the Missouri, and kept along its general course to the sea; and, after wintering near the mouth, returned in 1805 by the same route. One of Vancouver's ships, the brig "Chatham," under command of Broughton, entered the river shortly after

ONE OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER
FISHING SCENES NEAR ASTORIA, OREGON

1—The first fish 2—Astoria, Oregon 3—Pull-
ing in the net 4—The catch 5—A near view
of fish poles 6—Pulling in nets with horses
7—Regatta day at Astoria 8—A sea of fish-
nets 9—A big haul

the discovery of Gray, and ascended in boats as far as the present site of Vancouver.

No further attempt to make use of the geographical knowledge thus obtained was made until 1811 and 1812, when John Jacob Astor despatched the ship "Tonquin," in command of Capt. Thorn, with a company of hunters and trappers and a cargo of goods, for barter in furs and the establishment of a trading post. Through the utter incapacity of Capt. Thorn in intercourse with the savage Indian tribes on the west coast of Vancouver island, at which place the vessel touched after entering the Columbia, the venture met with signal disaster; the whole crew being massacred, and the ship and cargo blown up by the hand of the purser. Finally, after many vicissitudes of fortune, including the withdrawal of Astor's party and much wrangling between the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Fur Company, and the uncertainty as to the sovereignty of the

BLUFFS ABOVE CATHLAMET, WASH
FROM A WATER COLOR BY CAPT CLEVELAND ROCKWELL

land, posts were established at Astoria and at Fort Vancouver, and civilization had gained a foot-hold on the Columbia. No serious opposition was at any time offered by the Indian tribes around the mouth of the river, who, though strong in numbers, were weak in spirit and peaceably disposed.

The Columbia river bar during the early days of commerce and navigation was held up as a veritable bugaboo of danger to vessels. These reports were circulated by the first pilots in order to enhance the estimate of their daring and skill, and incidentally furnish an excuse for exorbitant fees. Of late years, however, the dangers of the bar are heard of no more. Congress and the War Department, by the construction of an immense jetty projecting into deep water, effected such a vast improvement of the entrance that there is now maintained a sufficient depth of water on the bar to admit the safe passage of many of the largest and deepest ships afloat. This great engineering work was commenced in 1884. It is one of the most important, and perhaps the most successful of similar works of

modern times, and has accomplished perfectly the object for which it was designed, deepening the water on the bar. Located on the south side of the entrance, which is about six miles wide, it projects from the extremity of Point Adams out into the ocean a distance of about four miles. In construction it is a submerged or low-tide dike built of large blocks of homogeneous basalt or diorite dumped on mattresses of wire bound fir and willow brush. These great masses of stone were

River and Harbor Committee from Congress recently viewed the jetty, and should a river and harbor bill pass, it will doubtless carry an appropriation for the mouth of the Columbia. As a further aid to navigation at the entrance of the river, a light-ship is moored square off the bar at about five miles distance, and the voice of the siren sounds harsh on the ear when the rays from the lantern are shrouded in fog.

Some fourteen miles south of the bar,

A SCENE ON THE UPPER COLUMBIA, SHOWING A FISH WHEEL IN THE FOREGROUND. THE MAIN CHANNEL IS NOT SHOWN IN THE VIEW, WHICH IS A VERY UNUSUAL ONE

loaded on barges or scows at quarries a hundred miles up the river, towed down in fleets to Point Adams, and transferred by derricks to trains of automatic dumping cars. A narrow-gauge railroad was built on piles driven in the sandy shoals, and over this track the stone was conveyed to all parts of the jetty. It has proved of inestimable benefit to the commerce and navigation of the river, but there is yet further work to be done. The

a first-order light is displayed from Tillamook rock, a sharp pinnacle thrust up nearly a hundred feet above the waves, which continually lash and fret around its base. The rock, formerly the home of the monstrous sea-lion, is barely large enough to accommodate on its top the keeper's dwelling and light-tower. Life at this station is monotonous. At rare intervals the steam tender arrives with supplies, bringing one of the assistant keep-

ers and carrying one away; and in this way each keeper in turn gets a highly prized run on shore. As boats can rarely land at the rock, the passenger gets into breeches slung to a cable made fast between the rock and masthead of the rolling vessel, and a traveling pulley on the cable effects the ticklish transfer to and fro. At times of winter gales, the waves dash up the rock's precipitous sides, deluging the summit with spray, and their blows jar the whole structure.

entrance, is a newly constructed battery of modern guns, commanding the bar at point-blank range, and a cross fire on the adjacent channel. The most powerful defensive work, which has been but lately completed, is situated on Scarborough head or Chinook point, and its battery of modern rifles commands a wide zone of fire. Cape Disappointment is a United States military reservation, and holds a barracks and quarters for one company of artillery. It is named Fort Canby after

Photos by J. F. Ford

SAVING THE COLUMBIA RIVER LIGHT-SHIP NO. 50

The Point Adams light-house stands on the sandy dunes about a half mile south of the river's entrance. On the extreme end of Cape Disappointment, high above the water and near a gun battery, is a fourth-order or harbor light displayed on a tower formerly bearing one of the first-class. About a mile north of the entrance is a coast light of the first-class which casts its rays over nearly 180 degrees of the sea horizon.

Fort Stevens, on the south side of the

1—The vessel stranded on the beach 2—Moving the vessel overland on rollers 3—Showing the apparatus for moving 4—Ready for launching after traveling over a mile

General Canby, treacherously slain while negotiating a treaty of peace with an Indian tribe. On each side of the river, the United States life-saving service maintains a station fitted with the best boats and life-rescuing apparatus. The wide sea-beaches on either side of the river's mouth are frequented during the summer months by large numbers of bathers and health-seekers, and hotels, cottages and tents are strung along the coast for several miles.

A very great commerce in both steam and sail carriers now passes out and in the river, ascending to the city of Portland, situated on the Willamette river about one hundred and fifteen miles from the sea. The products of the country seeking an outlet to the markets of the world are the great staples, wheat, flour, lumber, salmon, wool, hops, hides, and many other exports. These great staples of consumption are gathered from the interior of Oregon, Washington and Idaho by the net-work of

THREE VIEWS OF
MT. HOOD, OREGON

Photo by Hicks-Chatten Co.

railways controlled by the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. and the Southern Pacific System, and their branches and connections. The former company owns and operates the only line built through the gorge of the Columbia, and its ramifications extend over the interior basins and through the mountain valleys of the three states named above. Branches of rails are being extended over new and fertile areas of production as the development of the country requires. The Southern Pacific lines run through both sides of the beautiful Willamette valley, and throw out feeders on each side.

Climate and soil, with a sufficient rainfall, are the conditions most favorable to the production of crops useful to man, and this combination certainly exists in the country embraced within the limits of the Columbia river basin. It is evident that the whole re-

TWIN FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO

Photo by Myers, Boise, Idaho

MOUNT HOOD, OREGON, FROM LOST LAKE
A NEW PHOTO
BY H. A. GIFFORD COPYRIGHTED 1902

gion was at one time the scene of prodigious volcanic energy, and eruptive and igneous rocks are everywhere to be observed. It may be especially noted that the disintegration of the basic acid lavas and basalts produces a soil containing the potash, lime, ferruginous clays and other salts favorable to the growth of most plants and trees. The gentle slopes of the Blue mountains have been cultivated in successive crops of wheat yielding thirty bushels to the acre for many years without apparent deterioration of the soil and without the use of the artificial fertilizers. There are many nooks and corners of the Snake and Columbia river valleys and bottom land which, like a hot-house, will force to production a large yield of melons, grapes, apricots and peaches, that would not mature on the eastern side of any continent on the earth in the same latitude.

Nature has been both prodigal and partial in the distribution of forest growth in the Northwest. The most striking feature of the country west of the Cascades is the exuberant foliage displayed in the growth of immense trees as well as undergrowth and grasses. Equally striking is the almost total ab-

sence of trees east of that range, and except on the mountain slopes and summits, the country is a treeless prairie. The Douglas spruce or fir, as it is commonly called, furnishes most of the manufactured timber of commerce, though the yellow and sugar pine, larch and red cedar abound in places. Sawmills dot the shore at frequent intervals, and steamboats, with long rafts of logs in tow are daily seen on the river. Trees, bushes, flowers and mosses cling to the vertical faces of basaltic cliffs hanging above the limpid water, composing pictures of surpassing grace and beauty, and when the brilliant tints of Indian summer days are touched by the sun and blended and softened by the diffused smoke and haze of autumn, such scenes haunt the memory like a dream, and linger in the chambers of the imagination.

The salmon fisheries of the river, which are the greatest in the world, are of large importance as one of the permanent productions of the country, and are perennial sources of wealth. The variety of salmon entering the Columbia, named Chinook in honor of the Indian tribe at the entrance, is conceded to be superior in both size and quality to all other kinds,

from the Sacramento river in California to the Arctic ocean. Cooked and hermetically sealed in tins, it is consumed in all parts of the civilized globe. Salmon of the Chinook species ascend the river from the sea in prodigious numbers in the early spring and summer months, working their way up the swift currents and foaming rapids of the Snake and Columbia, leaping the sheer falls of the smaller tributaries to the gravelly pools

and small. If fortunate enough to escape these devices, the fish encounters, in the most difficult passages, an Indian perched on a precarious looking platform or rock over the boiling rapid, with his spoon net on the end of a long pole to scoop him out of the water on to dry land. During the fishing season hundreds of boats are employed in the work, and the scene on the lower river or estuary, when tide and wind serve, is an

Photos by Geo. M. Weister and J. F. Ford

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| 1. BOUND FOR NORTH BEACH, WASHINGTON | 2. THE "BREAKERS" | 3. A DIP IN THE OCEAN |
| 4. "DRIFTWOOD" | 5. A JOLLY PARTY | |

and shoals of the Rocky mountain streams, where they propagate their species. Their journey is a veritable "running-the-gauntlet" of net-works of meshes hung to poles and stakes driven in the sand, meshes afloat and drifting with the current, or hauled on shore by horses, wing-dammed pens like mouse-traps, and—most ignoble means of all—wire meshes on great wheels revolving in the current, that scoop up all, both great

exceedingly animated and interesting one, the white and tan-colored sails hovering over the water like the swarms of gulls and predatory birds at sea over the schools of herring.

In addition to the spring run, composed largely of the Chinook variety, there are several other species of salmon which seek the rivers to spawn later in the summer, and which do not reach the sources of the longest streams. The fish-

ing by gill-nets is done during the night by means of small boats, each carrying two men. The men who engage in this work are mostly of foreign birth. The fair-haired Scandinavian, the Portuguese and the swarthy races from the Adriatic sea and the sunny isles of Greece compose by far the greater number. The latter classes are largely nomadic, and

record of many daring feats of rescue by the life-saving crews, and many a poor toiler is found lying stark on the kelp-strewn beach in the ebbing tide by the coast-watch as he goes his early morning rounds. After the salmon are delivered at the packing house, all the subsequent labor of preparation for market is done by Chinese, who have acquired wonder-

VIEWS OF PORTLAND AND HARBOR,
SHOWING GRAIN SHIPS

appear during the fishing season only, while the Scandinavians are most domestic and home-loving, and numbers reside at Astoria with their families. One of the largest salmon packing houses, indeed, is owned and very successfully operated by an association of fishermen. Competition is said to be the life of trade, and, in their eagerness to secure a good catch, they sometimes venture too near the treacherous breakers and are lost. Not a season passes that does not bear a

WHICH HAS MADE OVER TWENTY MILES
PER HOUR

ful dexterity in the various operations. The packer finds it advantageous to contract with a head Chinaman for a certain price per case of four dozen pound cans, after which, saving the inspection of the product, he has no further trouble with the working force. In addition to the yield of the fisheries, as shown by the number of cases packed, very large amounts are salted in barrels, smoked and dried, disposed of fresh in local markets and shipped from cold storage in

cold-air cars to Eastern states. As the fish are given but the twenty-four hours of each Sunday as an armistice or rather cessation of relentless pursuit, it would seem as though the species would be exterminated; but to conserve the industry, both Washington and Oregon maintain hatcheries for the artificial propagation of the salmon. The season of 1901 has proved the effort to be entirely successful. The export value of the product on the Columbia and the season, to over \$3,000,000.00.

The great grazing pastures of the Columbia Basin lie east of the Cascade mountains on the high volcanic plateaus surrounding the saline lakes, and on the mountain flanks among the scattering pines. Large bands of cattle and sheep are collected at intervals and shipped at certain points by rail to Eastern markets. Vast areas of these lands now adapted to grazing only, are level or gently-sloping, sandy deserts covered

TWO VIEWS OF CAPE HORN,
ONE OF THE LANDMARKS OF THE COLUMBIA

with buck-brush, sage and bunch-grass, where running water is scarce and springs many hours journey apart. These same parched deserts, however forbidding their appearance, consist of deep soil of remarkable fertility, and when the flowing water is diverted from nature's vast evaporating basins, the saline lakes, and turned upon the land, the productive yield

is astonishing. After a few years, equally astounding is the changed aspect of the face of nature. The silvery sage is replaced by the deep malachite green of the alfalfa. Silver poplars and fruit-bearing trees shoot up as if by magic art, and many blades of grass grow where none grew before. Considering the short time which has elapsed since these broad fields, now covered in season with great crops of wheat and other cereals and grasses, and the homes of an industrious people, were the wild pastures of

whiskey. Regarding the reclamation of the arid and desert lands, much has been accomplished by associations of capital in many localities in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Large areas at the eastern base of the Cascade mountains have been made to literally "blossom as the rose." In Idaho, also, the waters of the Payette and Weiser rivers have been diverted onto the land, building up farms of diversified products and homes surrounded with evidences of prosperity. Remarkable results have also been obtained on both

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Indian ponies, herds of antelope and mule deer, much has been done. Even now the tall figure of a Nez Percés or a Klickitat Indian, standing silent and motionless in the blazing sunlight, with a scarlet blanket drawn up around his ears, is a familiar object in many towns. Long lines of ponies and riders with squaws, papooses and tepees packed on tent-poles trailing the dusty ground, threading the narrow, dangerous paths along the Snake river canons, are familiar sights. The native tribes, so numerous in the times of Bonneville and the early trappers, are rapidly passing away under habits of civilization and benevolent assimilation of the white man's

with the owners of great herds of cattle roaming over vast areas of country. No great amount of reclamation, however, has been attained through the application of artesian waters. It would seem to be the province of the general government or the state to inaugurate a systematic search for the artesian basins of water which probably exist beneath great stretches of the level plains. Such basins having been discovered through experimental wells, the further development would no doubt proceed under the direction of private enterprise, and the extent and utility of these subterranean waters be realized.

The enterprise of the Oregon Rail-

SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL WATERFALLS
VISIBLE FROM THE COLUMBIA

1—Latourelle 2—Horse Tail 3—Upper Bridal Veil —Bridal
Veil 5 Multnomah 6—Hood

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tion to engage in the pursuit of agriculture, but if, through this experiment station, the best practical methods of culture adapted to the country in question are developed, the knowledge thus acquired will prove of incalculable value to the public. The application of such methods and practice to the desert land would soon show where the corporation's interests rest, through the prodigious increase in general and local traffic. At this station, grains and grasses from all parts of the known world are given a trial as to their successful installment and cultivation under every condition of environment.

It is confidently expected that full and complete information will be acquired through these experiments as to the propagation of cereal and vegetable crops best suited to all conditions of climate in the Columbia basin. Though a measure of success has been the reward of every irrigation enterprise, the areas of

land thus far brought under culture are as nothing compared with the hundreds of square miles adapted to such treatment, and it does not seem probable that all the land susceptible of irrigation will be brought under cultivation until some general comprehensive scheme, such as the great tank or reservoir system of the Indian empire, retaining by dams the melting snows of winter, shall be adopted by the state. Should such a system be one day accomplished, the Columbia basin will be the seat of a population commensurate with its vast productive area. In India, population has for years, nay centuries, pressed hard upon the limits of subsistence, and starvation and famine are persistent conditions of millions of human beings, and this, notwithstanding vast systems of irrigation and modern facilities of distribution by railways. In our country, the natural increase in population is swelled enormously by the accretions due to immigration, and as the

struggle for subsistence grows more strenuous, land, the source of all wealth, must become more and more valuable. Before that time arrives, the great dry plains and valleys will be brought under the influence of the waste waters and the melting snows which now find their way to the sea or are dissipated by evaporation in the air.

All the mountain ranges forming the Columbia water-shed, excepting the Coast range, are rich in both the precious and useful minerals and metals. The development of these permanent sources of wealth has but barely commenced. The abundant shallow placers of Idaho and Oregon, that years since yielded up millions of golden ounces, were, by the indefatigable labor of thousands of hardy men, wholly exhausted.

Far in the past geological ages of the earth, when the mastodon and three-toed horse grazed along the shores of ancient lakes, where waved the graceful fronds of tropical ferns and palms, and where now stand the sturdy pines, great rivers flowed, whose course no man can trace. It is evident that they did not conform

to the present water-shed of the country. Violent and gradual upheavals and oscillations of the land, coincident with the era of mountain building, and the effect of vast erosions and degradation attending the retreat of glaciers at the end of the ice age, have broken up the continuity of these channel deposits. They are found generally on the mountain slopes or summits at high elevations, and the eroded material of washed gravel mixed with the boulder clay, glacial mud and broken, angular fragments of rock, is the common source of the most of the gold found in the rich but shallow placers of the banks and bars of more modern streams. It is these ancient beds that remain today to be attacked and conquered by the power of the hydraulic giant; or, where too low-lying and submerged in the valleys of mountain streams, by the dredge. Coal, copper, iron and zinc as well as gold, silver, lead, mercury, platinum and nickel, and many of the rare and precious earths and ele-

ments, are found and will be wrested from the rock ribbed mountains. In short, the mining, smelting and manufacturing industry of the mineral wealth of the country tributary to the Columbia river is destined to become one of the great and permanent sources of occupation and prosperity for thousands of men for many years to come.

The scenic beauties of the river are beyond the power of pen to adequately describe. They must be seen to be fully appreciated. The ruins of little castles of feudal barons perched upon the rocky points along the Rhine, have no counterpart along the Columbia, nor is pastoral scenery to be observed. Nature, wild and untamed by the hand of man, still rules supreme over the passage of a great river through a great mountain range, presenting landscapes of imposing grandeur and beauty.

Leaving the estuary, and passing the
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1. ROOSTER ROCK
2. OVERHANGING BLUFF
3. A BOLD HEADLAND

Photo by Gen. M. Weister

river basin contains many large, level islands that divide the water into two or more channels. The snowy dome of Mt. St. Helens may be seen on many reaches of this part of the river.

Above the village of St. Helens, the fir-clad shores draw further apart and the immediate banks, bounding the ship-channel, are covered with cottonwood and willow, and these, with the contiguous shallow ponds and meadows are completely inundated during many annual freshets. A conspicuous and interesting land-mark is Mount Coffin, a bare and precipitous rock on the north shore, rising from the water and wooded marshes to considerable height. According to the fascinating narrative of Irving's "Astoria," it was the place of burial of the dead for many Indian tribes. The word used above does not, however, properly describe the mode of disposing of the dead of these aborigines, as in all cases the body was shrouded in wrappings and placed above the ground in canoes or on slender platforms out of reach of wild animals. Ornaments, rude utensils and implements of the chase and fishing were disposed around as offerings for the use or in honor of the departed; and fluttering flags, feathers and garments on slim poles stuck around, were intended, perhaps, to frighten away ravens and crows.

The Willamette river makes a junction with the Columbia among the low, wooded islands and sloughs, and is so inconspicuous as to have easily escaped the notice of the early explorers. The view, however, from this point is beautiful, embracing three of the great snowy peaks crowning the summits of the Coast range. St. Helens is seen from its base among the great forests up to the snow and

MULTNOMAH FALLS

"Are particularly interesting, and occupy fern-lined gorges of marvelous beauty in the basalt. They are eight hundred feet in height, and at times of high water, when the mountain snows are melting, are well worthy of a place beside the famous falls of the Yosemite Valley."—JOHN MUIR.

timber line to the fields of ice lying in perpetual whiteness on its top. Mount Adams is observed to be beyond the crest of the Cascade range, and is the most easterly of the snow peaks.

As one turns to glance up the Columbia, the peak of Mt. Hood, fifty miles away, looms grandly up from the haze around its base, its cone-shaped apex piercing the tender blue of the summer sky. At this distance, its base appears to be the river horizon, and its immense bulk and grandeur appeal most strikingly to the sense. Unnumbered miles of mountain area are required to sustain its vast bulk, rising 11,225 feet in elevation. Regarding all the great volcanic peaks of the Cascade range, geological authorities agree that at the close of the epoch of activity that gave them birth, they were several thousand feet higher than at present, and erosion due to the action of the elements

CASTLE ROCK.

A notable Columbia River landmark. Twelve hundred feet high. Its base covers fifteen acres

has worn them away. The craters from which the lava, ashes and pumice were ejected, have been entirely obliterated, or can barely be traced by the rocky pinnacles left standing around the summits. We pass Vancouver barracks on the north side of the river. The site was chosen by the factors and agents of the Hudson Bay Co., and here they planted the British standard, which waved over a principal trading post and large fort stockaded for defense against the assaults of hostile Indians. The territory they supposed would remain in possession of King George, his heirs and successors forever; but it was not to be, and today the flag of an independent People floats over the handsomest site for a great military post in our country. Adjoining the post is the city of Vancouver, a thriving and prosperous town of 5000 people.

Portland, situated on the Willamette river, twelve miles from the Columbia, is a beautiful city of 100,000 inhabitants. The business district is well built of handsome and substantial structures, and the residences, surrounded by spacious lawns, shrubbery and trees, for which the place is noted, are exceptionally tasteful and attractive. It has been, since early days of mining stampedes, a marked distributing point for merchandise, and its topographical and geographical position is so commanding as to insure its supremacy, both as a seaport and railroad center and terminus.—advantages pos-

York shipped 19,936,118 bushels; New Orleans, 13,722,361 bushels; Galveston, 13,502,974 bushels; Boston and Charleston, 13,477,289 bushels; San Francisco, 12,087,918 bushels; and Puget Sound ports, including Seattle and Tacoma combined, 8,159,179 bushels.

Portland has as excellent a record in the shipment of flour. "The steamer Thyra in May, 1901, took a cargo of 51,931 barrels of flour, in addition to 1000 tons of miscellaneous freight. This was the largest cargo of flour ever put afloat on the Pacific coast, and with the single exception of a cargo of 55,000 barrels once taken by the steamer Syl-

BRIDGE OF THE GODS

"According to an Indian tradition the river of the Cascades once flowed through the basalt beneath a natural bridge that was broken down during the mountain war, when the old volcanoes, Hood and St. Helens, on opposite sides of the river, hurled rocks at each other, thus forming a dam. That the river has been dammed here to some extent, and within a comparatively short period seems probable to say the least, since great numbers of submerged trees standing erect may be found along both shores, while, as we have seen, the whole river for thirty miles above the Cascades looks like a lake or mill pond. On the other hand, it is held by some that the submerged groves were carried into their places by immense landslides." —JOHN MUIR

sessed by but few places in the country.

As a point for the exportation of wheat alone, Portland ranks fifth in the United States, being surpassed only by New York, New Orleans, Galveston, Boston and Charleston. According to the government Bureau of Statistics, for the period of eleven months ending May 31st, last, Portland shipped 12,689,623 bushels of wheat. During the same time New

York shipped 19,936,118 bushels; New Orleans, 13,722,361 bushels; Galveston, 13,502,974 bushels; Boston and Charleston, 13,477,289 bushels; San Francisco, 12,087,918 bushels; and Puget Sound ports, including Seattle and Tacoma combined, 8,159,179 bushels. Portland has as excellent a record in the shipment of flour. "The steamer Thyra in May, 1901, took a cargo of 51,931 barrels of flour, in addition to 1000 tons of miscellaneous freight. This was the largest cargo of flour ever put afloat on the Pacific coast, and with the single exception of a cargo of 55,000 barrels once taken by the steamer Syl-

vania from Newport News, the largest ever put afloat anywhere. On one trip the steamer Lennox took 47,803 barrels of flour, and the Albergeldie took 46,809 barrels later in the season. These three cargoes represented a total of 146,633 barrels of flour, or an average of 48,800 barrels per cargo, a record that has never been touched by any other port in the world."

A further index of the shipping position held by Portland is found in the record of her foreign commerce. In connection with Portland's maritime trade, an editorial that appeared recently in a Portland daily paper is of interest, as indicative of the important part played by the port in the moving of the Pacific Northwest products. It follows:

"An average of over \$50,000 worth of wheat, flour and lumber was shipped from Portland every business day in April, the figures breaking all previous records for so late in the season. This enormous amount of Oregon products was carried away in a fleet of twenty-two steamships and sailing vessels, the port disbursements of which were over \$150,000. These figures for a single month's business in what is usually regarded as the dull season, give an excellent idea of what Portland has at stake in keeping an open river to the sea. The largest portion of this \$50,000 per day was handled by Portland bankers and tradesmen, and the port disbursements of the fleet,

TUNNEL NO. 1, OREGON RAILROAD AND NAVIGATION COMPANY

amounting to over \$5,000 per day, were scattered around among a hundred lines of industry. This is the kind of traffic that has made Portland great and is keeping her in the front rank among North Pacific seaports."

"Portland today saws and ships more lumber than any other city on the Pacific coast. Multnomah county (practically Portland) last year cut 275,000,000 feet of lumber. The entire cut of the state of Oregon for the year was 898,160,000 feet, of a total value of \$8,802,500. Nearly fifty new saw mills were established in the state during that year, and a large increase in the sawing capacity of Oregon's saw mills is being made this year."

"Oregon produced in 1900, \$3,770,000 in gold, \$15,000 in silver, \$100,000 in borax and \$270,000 in coal."

"Based on the actual value of the livestock interests, Oregon is one of the most important states in the

prodigal, generous to a degree, and where, as has been said, are combined in the most remarkable manner all those elements that should produce in time to come the perfect type of American productivity.

Though not prominent now as a manufacturing center, the advantages that Portland possesses for the accumulation of raw material from a surrounding country of remarkable resources will eventually make it a seat of manufactures, and the advent of a denser population will furnish the necessary market of consumption.

The Columbia gorge, being cut down very nearly to sea level, affords water and railway access to the vast interior basin on routes practically level, or with descending grades from the fields of production to points of shipment; advantages, compared with other routes over switch-backs and tunnels and under mountain summits, that are paramount in transportation,—a fact that was early appreciated and taken advantage of by the

BLUFFS, UPPER COLUMBIA.

Union. This single industry netted Oregon stockmen last year \$10,500,000. In addition the proceeds from the 20,000,000 pounds of wool sold during 1900 amounted to \$2,500,000, making the sales of livestock and wool for the year a total of \$13,000,000."

Oregon apples, strawberries, and cherries are beginning to become recognized the country over as the very highest class, indeed without an equal. At the recent exposition at Buffalo, Oregon fruits took first prizes in competition with the whole Union. The beet and hop industries which have been comparatively recently introduced, are also taking a very high rank, Oregon hops being recognized as the best produced in the world. These are facts that are borne out by government statistics and state reports. So one could go on almost indefinitely, giving facts and figures to prove that the Columbia river basin, and particularly Oregon, is great now and still greater in promise—an unparalleled region, indeed, for all the uses of man, where nature is

Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. After leaving behind the mouth of the Willamette and Vancouver, the approach to the gorge through the mountains is inspiring. The icy cone of Mt. Hood appears to guard and bar further passage, but as one enters the foothills it gradually disappears behind the nearing mountains.

But, grand and majestic as this mighty giant is, as it towers in the air like a supreme and kingly sentinel over the landscape, we do not regret its disappearance as we proceed up the stream. For there, spread out before us, is a scene that thrills us as we were never thrilled before. Delight, expectation, wonder, enchantment are inextricably

mingled as our vision pierces to the wonders beyond. One gropes blindly, as it were, for words to express his feelings. For a moment it seems as if an intoxicating draught has been quaffed, and again as if we must bow in awe before the dignity and majesty of the scene, and the mighty forces that wrought this wonderful change in the face of nature. There is nothing small or insignificant here. Great forces have moved and have produced great results. There is the broad expanse and reach of water, the rugged, towering mountains, thousands of feet high and reaching into the clouds, the projecting crag or rock, the leaping waterfall, all speaking of a great, silent majesty, and filling us, as is

generally admitted, with an expectation and delight that is not experienced in the same way and degree by viewing any other riverscenery in the world. One is impressed with all this and impressed too with man and his efforts to overcome and conquer nature; for winding in and out between the great overhanging boulders and palisades and the river, is the iron steed with which man is rapidly annihilating distance. We are not permitted to dwell upon the fact, however. Look here! Look there! Would that our eyes were able to see in two directions at once, for there is

some wonder demanding attention on either side of the river. Well known forms of vertical escarpments and conical pinnacles peculiar to the basaltic formation crown the successive heights to the very mountain tops. Slender ribbon-like falls hang lightly from the brow of a sheer precipice or dash in foam down some rocky gulch, and the morning mists that linger on the wooded peaks veil in mystery the beauty beyond. One's desire to possess and perpetuate some scene of beauty becomes irresistible, when out

magnificent ramparts of Cape Horn, rising sheer and bare from the water's edge, seem to say to the river, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther."

In the late autumn months, the winds from the interior pour down the gorge at times as through a funnel, and Cape Horn is then worthy of its name-sake.

On the southern shores, the mass of debris from the weathering of the crags above, clothed in ever-green pines sweeps down to the shore in grand

long passage between The Dalles and Vancouver, a well-known artist has said that the scenes of interest and beauty would furnish a life-time of sketching. The camera can do but cold-blooded justice to such landscapes. It requires the inspired brush of an accomplished artist to endow the scene with feeling and life, and convey to the sense the savage grandeur and fairy-like grace that is left upon the imagination. The peculiar shape and vertical attitude of Rooster Rock on the south shore, erect above the waters, excites universal attention and remark. It might be a gigantic and singular monolith set up by the Titans of the mountains, to mark the gateway of the river. On the opposite shore, the

"The immense volume of water makes a grand display. During the flood season the falls are obliterated and skillful boatmen pass over them in safety, while the Dalles, some six or eight miles below, may be passed during low water but are utterly impassable in flood time"

curves of grace and beauty. Of the small cascades and water-falls tumbling into the river from the Oregon side, Multnomah falls is the most conspicuous. Pitching abruptly over the lip of a precipice 30 feet wide, it takes a sheer leap of eight hundred feet into a foam-lashed pool, and a further drop of sixty feet to the river level. Wafted by the breeze, swaying to and fro, as the sun lights up the sparkling gems, it is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Castle rock on the north shore, standing at the water's edge and isolated from the nearest hills, excites curious speculations as to whether it was thrust up from be-

neath, or left by the erosion of its surroundings. Its sides are seen to be of columnar basalt, like the Giant's Causeway of Fingal's Cave, and resemble a great mass of railroad bars stacked high on end.

At length we enter the mouth of the "Lower Cascades." Salmon fishing wheels are seen on either hand, built fast to the rocks or else on scows secured by many ropes to the shore. Bonneville and the "Middle Cascades" are soon passed, and we reach the first impediment to unobstructed navigation,—a rapid with a difference in river level of twenty-six feet. The channel below this rapid was formerly strewn with great detached boulders and rocks, but these dangerous obstructions have been removed. At the "Lower Cascades" the river at extreme low water exhibits a rise and fall of about six inches, due to the tidal effect of the

ocean, and shows the great depth to which the mountain gorge has been cut down. There is striking evidence to lead to the belief that this rapid has not always existed, but has been formed by the debris of enormous slides and falling-in of masses of rock from the adjacent mountain. In support of this view, the character of the forty miles of river between the Cascades and The Dalles may be considered. Below the rapids for a distance of six or eight miles the current runs very swiftly, and for many boats is difficult to stem; whereas above the rapids, it is gentle and moderate. At one or more places may be seen the standing trunks of large trees covered with twenty or thirty feet of water, and to all appearance they were submerged standing where they grew. The old Indian tradition that a natural bridge once spanned the site of the Cascades over which their



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ancestors used to cross, may be taken for what such legends are commonly worth. Under the War Department, a splendid system of locks has been built here, which enables the largest boats to pass up the river to the still more serious obstruction, "The Dalles." The locks were opened to traffic November 5, 1896, and were several years under construction. Built of the quality of granite, they exceeded in both cost capacity by but few in world. The original design includes a long training wall from the foot of the lock to a basin below where quiet water would make the entrance easier of approach. A river for a distance of forced through deep channels and many small falls point the channel is less than the width, across easily cast a stone. Several plans for the improvement of the passage have been discussed, but the cost of any of them would be great, and owing largely to Celilo Falls, locks to overcome a difference of level of about fifty feet would have to be provided. Dalles City, a lively town of 3600 people, nestled down among the rocks, is one of the oldest settlements on the river. The great army of pines does not extend as far eastward as the foot of the mountains, and a few groves of yellow pine with scattered individuals of the Douglas fir or spruce here and there are the sum of the forest growth. On the north side of the river at many places between the Cascades and Dalles, the effect of upheaval and torsion of the earth's strata is seen. The absence of any vegetation but grass makes the exposure remarka-

"At The Dalles the vast river is jammed together into a long narrow slot of unknown depth cut sheer down in the basalt. This slot or trough is about a mile and half long and about sixty yards wide at the narrowest place. At ordinary times the river seems to be set on edge and runs swiftly, but without much noisy surging, with a descent of about twenty feet to the mile. But when the snow is melting on the mountains, the river rises here sixty feet, or even more during extraordinary freshets, and spreads out over great breadth of massive rocks, through which have been cut several other gorges running parallel with the one usually occupied. All these inferior gorges now come into use, and the huge, roaring torrent, still rising and spreading, at length overwhelms the high jagged rock walls between them, making a tremendous display of chafing, surging, shattered currents, counter-currents and hollow whirls that no words can be made to describe. A few miles below The Dalles the storm-tossed river gets itself together again, looks like water, becomes silent, and with stately, tranquil deliberation goes on its way, out of the gray region of sage and sand into the Oregon woods. Thirty-five or forty miles below The Dalles are the Cascades of the Columbia, where the river in passing through the mountains makes another magnificent display of foaming, surging rapids which form the first obstruction to navigation from the ocean, a hundred and twenty miles distant. This obstruction is overcome by locks."

bly easy of observation and study. The horizontal markings elsewhere seen at successive heights along the face of the

cliffs are referred by superficial observers to the cutting edge of running water or ice. The limits of this article preclude a full geological discussion of the phenomenon, but a brief statement will show that these markings can not be ascribed to the action above mentioned. It may be pointed out at once that wherever the faces of these bluffs have been quarried away or cut back any distance, the markings can still be traced, a fact which must set aside the "water's edge" theory. Again, the fracture, shape and size of fragments above and below these marks are seen under close study to be quite unlike, being columnar and vertical above and below, but conchoidal at the zone of markings. These markings show, in fact, a line of demarcation where one

A HOOD RIVER APPLE ORCHARD

flow of lava or molten rock succeeded a previous one, whose surface had a longer or shorter interval of time in which to cool, causing the material to fracture according to the rate of cooling. The vertical habit of weathering in basaltic rock being wholly due to the characteristic fracture, the vertical or columnar structure is generally observed to be at right angles to the base of each mass of flow, which, under ordinary conditions would be level or horizontal. Coming now to the effects of upheaval, we see at the places just referred to great areas where the markings are inclined to the horizontal at angles of fifteen to twenty-five degrees, and the columnar structure correspondingly inclined at the same angles to the zenith. It is evident, then, that the edge of the running water or ice could not have produced these marks. The whole formation demonstrates the action of the prodigious forces of nature, the shrinking of the earth's solid crust and the upheaval of mountain chains.

Above Dalles City, the traveler may perhaps fancy that he has been by some evil genius transported to the deserts of Arabia, or above the cataracts of the Nile. Sand, sage-brush, rocks and wind prevail, and lines of tall poplar and fruit-

trees are seen where springs flow and windmills, madly whirling, pump water on to the land. Clouds of sand, filling the air, and swept by the lively breeze over the white-capped river are salient features of the scene. Mile after mile of "sand fences" and boards adjusted to guide the drifting sand from the railroad tracks on the adjacent shore tire the senses. Here on the shore is a busy

THE LOCKS AT THE CASCADES

throng of people, hurrying to and from saddled horses and vehicles of all sorts. Cow-boys, ladies and gentlemen, all in a hurry. Wheat in bags fills the freight warehouses and sheds, and, piled high under canvas covers and boards, corded up in long stacks on each side of the road, seems to block the way in all directions. Pens of shorn sheep are awaiting the arrival of the cattle train, and wagons loaded high with baled wool wait their turn at the freight depot.

Where can all this wealth of production come from with nothing in sight but sand and silvery sage and the tawny rocks of the desert?

Appearances are often deceptive, and were a traveller inclined to investigate the seeming paradox and submit to a few miles' ride leading up the gentle sloping hills, his eyes would be opened as to the source of the wealth. Mile after mile of fields of yellow stubble, team following team with horses, sacks, wagon and driver all one dusty color, are passed, and the smoke from the steam thresher drifts swiftly away on the brisk breeze.

The scene is much the same further up the river, enlivened perhaps by groups of Chinese on the wind-swept bars near Umatilla, patiently "rocking" for fine gold; while at Wallula, a number of smoke-tanned Indian tepees may be noticed among the willows. The party of hunters and trappers conducted by Hunt in 1812, passed

MT. HOOD, FROM PORTLAND

along this route on their toilsome journey to Astor's trading post at Astoria, and the local names recall the tale of their terrible hardships and sufferings so graphically told in Irving's charming tale. The towns of Walla Walla, Pendleton, La Grande and Baker City lie to the south and east, on the flanks and in the valleys of the Blue mountains whose summits bound the horizon's purple haze. It is in these mountains that the great development in mines is now in progress, many of them being large-paying producers, while many others are in course of active development. In this district, the principal value produced is gold. To the eastward, in the pan-handle of Idaho, lie the Coeur d'Alene mountains, where is a large group of lead and silver mines which are as productive of these metals as any in the world.

The handsome city of Spokane on the river of the same name is closely identified with the important mineral region lying to the north and west along the Columbia, and its tributary lakes and

branches far beyond the boundary. The city holding a population of 40,000 is very solidly built up of blocks of brick and stone, and has a metropolitan air and appearance. The Spokane river, rising in the beautiful lake, Coeur d'Alene, here plunges over the rocks in a succession of falls so disposed as to furnish a magnificent water power of great volume. Clark's fork of the Columbia, having its source directly opposite the springs of the Missouri river near Helena, Montana, runs in a north-west course, draining Flatland lake, and, passing through the lovely lake Pend d'Oreille, effects a junction with the Columbia at the National boundary line. In this great region, embracing the northern part of Washington and a considerable portion of British Columbia east of the Cascades, are found the immense veins of iron, lead, silver, copper and gold already known far and wide. It is a country of steep and rugged mountains, clad in forest growth and diversified with charming lakes, and swift and crooked rivers. Glaciers lie deep in the highest gorges.

and large game and fish of the salmon family abound. Lake Chelan, lying at the foot of the Cascade mountains, is a beautiful and also a remarkable sheet of water — remarkable in that its surface is 1107 feet above the sea level, while its depth is so great that the bottom is many feet below the ocean. Smelters for the reduction of ores of this

important mining district are in active operation at many points and a great part of the ores in con-

LOOKING DOWN THE COLUMBIA
FROM NEAR WALLULA

From a Water Color by Capt. Cleveland Rockwell



THOUSAND SPRINGS, IDAHO

"One of the unique phenomena in connection with the Columbia. These springs gush from banks of solid rock while back of them for many miles are wastes of sage brush. They flow into the Snake River."

centrated form is shipped both East and West for treatment. The whole country is well provided with means of transportation, for besides the boats that ply on the Columbia, Kootenay and numerous, long, river-like lakes, the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, the Canadian Pacific, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific all intersect the territory. The future development of the mines alone in this broad field will add greatly to the welfare and wealth of both the United States and Canada.

In considering as a whole the great area and wonderful resources embraced within the limits of the Columbia river basin and its adaptability of development, we should take into account its generous and equable climate and the absence of those meteorological conditions that breed the terrific cyclone, the arctic blizzard and famine-producing drouth. One can not but be impressed with the thought that here should be a good country in which to live and build a home. In point of fact, no other part of our common country, great as it is, can be shown to have superior opportunities for making life pleasant and profitable, or to

Photo by Myers, Boise, Idaho

present such chances of taking part in the development of those resources already recounted, that when accomplished will make the Columbia river basin the seat of prosperity and the contented home of a great people.

SPEELYIA: A LEGEND of THE FORMATION of LATOURELLE FALLS and THE PILLARS of HERCULES

By F. H. SAYLOR

THE Columbia river Indians say that in the long ago the people living up the river could get no salmon, were very hungry, and appealed to the god Speelyia for succor. Being moved by their sufferings, he decided to go down the river and learn the cause of the famine. On his arrival at a point a few miles above where Astoria now stands, he found that a dam had been constructed across the river by some "beaver women," who kept watch and let no salmon pass. Seeing that the easiest way to gain quick admission to their homes would be by resorting to strategy, he transformed himself into a papoose, and got into a piece of bark, so high on the sides, and so bent up on both ends, that it would serve as a canoe; in this fashion he went floating down towards the dam. On arriving at the place where the women lived, one of them, by the name of Was-ke-wa, happened to be outside her lodge cleaning fish. To attract her attention, Speelyia began to cry and fret, the noise causing the woman to look around. On perceiving him, her tender heart was touched, and, taking him in her arms, she ran to her sisters, crying, "Oh, sisters, I have found a baby."

After making much ado over him, she resolved to try to raise him to manhood, that she might have him for a husband. The other sisters objected to this arrangement, and when his preserver was away, Speelyia overheard them planning to drown him, but in this they were prevented by the watchfulness and care given by his nurse. After he had been there several days, he found the beauty of his foster-mother had stolen his heart; and he also discovered that she was the keeper of the key to the dam. To remain there he ran the risk

of getting drowned, in which case the Indians up the river would starve. If he left, he felt that he could not go without the lovely Was-ke-wa.

On the tenth day of his stay, the weather grew warm and sultry, the women became drowsy, and finally went to sleep. This was Speelyia's opportunity, and he stole from Was-ke-wa's breast the key there hidden, and quietly went out and unlocked the dam. When he returned to his sleeping charmer, he came in the form of his manhood, and taking her in his arms, ran toward the river bank. On his near approach, he found that the end of the dam was gone, but the myriads of salmon pushing through the break were so packed together that walking on their backs was like walking on dry land. On reaching home he found all the Indians rejoicing over the return of the salmon, and before the conclusion of the festivities inaugurated as thanksgiving, he celebrated his nuptials with Was-ke-wa.

As long as Speelyia kept the key to the dam, his wife was happy and contented, and without it her sisters could not lock the dam and prevent the fish getting up the river to the Indians; but one day he lost the key and the finder gave it to his wife. Immediately she began to long for her home and the society of her sisters. Her discontent was evidence enough to Speelyia that she had secured the key, and to prevent her from making bad use of it, he confined her and her two sons in a cave whenever he went away. As he was gone quite frequently, this treatment completely alienated their affections, and they planned to decamp. One day while Speelyia was in his "sweat-house," the family stole away and were far down the river before he discovered their absence.

As Was-ke-wa ran along, every little while she pulled out one of the long

hairs that crowned her head and stretched it across the trail, tying the ends to rocks and trees so that Speelyia in his pursuit would trip on them and lose time in his race to capture the fugitives. After proceeding for a time, curiosity got the better of her, and she halted to note the effect of her efforts to delay him. Speelyia soon came in sight, but every time he reached one of her obstructions he would fall heavily to the ground. He did this so often that his knees became badly bruised, and were bleeding so profusely that he was much weakened by loss of blood. As he fell again and again, the laughter of his wife and sons came to his ears. Knowing in his weakness he would be unable to overtake them except by strategy, he made a pretense of being more exhausted than he really was, and, dropping to his knees, began crawling along slowly, recovering his breath and energy as he did so.

His ruse proved successful, for they allowed him to come close to them; then Speelyia quickly jumped to his feet, and with a bound had seized the recreant spouse. Before the sons could interfere,

the god had drawn a long knife, and they being unarmed, a rescue of their mother was out of the question. Through the advice of their mother, they began to run on down the river. Speelyia pleaded for the possession of the key she had taken, but in vain. Her stubbornness so angered him that he scooped away the side of the mountain and fastened her thereto, at the same time transforming her into a waterfall, now called Latourelle.

After this he again set out in pursuit of his sons, whom he soon caught. To them he promised all sorts of good things if they would return to his lodge, but they told him to wait till they had visited their mother's sisters. When the god had made offer of all the inducements he could think of, they still said, "wait." At last he told them he would do so, but that their aunts would wait for their coming as long as he did, and, with his powers of enchantment, willed that they should stand where they were, each a pillar of rock.

And there we of today find them and know them as "The Needles," or "Pillars of Hercules."

IN WINTER QUARTERS AT CLATOQUOT.

Captain Gray giving orders to Mr. Wendell concerning the building of the sloop "Adventure," the second vessel built on the Pacific Coast. This was on the second voyage to the Northwest at which time the Columbia River was discovered.

By WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS.

**"Westward the Course of
Empire Takes Its Way"—**

It is not quite one hundred years since President Jefferson sent out the famous Lewis and Clark Expedition to explore the Pacific Northwest. It is only slightly more than a hundred years since the good ship "Columbia" was fitted out in Boston harbor for her second expedition to the Northwest Coast when she discovered the great Columbia river, and gave to the United States a claim to the region, "by right of discovery." The significance of these expeditions is not fully realized today when an empire stands as a monument to their intrepid leaders and to those who sent them out. Far less was it realized in 1805, when the whole country west of the Alleghanies was practically an unknown wilderness. What object could be gained, it was asked, by exploring a region that could not possibly, in hundreds of years to come, be brought into touch with the Union, or made of any apparent value to it? Too vast a tract already waited for settlement. The Pacific Coast? The words were synonymous with the greatest remoteness and impossibility. Yet, urged on by something of the same incentive that must have animated Columbus, President Jefferson and those old Boston traders became the moving factors of their age in the great tide of immigration that has been surging steadily westward since the dawn of history. How fitting it was that the ship which was destined to carry forward the work of Columbus should be named after him, and should be the first vessel to carry the flag of the new nation around the world! The voyage of the ship "Columbia" and the actions of President Jefferson have had the most far-reaching effects upon our national life. To Jefferson belongs the undying glory of not only

having added the great Pacific Northwest to our domain, but of having made the Louisiana Purchase, thereby making possible the acquisition of Texas, California and adjacent territory. Directly or indirectly, therefore, he is responsible for the United States as it is today, both from the standpoint of extent of territory and the position that it occupies in the commercial world. These facts are appreciated in a general way by the average person, but their full significance is lost to all but those who have come into close contact with the great region west of the Mississippi. Every man in this country of ordinary intelligence knows, of course, that there is a vast stretch of land from the shores of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, but he does not begin to realize the meaning of this. He does not appreciate, nor, indeed, do those of far greater intelligence and education appreciate that almost every foot of this great stretch has written upon it, "Opportunity, Opportunity, Opportunity"; that the great movement of humanity westward, as irresistible as time itself, has found its ultimate goal on the shores of the Pacific. It has been vouchsafed to the American nation to be the last factor in this great movement, and it is worth while to pause a moment and observe the character of the land that has fallen as a heritage to us and to our posterity. In considering a subject of this nature, one's first impulses are almost invariably along aesthetic lines. Is the land beautiful to behold? In this respect, if any, the most superlative words would fail of an adequate expression of the work that nature has done in embellishing the Pacific Coast. From Southern California to Northern Alaska there is every change of scene, from beautiful valleys to rugged, snow-capped moun-

tains that tower like sentinels thousands of feet into the air. Nature could hardly be more prodigal. Seemingly not content with all that she had done, as a master-stroke the majestic Columbia river and the gorgeous Yosemite valley were created, it would seem, to awe man into humiliation and to bring forth a deep reverence for the Higher Power that wrought these great and magnificent changes in the face of nature. And yet a land that is characterized by the most marvelous scenery that the trained imagination can picture, might be utterly worthless for the uses of man. It is in the utilitarian sense that the Pacific Coast stands out pre-eminent—the most favored spot in the whole world. This may seem a broad statement, but only to those who are ignorant of the unparalleled advantages that the Pacific Coast offers over any other portion of the globe. Without extremes of heat and cold, with fertile soil that is adapted to a great variety of products, with land that yields in abundance to the efforts of man, we have a country that commends itself as a place where life can be made the most ideal and the true blessings of living the most apparent. Add to these statements the fact that the Pacific Coast, and especially the Pacific Northwest, has been blessed with great natural resources—gold, silver, nickel, copper, iron, coal, and timber in great abundance, with rivers that teem with the most delicately flavored fish, and there can be but one conclusion—a great region—indeed one without a counterpart in any other part of the world.

The future of such a region is almost like an open book. When the facts so briefly suggested are known to the world, and it can believe that they *are* facts and not the fancies of a paid imagination, there cannot but result a steady influx of people to the Pacific Coast from all parts of the world. That this region will see, therefore, at no very distant day, a population commensurate with its great opportunities and possibilities, and will attain a height of civilization that will surpass that of any previous period in history, there seems to be no doubt. It is even pointed out by those who have enthusiastically studied

this subject that the Pacific Coast combines the conditions necessary for producing the most perfect type of humanity; that in the distant future the ideal type of an American citizen will be evolved from the climatic, educational, and psychological conditions that are either now, or rapidly coming to be, characteristic of the Coast. Two great universities have been established here, and, if carried out along the lines that their founders and recent donors have indicated, they will take rank with any in the world. While but a step has been taken in this direction, it is indicative of the progress that is being made in all lines. A great commerce is to spring up with the Orient, and in preparation for this the largest vessel ever built in America was recently launched to ply between a Pacific Coast port and China. From whatever standpoint, therefore, we may consider it, the future of the Pacific Coast is full of promise and wonderful possibilities. It is truly "a land that floweth with milk and honey" and fair to look upon. Where now we hear the ring of the woodman's axe in the depth of a great fir forest, time will place a flourishing city, with temples and institutions of learning. The hum of industry will be heard from the length and breadth of the Coast, and a golden age of prosperity, of literature, art, science, and social conditions will be ushered in. To such a future the star of destiny seems to unmistakably point.

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The Current Number—

The current number of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY is sufficiently suggestive of the general plan and purpose which animates and controls it to recommend it to those under whose observation it will come. Columbia river scenery and the Columbia river as a great commercial artery are now brought to the attention of the people of the world more forcefully and suggestively than they have ever been before. It is not intended to say, however, that this prolific subject has been exhausted. It is practically inexhaustible. It is modestly and confidently hoped and believed, however, that

this beginning of elaborate recognition of Pacific Coast resources and beauty will be cordially greeted for what it is designed to be—a fore-taste of what THE PACIFIC MONTHLY has in store for its readers at home and abroad.

* * *

The Lewis and Clark Exposition—

A movement was started some few months ago to hold an Exposition in Portland in 1905 to commemorate the famous expedition of Lewis and Clark. The people of Portland have taken up the project with great energy and enthusiasm, \$300,000.00 having been raised by the citizens in a few days as a preliminary fund. It is now proposed to increase the amount to be secured from Portland to \$500,000.00, and doubtless there will be no difficulty whatever in securing this amount. It is expected that the State of Oregon will duplicate the sum raised by Portland, and adjacent states have signified their intention of being represented in a fitting manner. The National Government will be asked to aid the enterprise, and inasmuch as the Exposition will commemorate an event of national character and impor-

tance, there can hardly be any doubt but that a sum in keeping with the great significance of the Lewis and Clark expedition will be given. The prospects from a financial standpoint, therefore, are unusually bright. As to the ultimate financial success of the project, those who have studied the subject carefully believe that with conservative management the Exposition will prove successful. It is promised that the stereotyped features that have characterized recent expositions will be eliminated, and that something new and novel will be presented. The Exposition will be representative of the great Pacific Northwest, and this fact is a surety in itself that there will be nothing commonplace about it. There is a marked increase of interest throughout the country in this section, and the movement for the Exposition comes, therefore, at an opportune time. When one considers, in addition to this fact, that the purpose of the Exposition is a most commendable one; that it will be unique in character, and that a gratifying spirit of enthusiasm for the enterprise is general throughout the Pacific Northwest, it seems that there is every reason for expecting a brilliant and successful Exposition. Certainly the outlook could hardly be more propitious.

The Columbia River.

Stop not, Oh Wanderer, in thy search for
Nature's grandest sights
Upon the banks of Rhone or Rhine, to find
supreme delights;
And linger not beside the Nile, upon the
desert sands,
Nor pitch thy tent on Mississippi's broad
and flowery lands.

But hither come upon this mighty river's
rugged shore,
Behold its banks in evergreen and hear
its waters roar;
Then look above and feast thine eyes upon
the cloud-capped heights,
Where o'er the realm of man yet free from
fear the eagle lights.

The woods that stretch from snowy peaks
to vales of fertile land
Have yet the breath of purity as from their
Maker's hand.
The Pyramids that Nature built upon this
river's shore
Remain, while human races come and go
for evermore.

Go sit beside each waterfall that thunders
from its height.
And feel the thrill of grandeur there, the
awe of Nature's might.
Then dream no more of grander scenes be-
neath this planet's skies—
The master-piece of Nature's work lies here
before thine eyes.

—Andrew Franzen.

Capt. Cleveland Rockwell—

A brief sketch of the man, the product of whose gifted pen appears as the leading article in this month's *PACIFIC MONTHLY*, will doubtless prove of interest to our readers.

There are, it may be truly said, but few men who unite, within the limits of one personality, so many traits of excellence. As a soldier he served on the staff of General Sherman, and since the close of the war, until very recently, he has had prominent connection with the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, in which capacity his ability as a civil engineer and his scientific knowledge have proved of genuine value in developing the comparatively unexplored areas of this section, so rich in potential wealth. But, imbued with the acumen of the scientist, he possesses in a high degree the talents of an author and poet—a fact which no reader of the marvelously vivid descriptions in "The Columbia River Basin" will deny. And to these rare qualities of the imagination is added the technical skill of the artist, for his canvases are known and appreciated by the most critical. Moreover, he is a keen observer of events and thoroughly conversant with the topics of the day. Thus, soldier, scientist, author, artist, and man of affairs, he is versatile in the best sense, and possesses the crystalized character formed by habits of persistent study and research

Grover Cleveland—"The Man who Stopped Things."

Cleveland, as a statesman, will be remembered as the man who stopped things. He checked abuses; he prevented bad men from accomplishing their schemes; he warded off impending calamity; he reduced revenues and saved taxes; he stayed the ebbing tide of public credit; he throttled anarchy; he stopped foreign aggrandizement on the American continent. Always he was the safety valve. He brought no new doc-

trine to the people; he had no theory of government—merely an ideal of duty for the hour. He founded no institution; in the political life of his time he constructed nothing. He will be remembered as one who every hour of the working day did what he thought was exactly right, and who never attempted to guide the current of the public business, but always to see that the business was wisely and honestly done. He was a modest, industrious public servant, who lived so closely the motto, "A public office is a public trust," that people came to believe that he invented it—which he did not. His name was never linked with any policy, and no law on the statute books of his country is known as Cleveland's law. He tried to efface his personality, but it was so strong and distinctive and pungent with masculinity that it dominated everything he did in spite of his aversion to public politics. Yet he will never be a hero, because he did not live a dramatic life. He must remain to posterity a disembodied spirit, an ideal of honesty bearing a man's name—the symbol of a national inspiration toward public virtue.—*From the February McClure's.*

* * *

Mrs. Eva Emery Dye—

It has been said, that the prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people, and it has often been the case, that persons who have achieved distinction in authorship, have had but little to encourage them from those living in their own neighborhood. It may be said, however, to the credit of the generation now dwelling on the Pacific coast, that "McLaughlin and Old Oregon," at its first appearance and ever since that time, has received the unstinted praise which its great merit deserves, and its author, Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, whose pen has graced the pages of *THE PACIFIC MONTHLY*, has now, as she deserves to have, the warm appreciation of those among whom she lives. In the great work upon which we understand Mrs. Dye is now engaged, relating to the Lewis and Clark expedition, she will undoubtedly bring to the coast still more of fame and will gain in

larger degree the esteem of the nation, and especially of the people "Where Rolls the Oregon." The best wishes of a widening circle of readers are with

EVA EMERY DYE.

Mrs. Dye in her literary career, and heartfelt congratulations are extended both to her and to Oregon for past successes and future promise.

* * *

Marshall Field—

The wholesale and retail dry goods business of Marshall Field is in excess of \$50,000,000 a year. He has factories in England, Ireland and Scotland, in France, Italy, Spain, Germany and Austria, in Russia, China, Japan and India. He is one of the largest owners in the United States Steel Trust. He is the largest individual holder in the Pullman Car Company. A conservative estimate of his real estate holdings in Chicago places a valuation upon them of \$30,000,000. His wealth, conservatively estimated, exceeds \$100,000,000. To his credit it is to be said that this is clean money, made honestly, in legitimate business. There is no evidence that he ever owed a dollar, and it is certain that he never borrowed one.

Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all.—
Henry D. Thoreau.

The World Beautiful in Books—

By Lillian Whiting.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The *motif* of this little volume of infinite attraction, is, as the author herself sets forth, a wish to combat the prevalent and pernicious theory that "good books are inevitably somewhat formidable and that devotion to the best literature is something of a test of mental endurance," and an endeavor to provide "a limited selection of that more vital range of expression that appeals to the spiritual life, that arouses aspiration and conviction and that liberates energy." Upon what more delightful or praiseworthy a mission could the altruistic author embark? Dividing her work into five chapters, which, albeit, do not greatly differ in subject, she surveys the whole field of literature in her effort to extract that which is choicest and best. From Tolstoi to Churchill, from Homer to Phillips, from Plato to Darwin, she ranges with an audacity that almost takes our breath, and yet carries us on with an ever-increasing enchantment.

Her approach is neither the coldly critical, nor the purely analytical one. If there is one adjective to convey the idea, it is that her view-point is essentially *vital*. "The world of books is still the world" is her principle, and from it she develops a philosophy of literature that is incomparably stimulating and refreshing. She indeed opens "Golden doors" for us and leads us on to heaven-kissing hills of purest thought. Especially in that last wonderful chapter, "The Witness of the Dawn" does she open the very portals of the future and reveals to us the great spiritual significance of existence, all glowing in the clear white light of her own beautiful Idealism.

What a privilege and an unfailing delight it must be to see things from Lillian Whiting's view-point! For her the "world" is "beautiful," indeed, so refined and clairvoyant is her vision. What matter if her feet sometimes leave the ground? What matter if, at times, she is carried away by the up-heaving force of her enthusiasm into the realms of the visionary and impracticable? Truly, is there not enough of materialism in this work-a-day world that we may not forgive her the fervor which sometimes err?

So richly supplied is this precious volume with extracts illustrative of the lessons it aims to inculcate, that it may almost be termed an "anthology of the literature of life." But it is always the reflection of the author's own spirit so often projected on its pages that is of the greatest value and help to the reader.

To the layman, "The World Beautiful in Books" will serve as a veritable guide-book to all that is most stimulating in the great sum total of written matter; to the man of letters, a rich and varied commentary; and to the casual reader, a noble treasure-house of suggestive selections and inspiring thought.

* * *

Thoughts—

Compiled by ladies of the Fabiola Hospital Association.
Cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.
Dodge Publishing Co., New York.

There is, and presumably, always will be a numerous class of readers who like to get at the inmost substance of the matter without the necessity of forcing their way through the enclosing sheath of verbiage, explanation or minor detail. They want the meat without the labor of cracking the shell, the pure kernel of thought without the trouble of stripping

away the husks of investing words. To these, this little "Thoughts" will come as an especial delight. Here they may find the very pick and choice of the products of the greatest minds, shorn of all embellishment, condensed into the most trenchant phrase, and, more often than not, compressed within the capsule of an epigram.

The selections are made with admirable judgment and the anonymous compilers have been at great pains to choose only those quotations which are the most practical and which will contribute to the daily needs of the mind and soul.

Emerson is, of course, the greatest contributor, then Lilian Whiting, whose "The World Beautiful" is an exhaustless source of inspiring thought. Thoreau, George Eliot, Ruskin, Materlinck, David Starr Jordan, Mabie and other eminent authors follow, ranging from Marcus Aurelius to Bob Burdette; Thomas a Kempis to Edwin Markham. A praiseworthy feature is the absence of that class of quotations which, though excellent of themselves, are so well-known as to be ineligible to a collection of this kind. The occasional repetition of the same quotation may be mentioned as a minor fault; in one instance, the recurrence appearing on opposite pages. It is a charming little volume, as to binding and editing, and is abundantly illustrated with half-tones of some of its principal contributors.

* * *

Mistress Brent—

*By Lucy Meacham Thurston.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston.*

Another fragment added to the vast tessalation that will, ere long, round out the history of this land of ours—and this time, again, it is a woman's hand that wields the trowel. It is a matter for conjecture just how long the quarry of historic incidents will stand the demands

of the novelists. In good troth, if present evidence stands for aught, the supply is as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse, and will last—providing it be spread out thin enough—until present day history is ancient enough for use. However, "Mistress Brent" makes no great draught on historical sources, although the main incidents and some of the characters are, presumably, drawn from the pages of history. The scene is laid in the earlier years of the seventeenth century in My Lord Baltimore's colony of St. Mary's, and a very vivid and definite picture of those quaint times it offers. Margaret Brent, who plays the principal role, is a cousin of Baltimore's who crosses the Atlantic with other settlers, obtains a grant of land in her own right and then builds her home and organizes her estate. Her struggles with adverse conditions, her intimate participation in the affairs of the colony, and the love engendered by her beauty and strength and womanliness go to form the narrative. The character is an exceedingly attractive one; and to watch its development under the molding stress of trying circumstance from the petulant, wilful girlhood to the magnificent dignity of the woman is an unadulterated delight.

There is a freshness and buoyancy about the telling of the story that bespeaks the author's joy in her work and quickly enlists the sympathy of the reader, and an absence of those machine-like effects that is a matter for gratitude. As compared with the accredited pattern for books of this class, there is a noticeable dearth of sword-play and other blood-stirring incidents, and a lack, too, of striking contrast and forceful climax. But to the reader who is over-surfited with this harrowing sort of thing, the sweet story of Mistress Brent and her final attainment of content and the fullness of life will come as a summer breeze, laden with the breath of flowers.



In Politics—

The Canal.

In view of the reduction from \$109,000,000 to \$40,000,000 in the price demanded by the Panama Canal Co., the Canal Commission has reversed its report to read in favor of the Panama route. This is logical and in no wise inconsistent. The facts remain that in every particular, except one, the Panama route has the advantage. It is shorter by many miles; it can be constructed in a much shorter time and at a less expense; its cost of maintenance would be less, and it would be, practically, a tide-water canal. The one exception exists in the fact that the route between the Eastern and Western coasts of the United States is longer via the Panama than the Nicaraguan canal. Meanwhile, persistent delay prevails.

* * *

Ship Subsidy.

The ship-subsidy bill, introduced by Senator Frye, has been favorably reported to the Senate. It provides a yearly grant of \$2,000,000 to certain shipping interests for the purpose of enhancing the power and efficiency of our "Merchant marine."

* * *

The Treasury.

The formal leave-taking of Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, was accompanied by many tokens of regret by his confreres and the subordinates who have served under him since 1897. The first official communication of Secretary Shaw was to comment favorably on the bill provided by Sulzer of New York to deposit Government funds at interest throughout the country. This measure would not only increase the national revenue, but would augment the credit accommodations of the banks.

The Philippines.

Judge Taft, recently returned from the Philippines, reports most favorably upon the status of affairs in those troubled isles. He emphasizes his belief in the success in civil government, sustained by the presence of a numerous and influential peace party. He thinks that a military force no larger than 15,000 men will be sufficient to insure pacific conditions, provided they be reinforced by a greatly augmented native constabulary. The land question, he says, due to the unsettled condition of the titles, presents the most serious problem. In this connection, it is interesting to read Dr. Schurman's address on the same subject. He forces the question into this alternative: Shall the Philippines become an integral part of the United States; or shall they be granted independence? The latter solution is, he concludes, the only tenable one. This is in accord with the minority report submitted by the Democrats on the Philippine Committee in the Senate. It recites that the (1) United States "relinquish all claim to sovereignty over the Philippines"; that (2) they shall be foreign territory and "subject to the same duties, customs and imports"; that (3) the "United States shall continue to occupy the archipelago until the Filipinos have formed for themselves a stable government"; that (4) the United States withdraw "as soon as these results be accomplished."

* * *

Cuban Annexation.

Representative Newlands, of Nevada, has presented a joint resolution inviting the Republic of Cuba to become a part of the United States, first as a territory, and eventually as a state. The bill also authorizes a 25 per cent. reduction of tariff on the present crop of Cuban sugar, in consideration of reciprocal reductions made by Cuba. Such an invitation, it is believed, if extended, would prove acceptable to the people of Cuba.

A Reunited Democracy.

That the United States is in need of a potent and vigorous opposition party is irrefutable. Therefore the news that effectual measures are to be taken to rehabilitate the Democratic party will be welcome. A reception is to be given in New York which, it is planned, will be attended by the most prominent Democrats from all sections, with a view to establishing harmonious relations and a working organization.

* * *

Mayor Low and the Excise Law.

Mayor Low has clearly defined his attitude in regard to the excise law. He affirms that an enforcement of the law with the means at hand could only be accomplished by a neglect of all other laws and a concentration of the police force upon this one object. Furthermore, in reply to a committee which waited on him with certain suggestions, he expressed a belief that restaurants should enjoy the same privileges as hotels, and that the whole matter should be decided by local option, each burrough settling the question for itself.

* * *

In China.

The return of the imperial court to Peking has been accomplished with all the pomp and splendor of which the Oriental is capable. The Empress celebrated her return by several reformatory edicts which were hailed as notes of friendliness. But, on the other hand, the murder of several missionaries, the reappearance of Boxer placards, and the unprecedented activity in military affairs—under the commands of the Dowager—bode ill for the future.

* * *

Peace Proposals.

An offer to serve as intermediary between the English and Boer peoples in negotiations for peace was made by Holland to England—and promptly rejected with the statement that all such negotiations must be conducted directly between the two countries.

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In Science—**Marconi's Achievement**

The triumphant results of Marconi's effort to transmit messages across the Atlantic ocean, a distance of nearly 2000 miles, and with no other medium than the ether, are now public property. His apparatus is comparatively simple; it requires but a minute fraction of the cost of installing a cable system, and the inventor claims for it *sine qua non* of secrecy. It is perhaps not generally known that wireless telegraphy has passed already from the experimental to the commercial stage. It has been found invaluable for use on vessels and light-houses, and is being universally adopted.

* * *

Other Inventions on Similar Lines

But Marconi's is by no means the only invention destined to overthrow the present methods of the transference of words and images. Indeed, the results achieved by means of the telephone, telegraph and cablegraph are totally eclipsed by new devices and apparatus. The "teloptoscope" actually accomplishes the seeming miracle of transmitting pictures *in their true color* over an electric circuit. The "automatic telegraph" is another improvement; also, the "facsimile telegraph" which delivers the message in the exact hand-writing of the sender. Another practical device records magnetically on a steel ribbon a telephonic conversation. This is an immeasurable advance over present phonographic methods. It is believed, moreover, that the "telephonograph," as it is called, will be the newspaper of the future. Successful experiments have actually been accomplished in this connection. Prof. A. F. Collins, an American, has practically consummated an invention whereby telephoning without wires is made possible. In operation it is simplicity itself. The subscriber merely adjusts a contrivance like a safe-combination, thereby connecting him with the person he wishes to call, and excluding all others. "Hello girls" are *de trop*, and the line is never "busy."

These marvels, it must be credited, are not the idle forecasts of visionary brains, but actualities that will soon be in operation.

The Magic Seven

By LIDA A. OHURCHILL.

Gives in seven concise, practical, right-to-the-point chapters explicit directions for using Mental Powers which will

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I heartily endorse this mighty little "Magic Seven."—Dr. David H. Reeder, Lecturer to Home Health Club.

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In Education—

That the "Carnegie Institution," the new National University for the pursuit of post-graduate studies, is soon to exist in more than name, is evidenced in the vigorous steps taken by its founder and newly appointed board of trustees. At an adjourned meeting of the board convened at the State Department and presided over by Secretary Hay, Mr. Carnegie addressed the meeting, and presented the deed of gift. In his speech he thanked the trustees for the aid accorded him in accepting so promptly the trusteeship. He then expressed his regret at the necessity, by which he felt constrained to push aside his plans for fulfilling the expressed wish of Washington in the establishment of a university, believing that such an institution would tend to weaken the existing universities. His desire, he said, was to co-operate with all educational institutions and to strengthen rather than detract from their influence. But he stated that the rapid increase in population would soon justify the "Washington University," and that the name should be reserved for such an event.

In conclusion, he delivered to the trustees their charge in the following earnest and eloquent words:

"Gentlemen, your work begins, your aims are high, you seek to extend known forces and to discover and utilize new forces for the benefit of man. Than this there can scarcely be greater work. I wish you abundant success, and venture to prophecy that through your efforts in co-operation with those of kindred societies in our country, contributions to the advancement of the race through research will compare in the near future not unfavorably with those of any other land. Again I thank you."

The deed itself is an expression of the high privilege which the distinguished donor feels in making possible such an institution. In part, it recites, "That Andrew Carnegie deems it his duty and his highest privilege to administer the wealth which has come to him as a trustee in behalf of others, and, entertaining the belief that the best means of discharging that trust is by extending the opportuni-

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LEATHER OF EVERY
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Cash Buyers of Hides and Pelts

75 Front Street, Corner Oak, Portland.

ties for study and research in our country, he transfers to the trustees named \$10,000,000 of registered 5 per cent. bonds of the United States Steel Corporation."

Mr. Carnegie's "original purpose" is thus clearly set forth:

* * * "to secure if possible for the United States of America leadership in the domain of inquiry and the utilization of new forces for the benefit of mankind."

After formal acceptance of the gift as embodied in the deed, the trustees effected permanent organization by the adoption of by-laws and the election of officers. Dr. D. C. Gilman was then elected "President of the Carnegie Institution." Surely no man could be selected for this important office more eminently fitted, both by intrinsic capacity and mature experience, than the distinguished ex-president of Johns Hopkins.

The further development of the Carnegie Institution will be observed with keenest interest by the educational world.

* * *

The New President of Columbia

The accession of Nicholas Murray Butler to the headship of Columbia has been commended by educators as an eminently wise and fitting selection, and at the same time a tribute to the sterling worth and sheer fitness of the man. The presidency of Columbia is a post of peculiar importance, owing to its vital connection with the metropolis; but it is believed that the new incumbent, on account of his long training under Dr. Low and his inherent capacity, will satisfactorily meet all demands.

* * *

In Literature—

The Islanders

Kipling's latest poetic effort, written, as may be conjectured, under the inspiration of the humming Mauser and the rapid peal of the gatling, is a scathing arraignment of England's improvidence in sending to the very forefront of battle men practically without military experience, or even a reasonable amount of training. To this short-sighted policy, he evidently attributes England's failure to bring the war to a successful consum-

PORTLAND REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS

Portland, Oregon, offers the best field for real estate investment in the United States.

Portland has doubled and more than doubled, its population every ten years for forty years past. Its present population is over 100,000, and growing rapidly.

Two thousand buildings were erected in Portland in 1901—today there is scarcely a vacant house in the whole city.

The Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, to be held at Portland in 1905 is already attracting widespread attention, and will draw tens of thousands to Portland, many of whom will make the city their permanent home.

We are on the eve of the greatest real estate and building movement the city has ever known.

The Title Guarantee and Trust Co. is authority upon all things pertaining to Portland real estate; has the largest and best equipped real estate office in the city; the largest and most complete outfit of maps and plats, as well as complete records of title to every foot of land in the City of Portland and County of Multnomah.

Intending investors should consult with us.

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PORTLAND - OREGON

mation. The following verses well illustrate the scalding rebuke which he out-pours from the vials of his wrath. Excerpted from the poem as it appeared in the London Times:

Because of your witless learning and your
beasts of warren and chase
Ye grudged your sons for their service and
your fields for their camping place.
Ye forced them glean in the highways the
straw for the bricks they brought;
Ye forced them follow in byways the craft
that ye never taught.
Ye hindered and hampered and crippled;
yet thrust out of sight and away
Those that would serve you for honor and
those that served you for pay.
Then were the Judgments loosened; then
was your shame revealed,
At the hands of a little people, few but apt
in the field.

He then attacks the vogue of athletic-ism. The following lines have excited storms of criticism:

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye
contented your souls
With the flanneled fools at the wicket or
the muddled oafs at the goals.

The latter portion of the poem is an impressive if not convincing argument in favor of compulsory military training. A brief extract will convey the idea:

Men, not children, servants or kinsfolk
called from afar,
But each man born in the island broke to
the matter of war,
Soberly and by custom taken and trained
for the same;
Each man born in the island entered at
youth to the game—

* * * * *

So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the
restless lightnings wake
In the womb of the blotting war-cloud and
the pallid nation quake.

* * *

"The Twelve Best Novels."

A recent number of The Academy (English) classifies America as "that land of literary booms supereminently foolish." Certainly interesting and worth thinking about, isn't it? In the same article The Academy gives its list of the twelve best novels of the year, with the prefatory remark, "We need not say that it is not meant for a list of the twelve novels which have made the most noise." The list as follows will be found

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**Irrigated Land on
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These lands are on the left bank of the Columbia River, below the mouth of the Umatilla.

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The Umatilla River furnishes our water supply.

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This land, when properly watered, produces in profusion all fruits cereals, vegetables and grasses which are grown north of the tropics. It yields eight tons of alfalfa to the acre in the four crops of each season. It is especially adapted to fruits, producing large crops of apples, pears, cherries, plums, prunes, peaches, apricots, nectarines, almonds, English walnuts, grapes and all kinds of berries.

TRANSPORTATION

A transcontinental railroad traverses the land, which also lies along the bank of the great Columbia River, navigable for 1,700 miles.

MARKETS

These lands are connected by rail and river with the rich mining regions of Oregon, Montana, Idaho, Washington and British Columbia, the coast markets of Puget Sound and Portland, and through them with the Orient—the finest markets in the world.

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A few tracts of these lands are offered at the very low figure of \$30.00 per acre, on liberal terms. The annual charge per acre for water is \$1.00.

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not devoid of titles prominent in this country:

"Kim." By Rudyard Kipling.

"Sister Teresa." By George Moore.

"Our Friend the Charlatan." By George Gissing.

"The Serious Wooing." By John Oliver Hobbes.

"The White Cottage." By Zack.

"Tristram of Blent." By Anthony Hope.

"The History of Sir Richard Calmady." By Lucas Malet.

"The Column." By Charles Marriott.

"The Lost Land." By Julia M. Crottie.

"Casting of Nets." By Richard Baghot.

"The Lord of the Sea." By M. P. Shiel

"The House with the Green Shutters." By George Douglas.

* * *

Stephen Phillips

The best and most conservative critics on both sides of the Atlantic seem to be united in acclaiming Stephen Phillips as the one predominant poet of the time. His latest work, *Ulysses* is spoken of in the highest terms as having "rare distinction and beauty, rich in color and music." It, like *Herod*, is a tragedy, and will be brought out by Beerbohm Tree to succeed that play.

* * *

In Art—

Mr. Wm. O. Partridge, in a late number of *Art Interchange*, expresses thus hopefully his views upon Art: "Where a generation ago there was little recognition of its educational value or refining influence, today we see and feel a public appreciation on every hand. Millions are now becoming critical. The love of the fine and the beautiful is coming to have a place in the hearts of all our people, who in former years too frequently either looked on art and beauty with indifference as of no practical value, or as something enervating and injurious, instead of a perpetual inspiration to higher life and thought. The transforming influence of art is very marked. A man comes to love the beautiful, and his neglected garden receives his attention; his home is beautified. * * * He has been

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helped into a fuller and richer life and at the same time he has helped those about him. The presence of this spirit is rapidly transforming our land, and it is also calling forth great public works and noble statues, memorials and art creations. The past quarter of a century has been almost revolutionary in its influence on the public mind, touching art and its value and real living force in our midst—a force for manhood and for progress.

Apropos, the renaissance of an artistic architecture in certain of our large cities may be noted. Particularly is this true of New York City where, in place of the severely utilitarian type of building, structures of extreme beauty are being erected—of which the city, and nation as well, for New York is truly a national city, might well be proud, and which are worthy of Athens and Rome in the age of their highest artistic development. Another indication of this growing art movement is the desire expressed in our leading reviews and magazines to beautify Washington, making it representative of the best ideals in American art and architecture. This is but one of the many indications which may be observed of the effort, almost sub-conscious as yet, to bring the nation's art to the forefront with her commerce and her industry.

* * *

In Religious Thought—

Dr. Pearson's Manifesto

The quite sensational statement made by Prof. Charles W. Pearson, occupying the chair of English literature in the Northwestern (Methodist) University, of his disbelief of some of the miracles, and of the immaculate birth of Christ, has provoked a good deal of discussion. As the Professor declines to retract, and Dean Banbright, who is said to control the situation, does not agree with his expressed views, it appears likely that Prof. Pearson's connection with the university will be severed.

* * *

Sabbath Observance

The Rev. Innis S. Hamlin, preaching from a prominent pulpit in Washington, and before a congregation containing

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men of the greatest importance, denounced in unqualified terms the desecration of the first day of the week as practiced by many Ambassadors and foreign Ministers. The introduction by them of their home customs is feared as a tendency toward the Europeanization of Sunday.

* * *

Dr. Parkhurst and Immortality

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, who, in various ways, has achieved a wide notoriety in the past few years, has of late come to the fore as the positive (he is always positive) champion of the idea that immortality is not universal for the human race, but conditional, and therefore, limited. It is a fact that several other eminent divines have within the past twelve-month given intimations of a similar belief, and it seems likely that the world is to have plenty of opportunity to read the discussions of the learned doctors as to whether we are "to be or not to be."

* * *

Creed Revision

A "Declared statement of the things which are most surely believed" has been prepared by the Presbyterian Creed Revision Committee, for presentation to the next general assembly. It recognizes the essential doctrines of Calvin, but conveys them in popular form. The old phraseology, which after all, was the real "*casus belli*" is carefully avoided.

* * *

On the Stage—

Mrs. Fisk, who is soon to go on "the road," has achieved a genuine triumph in her efforts to maintain a theater in New York City, where "Art for art's sake" is the dominating principle. All the powerful opposition of the theatrical trust has failed to dislodge her.

* * *

Madame Nordica, on tour in concert, is an ardent fisher-woman. A familiar resort with her is Boll in the Black Forest, a secluded little spa, where isolation and quiet may be had. Here she rests and reads and studies, with little of excitement except when she goes forth with rod and reel.

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The run of Floradora, a light opera, which recently terminated in New York, may be justly acclaimed the most successful ever enjoyed by a production of its type.

* * *

When Alvarez, the tenor, left the opera in Paris, says the Musical Courier, he refused to shake hands with the manager, because the latter had engaged Jean de Reszke. Such is the egotism of greatness. Jean de Reszke, by the way, will sing at Monte Carlo, producing "Damnation of Faust" and "Lohengrin."

* * *

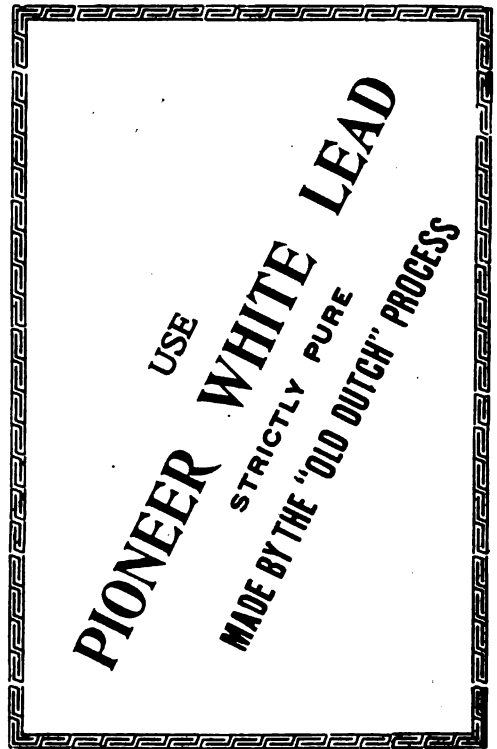
There seems to be an epidemic of the tragic, the morbid, the gloomy, in the drama. Mrs. Patrick Campbell set the fashion, with her "Tanqueray," and her "Ebb-smith." But Mrs. Carter, Amelia Bingham and Mrs. Fiske are co-offenders. Is it not significant that these standard-bearers of the horrible are all women and—at least in the plu-perfect tense—married?

* * *

"Messalaine," an opera written by Isadore de Lara, was produced for the first time in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City. In the cast were Calve, Alvarez, Scotti and others whose names stand for accepted greatness and large salaries. The work was not received with any amount of praise, although it is conceded that the artists made the most of their roles. Despite the potential passion of the character, Messalaine—being a "Scarlet woman" of the extreme type—the music is characterized as "impotent, idle, flabby, without individuality, originality—music betraying not the tiniest fibre of dramatic temperament." The opera is commended for its lyrics and smooth voice-work, but conclusively damned for its utter lack of power or passion or vital treatment. In good faith, it appears that the writing of serious opera is to be numbered among the lost arts. More's the pity!

* * *

It is some time since the musical world has made an idol of a violinist. Indeed, since Paganini's time, no violinist worthy to succeed him has appeared—a condition which may explain to some extent the marvelous success of the young



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Bohemian, Jan Kubelik, whose mastery of the violin has set agog the cities in which he has appeared. Without the aid of a previously high reputation, and unassisted by a magnetic personality, he has taken his audiences by storm, and bids fair to dethrone Paderewski as the musical idol. In the matter of receipts he has broken all records. As an instance, in three concerts given in Chicago, he played to \$16,254.25, which is \$651 more than was paid to hear Paderewski a similar number of times. The difference in the monetary success of the two musicians is even greater than that, as the prices for the Paderewski recitals were higher than those for Kubelik, seats on the lower floor being held at \$2.50 in the former instance and being sold at \$2 on this occasion. An interesting comparison, too, is the separate receipts for the concerts. The pianist opened to \$5,087.50, his second recital drew \$7,382, and his last but \$3,112.50.

The popularity of Kubelik, on the other hand, steadily increased. The first recital drew \$4,831.75, the second \$5,566.25, and the third \$5,853.75.

Joseph Hoffman, too, is breaking records, his tour being of greater duration than any given by a pianist of like repute. His capacity for continuous playing he ascribes to the fact that he never practices, thus conserving all his strength for the concerts. Hoffman, by the way, much prefers his scientific researches to his music. As is well known, he has perfected many mechanical devices of a practical nature, his latest invention being in connection with a "motor car," which he patented in San Francisco.

* * *

The Secret.

Softly the little wind goes by.
A whisper,—nothing more;
Some message from the azure sky
Brought down to earth's green door

Fragrant and fresh the wonder-word,
But what it means, who knows?
Only the butterfly, the bird,
The leaf, the grass, and rose.

Theirs the divine felicity,—
The gift of wisdom rare,—
The melody, the mystery,
The secret of the air.
—From Frank Leslie's for February.

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The Bank Account Was Short.

Here is a story of two well-known young Baltimoreans, whom we will call Mr. Tom Blank and Mr. Dick So-and-So. Each prides himself on being absolutely up to date and up to snuff in all particulars, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun. Tom called around to see Dick one morning a short time ago, and had scarcely passed through the door before Dick exclaimed:

"By George! The very man. Say, Tom, I want to go to Boston this afternoon, and I need \$75. I wish you'd let me have it. I really wouldn't ask you, but see my position."

"Yes," replied Tom, "a sort of touch-and-go or no-touch-no-go position. You are better off at home, Dick. It's very cold in Boston."

"Somewhat frosty here, too, it seems," said Dick. "But it's all a joke, old man. Come in and sit down."

"Haven't time," said Tom. "I just stepped around to see if you wouldn't let me have that \$100 you already owe me—if it's perfectly convenient."

Dick seemed to make a hurried mental calculation, and then told his friend that he would give him a check for that amount, but didn't think he had quite that much in bank.

"But you can go down and see," he added.

So Tom took the check, invited Dick to go to the theatre with him that evening, and hurried down to bank. The paying teller took the check, strolled back, looked at Dick's account and returned to the window, shaking his head.

"How much does it take to make it good?" asked Tom.

"Not allowed to tell," replied the teller.

Tom went to the receiving teller and deposited \$10 to Dick's credit, but that didn't make the check good. Another \$10 and still others were put up, with the same result, until Tom began to perspire and the bank people to laugh. Finally Tom deposited his tenth \$10, with the remark that it was a tough game to be up against, and he again presented the check, only to be met with another shake of the teller's head and the information: "Very sorry, Mr. Blank, but that account was somewhat overdrawn."

Tom gave it up and dashed out of the bank. He had no sooner gone than Dick sauntered in, and asking how much he had to his credit, was told \$95.

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"Just cash me this check for \$90," he said, "and if you see Tom Blank today tell him I'm awfully sorry I cannot be able to see him this evening, as I have decided to take that little Boston trip we were talking about this morning."

* * *

A Tribute to the Great West.

The wanderers of earth turned to her—out-
cast of the older lands—
With a promise and hope to their pleading,
and she reached them pitying hands;
And she cried to the Old-World cities that
drowse by the Eastern main;
"Send me your weary, house-worn broods
and I'll send you men again!
Lo, here in my wind-swept reaches, by my
marshalled peaks of snow,
Is room for a larger reaping than your o'er-
tilled fields can grow,
Seed of the Man-Seed springing to stature
and strength in my sun,
Free with a limitless freedom no battles of
men have won."
For men, like the grain of the cornfields,
grow small in the huddled crowd,
And weak from the breath of spaces where
a soul may speak aloud;
For hills, like stairways to heaven, shaming
the level track,
And sick with the clang of pavements and
the marts of the trafficking pack.
Greatness is born of greatness, and breadth
of a breadth profound;
The old Antaeus fable of strength renewed
from the ground
Was a human truth for the ages; since the
hour of the Eden-birth
That man among men was strongest who
stood with his feet on the earth.

—Shariot M. Hall.

* * *

Doubly Apolegetic.

The North Side street car gave a sudden lurch as the gentleman—there was no mistaking the fact that he was a gentleman—stepped aboard, and he trod on the toe of a gruff and crusty citizen of ample proportions who was sitting near the door.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "The car started so quickly I lost my balance."

"It's mighty strange," grumbled the large man, "that people come blundering into a car like that, without looking to see whose feet they're stepping on!"

"Now, sir," said the other, politely raising his hat, "I beg your pardon for having begged your pardon."

And as he seized a strap and beamed smilingly on the crusty citizen a faint cheer went up from the other passengers.—From the Chicago Tribune.

* * *

To have a keen sense of the ludicrous, according to Mrs. Winterburn, in the February Woman's Home Companion, is not necessarily to be shallow. Some of the world's greatest humorists unite with that sprightly gift a deep tenderness and broad

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sympathy. Their lips smile at a spectacle of the absurd at the same instant that their eyes overflow in recognizing the pathos that is its so frequent accompaniment. It is this quick perception of a situation as a whole, this power to see all its aspects at once, that gives us just judgments tempered by mercy; severity lined with leniency, that acts as a saving grace to culprits.

The world would be better and happier if every one in it who is invested with authority over his fellows had this peculiar sympathy with wit, which makes it impossible for one to be a bigot and a tyrant. Humor and cruelty do not go together, although there is a kind of counterfeit humor, sometimes mistaken for the real thing, which is essentially oppressive, because it finds enjoyment in looking upon that which is at the same time grotesque and horrible. But this is far removed from the gentle humor which mellows their judgments and humanizes actions.

* * *

In Demand.

"And out of the entire class," said the principal in the school of elocution, "there were six young men who failed. In fact, you cannot understand a word they say."

"And I suppose there is nothing they can do?" observed the visitor.

"Oh, yes, they can easily obtain positions as train announcers in the depots."—From the Chicago News.

* * *

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* * *

Life on the river front in New York teems with excitement. One dramatic little episode is told by the big stevedore, in Leslie's for February:

"One night we had a baby blizzard, and it was a h—l of a day's piece of work we had ahead of us, and we wanted that feller sure.

"Nuthin's doin'. Not a sign of Dan. The vessel was tied up in the dock—the old Bandmaran, you remember her, used to run to Liverpool,—with as fine a deck load of ice as ever you see. It was like liftin' an asphalt pavement to get at them hatches. I had 'em hustlin' that mornin'. After a while along comes a truck driver, and he says to the boys that he had something to show 'em. I left one of my men in charge and walked the length of the wharf with him to where he had his wagon in the street a little to one side of the shed.

"The driver was tellin' me that when he come to pull out, havin' left his truck there all night, the wheel struck an obstruction and stuck fast. He poked around and found a man underneath frozen fast in a big mess of ice, and then he let out his hiller. We got down an' pried him out, and stood him up. It was Dan, frozen so solid that one

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arm stuck out like a scarecrow. We took him in by the stove and thawed him out by a red hot fire, and, I tell you, after we'd poured a couple of good drinks of whiskey into him that man turned to with his hand truck and worked full time.

"He'd gone on one of his reg'lar sprees, and he lay down and slept that awful night under the wagon as comfortable as you and me in our beds."

* * *

A Hundred Mile Coast.

Lord Ernest Hamilton, in the February Pearson's, describes his experience of a thrilling but perilous pastime—the descent, in a small hand-car of a wonderful mountain railway in Peru.

"As a matter of fact," he writes, referring to the title of the article, "it is a hundred and six, but for the sake of a title the extra six may go—a hundred are enough at any rate for purposes of illustration. These hundred odd miles are to be found on the Ferro-Carril Central of Peru, commonly called the Oroya railway, and they are to be found nowhere else.

"This Oroya railway is a very wonderful line indeed. It not only climbs higher than any other railway in the world, but also distinguishes itself in a variety of other ways incidentally referred to hereafter. But the accomplishment with which I am chiefly concerned is this; that it provides the only road in the world down which a man on wheels can travel for over one hundred miles by his own momentum, and practically at any pace to which the fiend of recklessness may urge him.

"The object of what is here written is to trace the sensations born of a run-down from the summit of the Oroya railway, 15,666 feet above sea level, to the verge of the very shingle that grinds under the sway of the Pacific. You start under the eye of the eternal snows, and you finish among humming-birds and palms. You start sick with the unspeakable sickness of soroche, and you finish in the ecstasy of an exultation too great for words.

"The gods of Olympus were worms beside the man who has during the last three hours controlled his car from the Paso de Galera to Callao, for it is in the control that lies the joy, as in other things apart from car-running. To sit beside the brakeman is good, but to drop the brakeman on friendly siding and grasp the lever in your own firm, but not too exacting hand, is to sup a liberal foretaste of the joys of heaven."

* * *

Sincerity.

Clerk—I would like to get off early, sir, as my wife wanted me to do some odd jobs around the house while it is light enough.

Manager—Can't possibly do it.

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Sunset in the Redwoods.

The sky is lilac, the sky is rose,
Fainter and fainter the redwood glows;
The winds would be still;
The ring-dove is calling,
The fond dusk falling
On the yellow hill.

Lullaby, lullaby, clucks the quail,
Faster and faster the colors fail;
The winds grow still.
Is the ring-dove calling?
T is the love-dusk falling
On the purple hill.

Lost is the lilac, lost the rose,
In the shadow the rabbit knows;
The winds are still;
The ring-dove is dreaming,
The first star gleaming
Over the darkened hill.
—Century for February.

* * *

The Author of "Quo Vadis."

Not many of the thousands of Americans who read and marveled at "Quo Vadis" know that the man who wrote this great book was himself for some time a resident of this country. In the February number of the Ladies' Home Journal, Clifford Howard brings out this interesting fact in describing the beautiful home of Madame Modjeska in Southern California. Sienkiewicz came to America about the middle of September, 1876, with a party of thirty Polish immigrants, not such as we usually picture to ourselves as landing at New York, but ladies and gentlemen of culture, many of them persons of national reputation in Poland. They had been imbued with a desire to live in the land of liberty by Modjeska and her husband, Count Bozenta. And in due time they found themselves in the beautiful Santa Ana valley. Here they lived in perfect contentment, but in time their funds grew low, and one after another they drifted back to Poland, Sienkiewicz among them, leaving behind only the great actress.

* * *

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, in an interview appearing in the February Ladies' Home Journal, pays the following tribute to American women:

When I speak of the American woman I cannot say that there is really a prevailing type. It is a composite—a mixture of all types. She has, as I have already stated, the firm and upright carriage of the English girl; but she has, in addition, the vivacity of the French woman, the grace of the Spanish woman, the musical voice of the Italian, and, whenever it is necessary, the more sober spirit of the German. The American type, therefore, is one peculiar to itself. It is not a duplicate of anything, but rather a combination of all that is good in the types of the world.

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William Steinitz.

Great master-mind, while yet unknown to
fame,
In mimic battle o'er the Chess field hurled
His challenge. And when victory surely
came,
Was justly named the champion of the
world.

In years to come, while looking o'er the roll
Of those bright names, so well deserving
fame,
None will be found, high up upon the scroll.
More worthy still than he is of that name.

As victory crowned him king of Caissa's
realm,
And fell disease came creeping o'er his
brain,
'Twas hard to see Dame Reason leave the
helm,

And sad defeat come surely in its train.
Chess was his dream, his love, his life, his all;
Its honors sought him, and increase of
fame.
So, should that temple crumble to its fall,
If he cared not to live, we must not blame.

But let us hope that Time may yet prove
kind,
And, health restored, he may regain his
will,
For we are loath to think that master-mind
Will not achieve yet greater honors still.
—Dr Benjamin Marshall. in *The Tribune*.
New York.

* * *

Emmy—"Why does the clock strike one
again when it gets to twelve?"

Bobby—"Because thirteen's an unlucky
number, of course"—Punch

* * *

The Calf-Path.

By Sam Walter Ross.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should

But made a trail all bent askew.
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled.
And, I infer, the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail.
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that came that way,

And, then, a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep.

And drew the flock behind him, too.
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

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And many men wound in and out,
And dodged, and turned, and bent about.

And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path.

But still they followed; do not laugh.
The first migrations of that calf,

And through this winding wood-way stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.—

—The forest path became a lane
That bent, and turned, and turned again.

This crooked path became a road
Where many a poor horse, with his load.

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled sometimes miles in one.

And thus a century and a half,
They took the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet.—
The road became a village street.

And then, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trode in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zig-zag calf about.

And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead

They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;

For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent,

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,

And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back

And still their devious path pursue,
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old world-gods laugh
Who saw that first primeval calf!

Ah, many things this tale might teach;—
But I am not ordained to preach.

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* * *

George Washington's Queue.

The Father of his Country concealed a luxuriant suit of hair beneath his queue wig. Many now wish the old fashion were in vogue, to conceal thinned hair or baldness. Yet no one need have thin hair nor be bald, if he cure the dandruff that causes both. Dandruff cannot be cured by scouring the scalp, because it is a germ disease, and the germ has to be killed. Newbro's Herpicide kills the dandruff germ—no other hair preparation will. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." There's no cure for dandruff but to kill the germ.

* * *

Mrs. Grady—Sure, th' Hogans are a lazy, wasteful lot av spalpeens!

Mrs. Daly—They be thot! They've just paid two months' rint sooner than go to the shmall trouble av movin'!—Puck.

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The Inharmonious Graphophone.

Having made it a point for several years to attend any musical event that chance presented, from an opera to a minstrel show or symphony concert, I can lay claim, in a small way, that I am a lover of music. I attended my first Wagnerian experience, (I think it was Lohengrin,) with some trepidation, and I must confess, that, in some measure, I failed to derive any pleasure from the presentation, although it was rendered by a first-class company; but after reading the press comments and approving criticisms of the critics, and after hearing the opera sung several times, I came to the conclusion that my first impressions were wrong, and that I was gradually being educated up to the standard of excellence necessary to an appreciation of such a glorious master; consequently I have fallen into the habit of classing a taste for Wagner as an essential of a music lover.

Verdi, to me, has ever been an ideal, his divine touch, his impressive and touching melodies having awakened in early youth a profound love and veneration for his compositions, his *Trovator* has ever lingered with me and has lightened many a burden, the *Miserere* especially having the power to this day to awaken the profoundest emotions.

Sullivan, I can truthfully say, "has been my constant friend for years;" his strains are ever recurring to me, reviving, with their melodies, the dreams and inspirations of youth, and refreshing and rekindling in the days of manhood the hopes that were first awakened by the lovely and pleasing charms of his music.

I have paid homage to Beethoven, Mendelsohn, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert and many of the great masters, Balfe, Rossetti, Mascagni, Wallace have given me pleasure, enjoyment and inspiration, but all to no purpose; these dreams are banished, and in their place is a maddening, unquenchable desire to flee from the sound of a musical note, and for ever swear eternal deafness to the voice of music, be it classic or otherwise, and to drown in a discordant strain the finer feelings of nature, or else to flee to the woods and try to be content with the harmony that the birds and nature can produce.

Why has this come about? I have listened to the graphophone with its deafening, discordant, cracked, spasmodic efforts, grinding out fearsome doses of what they call selections. I meet it in the streets, in the store, in the saloon; aye even in church are its grindings churned out, until I have actually sworn at music; I have gone into a saloon, being drawn thither by the music from a good orchestra, and also into the church or theater, my ear catching every note of some pleasing melody, when suddenly, from out of the depths of some hole or corner, would rise the discordant effusion of some cracked graphophone, deadening the pleasure, and driving out the sweet-

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ness of the music to which I wished to listen. No weak instrument this, no small, sweet-voiced melodious phonograph, but a loud-brayed machine, topped by a large mouthpiece, sometimes three feet across, turning the sweetest compositions into a discord of discords.

Again, I would hie me to a restaurant, trying to combine with a simple meal a few moments of ease and comfort, when suddenly my ear would be ruined, and my nerves destroyed by the same brass-toned instrument, placed in some part of the establishment, until, my appetite destroyed. I went out vowing that I would in some way ease the dreadful apprehension I had by disappearing from the maddening turmoil of the city.

But again have the fates given me warning; I turn over the pages of the newspaper and read the advertisements; among them the following: "The graphophone; no home complete without it." I lay the paper down in despair, and determine to face the music, and to keep my nerves quiet by going to any good musical entertainment that comes along, and whose program gives no inkling of a graphophone.

—B. KEENE.

* * *

Some Good Advice on Keeping Positions.

Always keep your promises. Your employer will never ask you to do more than is possible. Remember that an unfilled promise is as bad as a downright untruth. Live within your means. Never let a month pass that you do not put something in the bank. Saving is the first great basic principle in the foundation of success. Dress neatly and plainly, for an employer marks a man as a fool who apparels himself with extravagance and glaring colors. Never try to win the favor of your employer by slandering your fellow workers. Slander always sticks. Show kindness to your fellow employes, but do not let it be forced kindness, for that deserves no thanks. Resolve slowly, and act quickly. Remember it is better to be alone than in bad company; that you cannot give your employer or yourself full value, if you try to work after a night of dissipation; that silence, like cleanliness, is akin to godliness, and that a clear conscience gives sound sleep and good digestion, and clothes one in an impregnable coat of mail.—From "How to Get, and keep a Position," by James J. Hill, in December Success.

* * *

The Rushville Bazoo was recently equipped with linotypes and in the next issue of the paper its readers were surprised to see that "the condition of affairs in the Philippines is practically kglx it it 4-bj. sp—STVVQZ zupkik avnfizz bl."—Puck.

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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FARMING SCENE NEAR THE DAILES, OREGON

The Pacific Monthly

Vol. VII

APRIL, 1902

No. 4

Easter-tide!

Glad Easter-tide comes through the gloom,
And holy light doth bring;
I, listening thus this morning fair,
Can hear the angels sing.

You ray of light dispels the clouds
And brings a brighter morn;
For now I dream of children fair
When all sunshine is born.

In mother's breath they seem to come
My dull sad heart to greet;
They never again, can ever last
Deeper bitter with the sweet.

Thine Easter lilies, with my tears,
I lay upon the sod;
While soft Spring zephyrs, whispering come
From shores that are of God.

The Easter-day fades into night—
I dream again, alone
That the world is dark with sin and doubt,
Yet the Easter light hath shone.

June M. Miller Orway.

WESTERN SKETCHES

By FRED LOCKLEY, JR.

I. Daybreak in the West

MILE after mile the treeless prairies stretch toward the far horizon, the gentle undulations of the rolling hills like the swell and heave on the ocean's breast. To the West rise the Rocky Mountains. As I look at them, white and sparkling in their robes of new-fallen snow, I do not wonder that the first hardy adventurers, when for the first time their gaze rested upon the snow-clad, sun-kissed summits, termed them the "Shining Mountains." Near the Canadian border, standing, a grim sentinel on guard, "Chief Mountain" towers over the intervening range. "Divide Mountain," like some vast relic of prehistoric times, some huge man-made pyramid, rears its massive bulk above the encircling foothills. "Flinch's Peak" and "Flat Top" are outlined against the sky-line, while "Rising-Wolf," his head and mane enshrouded by the low-lying clouds, and his feet perpetually laved by the cold, clear waters of the mountain-born twins—the "Two Medicine" lakes—seems but a few miles distant.

They say: "as changeless as the everlasting hills." I think the expression should be: "as *changeful* as the everlasting hills." I have seen them by starlight, 'ere the first gray light of dawn stole shyly forth upon the eastern hills, rising dim, spectral, haunted, like huge misshapen ghosts fleeing at the approach of dawn. Softly the somber gray of the hills is touched with a faint tinge of pink. Slowly the all-seeing stars pale and fade, losing their brightness as the pink blushes to more vivid hue. Dawn has come and the hills stand forth cold and white. Now the highest peaks catch the first long level beams of the rising sun, and gleam and glisten beneath its fiery baptism. Peak after peak acquires a radiant crown, and the whole range, cloud-wooing mount and heaven-kissing

hill, becomes a target for the golden shafts, and is bathed in the glory of the morning. Faint and elusive tints of pink gleam from the face of cliff and bluff and crested butte, like the Alpine glow on Hood and Jefferson at close of a summer day. No, the mountains are not changeless. They respond to all the varying moods of sunshine and shadow. Nature, that great alchemist, is ever producing wondrous effects and subtle changes with her magic touch—now shrouding them with a veil of gauze-like mist, even as a bride adorned for her marriage morn, now robing them in a garment of cloud, or, beneath the bright light of the full moon, transmuting them to gleaming masses of molten silver, which turns to ruddy gold when day is done, and they are tinged with the reflected beauty of the sunset sky.

II. Morning on the Plains

THE grass waves and bends before the breeze. One can almost fancy the soft splash and murmur of waves, as he sees the widening ripple where the heads of the grass bend and sway like billows of living green. As you walk over the gentle slopes, your shadow, a grotesque caricature, striding on before, you inhale deep breaths of the morning air, pure, sweet and fresh. Like sweet incense arises the mingled odor from this inland sea of verdure of uncounted acres of wild flowers, and the tonic and bracing air wafts gently from the not-far-distant mountains. There is a feeling of exhilaration in the atmosphere; it seems as though strength and vigor are breathed into your frame. The breeze comes with healing on its wings; it sweeps the cob-webs from the mind, and 'though you do not stop to analyze your feelings, you are glad you are alive.

You walk on, keenly conscious and alive to the beauty of the panorama spread out before you, for in this clear atmosphere, with no trees to break the view, you can see mile upon mile. There, on yonder hillside a herd of sleek cattle are browsing leisurely on the knee-high grass. As you gain the crest of the rising ground, in the shallow saucer-like depression below gleams a little lake—one of the many which abound in this country. From the top of the land-waves, you can see them glittering and sparkling, like mirrors thrown in picturesque confusion on a broad field of green velvet. As you near one of them, there is a sound over-head, half whir, half whistle, as a flock of mallards or teal, with rapid wing-stroke, hurtle past. They circle once or twice, dropping lower as they fly, 'till, with a series of slight splashes, they alight, causing a panic among the large population of green frogs.

An Indian in blanket and buckskin, gallops past, urging his pony on with the quirt which hangs from his wrist. As he passes, he gives a guttural "how" by way of salutation. Miles away, a pencil mark across the green, marks the track of the Great Northern, and now, thro' a cut in the hills, with labored puffing, comes one of the powerful mountain

A HARD CLIMB

engines, drawing a long string of freight cars, with the helper engine bringing up the rear. Its rings of black smoke rise, and form a dark plume which trails far out behind.

Suddenly, thro' a gap in the hills half a mile away, a band of several hundred horses are poured, as if by magic, into the plain below. The prairie, all calm and restful, becomes in a moment a scene of action and life. See them come, by pairs, by dozens and by scores as they appear for an instant on the skyline ere they gallop down to join their comrades in the coulee below. Life, freedom, rythm and the poetry of motion are in those galloping forms, as they come on, heads erect, nostrils distended, manes and tails flying like banners in the wind. Behind them are several cowboys "hazing" them along. Lithe, alert figures are they, grace in every action.

Waving grass, galloping horses, pursuing cowboys, tepees, snow-clad mountains, sparkling lakes set gem-like in the hills, sky of cloudless blue—ah! 'tis a picture worthy the hand of a master artist!

III. On the Hilltop

IN the coulee below me are half a dozen tepees, lodges of the Piegan branch of the Blackfeet tribe. Here and there may be seen a squaw, gathering bits of firewood, while the men, vivid patches of color in their gaudy blankets, sit in front of the lodges smoking or carrying on a monosyllabic conversation. The ponies are grazing near at hand, and a number of dogs, disproportionately large for the half-dozen lodges, are prowling about in search of food. On the crest of the hill beyond the lodges, several rude, box-like structures break the rounded outline of the hill. Giving my horse the rein, he mounts the gentle-rising slope with smooth yet rapid gait, skillfully avoiding the gopher holes without in the least moderating his speed. When I gain the hilltop, I find that what I have taken for mounds are boxes, oblong in shape and heaped over with stones. Beside each rough box is a trunk or smaller box. The larger ones are coffins while the smaller ones contain clothing and ornaments for the use of the departed spirit in the Happy-hunting-grounds. Here, near the edge of the group of coffins, is a roughly constructed little pine box. It is quite small, not over three feet long. A little rubber rattle lies on top of the crude coffin. A pair of tiny moccasins, some clothing and playthings are there. It is such a tiny little coffin! Here some Blackfoot mother has left her little one, part of her very life. She has gone down from this hill-top leaving her baby here, but bearing with her a wound in her heart that time may heal, but the scar of which will ever remain. Her little one that had scarcely been out of her sight,—to leave it on this lonely hill-top alone! As she lays the little moccasins and clothing upon the grave, as she puts the playthings there, what are her thoughts? Her little one will be lonesome in that

THE VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT

far land, in that great Beyond. The spirit of these things that he knew will go with him to serve him in the Happy-hunting-grounds. Since he has gone, she often looks at the western skies when they are tinged with the glory of the dying day. Far in the West, beyond the Sunset, in that unknown land of the Spirits is her child. Her arms are so empty—she stretches them out toward the mysterious West. Her eyes are dim, her cheeks wet. This little one was to have been a great warrior. How proud she would have been of him! The red in the West fades into neutral tints of gray. The wind arises as twilight falls. Far-off she hears the long drawn wail of a dog. She draws her shawl close about her, and with bowed head she leaves the hill-top. Slowly darkness gathers and blots out the rounded mounds.

(To be concluded in May)

THE BOGUS CORPSE

Billy the Drummer and His Amazing Experiences at Bud's
Run—An April Fool's Day Anecdote

By W. F. G. THACHER

“**A**S near as I can remember,” began Billy, reminiscently, “it was in the spring of seventy-nine.”

When Billy uttered this stereotyped introduction, it was the signal for all the “Knights of the Grip” within hearing to gather around, light fresh cigars, and await the forthcoming anecdote with silent anticipation.

“Yes” continued he, after a moment’s thought, “It *was* in seventy-nine—in April, and I was traveling through Idaho. Never been through Bud’s Run, eh? Well, I dunno as you’ve missed much. ‘Tain’t nothing but an ordinary little one-mule town with nothing in it but ramshackle houses and a dozen stores, and loafers and dogs and mud. Leastways that’s how I remember it. I was down there with a line of drygoods—struck the town in the morning, and not a blamed train out in my direction ‘till night. It took me two hours to persuade the one drygoods man that he wanted three or four lots of cheap prints; then I ate my dinner, and found myself with nothing to do, and all the afternoon to do it in. I loafed around the hotel a while, trying to start a game of poker, but the moss-backs were all scared to play, so I walked down to the depot where there was quite a crowd collected, watching a dog fight, and waiting for the afternoon passenger train to go through. Pretty soon in she came with a screech and a jar, and before she stopped, the engineer jumped out of the cab and shouted out, excited like, ‘There’s a man shot up at Big Cut—he’s lyin’ down at the bank of the creek and bleedin’ like h—l. You better get a doctor and hustle right up there,’ and before he had time to explain any more, the conductor hollered ‘all aboard,’ and he clum back into the cab and pulled out.

“Well, you can bet there was big excitement there in no time. ‘Twa’n’t

more than a minute before the station was full of men, and every one asking what’s up and giving lots of free advice and no one knowing what to do. Pretty soon some one sung out, ‘Here’s Doc. Coots! He’s the man we want. He’ll know what to do.’ And he *was* the man, too. As soon as he understood what the trouble was, he began giving orders, sharp-like:

“‘You, Jim,’ he says. ‘Get some men and run out the handcar quick as you know how. That’ll get us there quicker’n a horse.’ The men caught on, and the hand car was out in no time.”

“Course, I was in for the fun, and I jumped on the handcar the first one. Doc. and Jim, and some other men piled on, and we started for the Cut, as fast as we could pump the handles. It was up grade, and a darned hot day, and I was pretty near done when we got to the Cut—it was about two miles—but we were all pretty much excited and never minded the work. As soon as we got there, we pulled the hand car off the track and ran down the bank and went to hunting for that corpse. Well, sir, we looked over every square foot for a mile, but there wa’n’t no corpse to be found nowhere—not even a footprint, nor a drop of blood, nor any sign of a corpse. After we’d hunted for half an hour, we came back to the handcar, pretty tired and swearing mad. Everyone began guessing how it was we couldn’t find the dead man. One of the men said he gussed the man must have fallen in the creek and floated away; but the creek wa’n’t deep enough. Jim, he thought we must have made some mistake in the place, and we was all coming ‘round to his way of thinking when Doc. brought his hand down on his leg with a slap.

“‘Boys,’ he says, ‘we’ve just been *April fooled*, like a lot of d—d suckers.’

"Well, he'd struck it; sure enough, if he hadn't. No one'd thought of its being the first of April, and I tell you, they were the sickest lot of men you ever saw; and talk about cussing!

"Pretty soon Jim spoke up and said: 'Doc., we'd better get on the handcar and skip the country, for there won't be any living in Bud's Run after such a sell as this.' Then everybody groaned and went to swearing again.

"Just then an idea struck me how to get out of the difficulty. I thought it over while they were cussing the engineer, and then I stood up on the hand car and said: 'Boys, if you'll let up a moment and listen to me, I think I can get you out of this scrape.' They hadn't noticed 'till then that I was a stranger, but they all said go ahead. 'Well,' says I, 'my plan is like this. It strikes me that so long as we can't find a corpse, we've got to make one, and I propose to be the corpse. Now, I'm a stranger here, and no one noticed me git on the car. You rip a wide board off the fence there, and I'll lie down on it, and you cover me up with your coats, and we'll give Bud's Run the biggest April Fool they ever had.'

"The boys were tickled most to pieces with the plan, and we talked it all over and fixed the details so everything would run smooth. They were to carry me up in front of the drug store, and keep the crowd waiting 'till my train pulled in. Then Doc. was to jerk the coat from my head and I was to cut for the depot. In the meantime, Jim was to buy my ticket and have my baggage checked so I could catch my train without any trouble. I knew if I was caught, the people would make it hot for me.

"Well, the boys got the board and just as we got in sight of town, I lay down on it, and they threw their coats over me. I fixed it so I could look through a tear and see pretty much everything going on. I could see the crowd craning their necks to see and hear 'em talking and whispering. The whole town was out and the excitement was something awful. When we got to the station, Doc.

jumped off the car, and began ordering the people back, as officious as a policeman at a circus: 'Get back, men, we must have room here. Move back, there. Make way, people.' Four of the boys picked me up and carried me, as slow as a funeral, up to the drug store, and set the board on a couple of benches on the sidewalk.

"Doc., he was coroner too, and he made it more interesting by making believe he was going to hold an inquest. 'Sheriff,' I heard him say, 'Impanel a jury right off. We can't delay—very serious case.' Of course every one was anxious to serve on the jury, and the sheriff was hustlin' round as important as an alderman on election day, and everything getting hotter and more exciting, 'till I heard my train whistle about a mile off. Doc. had the jury all ready, and everything screwed up to the top notch of excitement, when the train pulled in, and he reached down and jerked off the coat. I gave one jump and a whoop and dove right into the crowd. Well, sir, for a moment they were that scared they were stunned, and then they let out one awful yell and scattered in every direction, and you could have played poker on their coat tails.

"I tore down to the depot and grabbed my ticket and grip from Jim and jumped onto the train just as she was pulling out, and I haven't seen Bud's Run from that day to this. Got a match anybody?"

After the laugh, Billy looked slowly around his circle of auditors. "Say, you fellows think that's a lie, don't you? Well, look here." He reached into his grip and produced a beautiful cut glass flask, embossed with silver. On one side was a plate on which was engraved: *To Mr. William Crandle in grateful recognition for his services as corpse on April 1st, 1879. Presented by six citizens of Bud's Run who on that occasion enjoyed the best laugh of their life.*

"When you're through looking at it," said Billy, "just pass it around—it's the real thing."



THE PACIFIC COAST LINE

By J. H. WILSON

THE Pacific coast-line of the Western Continent was the subject of much early exploration, and the incomplete manner in which the many expeditions were carried out, gave rise at times to the most curious misinformation which one could well imagine.

As early as 1540, Alonzo de Camargo passed up the Southern Ocean, touched the coast of Chili, and sailed on to Peru; and, so far as known, for the first time completed the knowledge of the outline of the South American Coast. Following his voyage, a map, called the Nancy Globe, of about 1550, gave a very accurate general outline of the coast of South America, but for want of any better information designated the whole of the northern part of the Pacific, as "Asia."

In 1542, Cabrillo, a Spaniard, in spite of fogs, storms and adverse winds, slowly made his way along the coast towards the north, giving names and making observations, until he thought he had reached the latitude of the 44th parallel.

It is thought by some that he did not get beyond the 42nd degree, but, inasmuch as he did not land north of the 35th degree, it is of little importance just how far he did attain. During the remainder of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards did not improve the knowledge of the coast gained by these expeditions.

There was an element of fancy that played an important part in the geography of this period. The desire to find a northern passage to the riches of India and Japan, had been expressed as early as the period of the Cabots. After the discovery of the southern straits by Magellan, there was a fixed determination, especially on the part of England and France, to find a corresponding passage to the north.

It is said that what men earnestly long for they frequently come to believe true, —which characteristic of human nature

resulted, in this case, in the appearance of actual descriptions, and even pictures, of a northern strait connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, which no one had ever seen or passed through. Spanish discoveries produced on the maps the separation of the southern part of North America from the mainland of Asia. But it was the belief in the imaginary straits of "Anian" that first brought upon the maps a representation of North America as a great continent separate from the Orient.

Many maps of the period serve to illustrate the popular delusion regarding the straits of Anian. One of the earliest is the *Schoener Globe* of 1523, on which appears a broad open strait in the far north connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Perhaps the best informed of them all was Ortelius, who published in 1570 his great work entitled "Theatrum Orbis Terrarum." On his map of the world, an unbroken coast line extends from the Straits of Magellan in 52 degrees south, to Anian, which is placed between 60 and 65 degrees north latitude. As this was one of the maps in the first of modern atlases, and its author enjoyed the reputation of being one of the greatest geographers of the age, it may be well understood how the work became popular, and the common foundation for many geographies compiled by later writers.

Many of the early maps indicated California as an island extending from Cape St. Lucas, to about the 43rd degree of north latitude, or Cape Blanco. It seems that very early navigators did not venture beyond that point, although it is probable that they came in sight of it, and thinking they had reached the northern limit of land, sailed back to warmer climes, and so reported.

Little or nothing was done in the seventeenth century to contribute to a knowledge of the Northwestern coast, but

in the early part of the eighteenth century, Peter-the-Great sent Vitus Bering, a German, north on two expeditions, in which he discovered and named the straits which bear his name. Bering also coasted along the southern coast of Alaska, to a point somewhere in the vicinity of Mt. St. Elias, and on his return he was wrecked on an island which received and still bears his name, and where he perished from exposure and hardships. Those early voyages of discovery were fraught with great danger and hardship, especially before the time of Captain Cook, who introduced many improvements in the routine of daily life aboard ship, to lessen the danger of sickness, and to keep his men at all times in good physical condition.

It is to Captain James Cook that we owe the first reliable discoveries along our immediate Northwest coast. This famous navigator was born in England in the year 1728. His parents were of humble origin, and he was early apprenticed to the sea. He followed the coal trade along the coast of England, during the early part of his life, and after coming of age he enlisted in the British Navy, and soon distinguished himself by his able seamanship, his attention to every detail of his duty, and his unusual aptitude in his profession. At the siege of Quebec he made a survey of the river in the face of the greatest possible danger, and, although beset by savage Indians especially charged with his destruction, he performed the work so well that his charts remained the official survey for many years after the English had peaceable possession of that territory.

This careful and skillful work, and the favor of his superior officers so recommended him to the British Admiralty that he was detailed to make extensive surveys of the coasts of Newfoundland and other parts dangerous to the navigation in those waters, and eventually gained for him a commission in His Majesty's service.

It having been calculated by astronomers that a transit of Venus over the sun's disk would occur in the year 1769, and that the best place to observe this would be at some point in the south seas, it was decided that Lieut. Cook,

as the best informed navigator in England, should undertake that difficult and dangerous mission. He was accordingly sent out in 1768, in the ship *Endeavor*, of 370 tons burden, and a crew of 84 men. This voyage was eminently successful; and, besides making the astronomical observation desired, it disproved the existence of an unbroken continent of land in certain portions of the south seas, in which there had been a general belief, prior to that voyage. The log of the *Endeavor* showed that she had sailed over waters where existing charts had hitherto shown land.

In order to gain definite information concerning the south seas, and what lands and peoples did exist there, a second expedition was sent out under Captain Cook in 1771, being provided with two vessels and provisioned for a long voyage; especial care being taken to provide for the health of the men, as well as for the scientific purposes in view. This voyage resulted in a great deal of exact information respecting the navigation of the Pacific, particularly in the south seas, and was of the greatest benefit in demonstrating that a long voyage of three years could be accomplished in one vessel, without the loss of more than one man by sickness. Before this time, owing to imperfect preparations, unsanitary quarters, imperfect discipline, and improper food, the loss had been very great on similar voyages of discovery. Captain Cook was accorded the most brilliant reception upon his return from this second voyage, and received a medal from the Royal Society for the best experimental paper of the year—a distinction seldom gained by one of his calling. The results of Captain Cook's two voyages into the Pacific corrected many errors until then commonly entertained by all people, and in order to settle the question of a Northwest passage, and to find, if possible, a short route from the East Indies to Europe, Captain Cook was again, for the third and last time, sent out by the British Government, in command of two vessels, and with the rank of Post Captain.

During the year 1777, he sailed up through the Pacific, stopping at many islands, and making important discoveries, among the most important made by

him. being that of the Sandwich Islands, so named in honor of the Earl of Sandwich, who was largely instrumental in forwarding these two last expeditions. From the Sandwich Islands, Captain Cook sailed northward, until on the seventh day of March, 1778, he came in sight of the western coast of North America, at latitude 44 deg. 33 min. north. On that day the wind was high, the air obscured by a mist, an "Oregon mist" as we say, and about the tops of two high knobs surmounting a bold promontory just in front of the ships, the clouds hung threateningly. The vessels had sailed within sound of the surf, and to close proximity of this headland 'ere Captain Cook discerned the outlines of the mountains in the background. One long line of white water breaking on an unknown and seemingly desolate shore was the sight which greeted the eyes of these hardy navigators, who had last seen land in the sunny South, where all nature seemed at rest—a decided contrast to the sight which now met their vision. It is not strange that the first name which occurred to Captain Cook, was "Foulweather." This was "Foulweather" indeed. No signs here of a Northwest passage, or of anything else but a wilderness, and an inhospitable coast. March is not always so pacific a month as it might be, and that March when Captain Cook first beheld Cape Foulweather, was doubtless one of the worst on record. It was the same winter our patriot army spent at Valley Forge, and the inclemency of that season is written in imperishable character upon the memory of every faithful student of the history of American independence.

Captain Cook called this the coast of New Albion, following the designation of Sir Francis Drake, who had given it that name two hundred years before. He sailed south, beating his way down the coast for six days, during which time the weather cleared sufficiently for him to observe "Table Hill," a well known landmark situated between Yaquina Bay and Mount Chintimini. He also gave a name to another impression induced by the nature of things at that time. The next prominent point south of Cape Foulweather extended well out to sea, jutting out from a large mountain whose

sides are covered with a dense growth of evergreen trees. It has the semblance of the strength of Gibraltar. It stands out as boldly, and as firmly fixed as if it were destined to a perpetual existence. "Cape Perpetua" Captain Cook called it, and no better name, nor one more appropriate has since been suggested. However, the same cannot be said of "Foulweather." By some perversity of fate, or for some other reason, there is prevalent a difference of opinion as to the exact point named "Foulweather." Some say that the high headland some five miles north of the cape is "Foulweather," and so call the cape, "Yaquina Head." But the outline of the coast, as defined on the government surveys, shows the cape to stand out to sea, a long distance west of this other "Foulweather." The chart, too, of Captain Cook clearly indicates the cape proper—the cape with two hills standing up fair and clear above the sea on both sides. Upon this cape there stand the Government light house against which the winds of winter beat so violently as to throw great stones, the size of small cannon balls, over the top of the tower two hundred feet above the sea.

Continuing on down the coast, Captain Cook discovered and named Cape "St. Gregory." We call it "Arago." Then, satisfied that the Northwest passage did not exist south of that degree of latitude, he turned his vessels north and with the wind fair, he sailed quickly up to about the 48th degree, naming Cape Flattery, at the mouth of the straits of Fuca. He did not see the straits but sailed on and entered the sound at the north of Van Couver's Island. He named this sound "King George's Sound," but within a short time finding that the natives had already a name for it, he adopted and reported it as "Nootka" sound. The name it still retains.

The future journeys of Captain Cook relate to the Alaskan coast, and Arctic seas, where he penetrated north until his way was barred by an impassable wall of ice. He even tried to find an entrance through the ice field, but the season coming on him late, he returned south to the Sandwich Islands, where he met with his death at the hands of na-

tives—the unhappy result of an effort to pacify a difference between the natives and certain of his party. The only time Captain Cook seemed likely to meet with success in his endeavor to find a Northwest passage, was when he sailed into Cook's Inlet, on his way north from Nootka sound. Into this inlet he sailed for several days, until finding it but a river, he designated it as such, but gave it no name, and it was the Earl of Sandwich who said that so great a discoverer as Captain Cook, who had named many places, should have something named after himself. So it was called "Cook's River," or, as we say, "Cook's Inlet."

It was the intention of Captain Cook to again sail north the next season, in the endeavor to find a Northwest passage, when he returned to the Sandwich Islands for the winter. In view of the persistency with which he followed out his purpose at every stage of his career, there can be no doubt but that he would have again sailed into the Arctic Ocean the next season; but it is not so certain he would have ever sailed out again, for he was a navigator without fear, and never deviated from the object of his voyages. The death of Captain Cook, while looked upon with regret, may have been providential. Had he returned to the Arctic, and perished there, the results of this voyage would also have been lost, as well as the lives of his people.

An important result of this third voyage was the descriptions given of the natives, and the products of the Northwest coast—particularly his notice of the great quantities of furs to be obtained from the Indians of that region. The sea-otter, an especially valuable fur, could be obtained there in great quantities. This circumstance contributed to a great interest in the reports of this voyage. It became the topic of the day, and as a consequence, a lively fur trade was built up on that coast, and much interest created in that part of the country.

This is perhaps best told by Washington Irving in his "Astoria," as follows:

"The last voyage of that renowned but unfortunate discoverer, Captain Cook, had made known the vast quantities of the sea-otter to be found along the coast, and the immense prices to be obtained for its fur in China. It was as if

a new gold coast had been discovered. Individuals from various countries dashed into this lucrative traffic, so that in the year 1792, there were twenty-one vessels under different flags, plying along the coast, and trading with the natives. The greater part of them were American and owned by Boston merchants. Their trade extended along the whole coast from California to the high northern latitudes. They would run in near shore, anchor, and wait for the natives to come off in their canoes with peltries. The trade exhausted in one place, they would up anchor and off to another. In this way they would consume the summer, and when autumn came on, would run down to the Sandwich Islands and winter in some friendly and sheltered harbor. In the following year they would resume their summer trade, commencing at California and proceeding north, and, having in the course of the two seasons collected a sufficient cargo of peltries, would make the best of their way to China. Here they would sell their furs, take in teas, nankeens, and other merchandise and return to Boston, after an absence of two or three years."

The first voyage of Captain Gray, who named the Columbia river, was a direct result of the reports of Captain Cook's voyage and the valuable furs to be obtained on the Northwest coast. Thus, besides naming the more prominent features of our coast, Captain Cook excited such an interest in its products, as has not to this day ceased to draw hither people in quest of wealth and the many advantages to be derived from a residence in this Northwest territory.

He little knew, and probably did not imagine that the forest trees he described growing on the shores of Nootka Sound, would one day become the source of the greatest wealth to numbers of his countrymen, or that the "Inland Empire," then lying ready and inviting to the settlement of civilized man, contained resources of forest, and mineral and agricultural wealth unsurpassed upon the earth, or that its rivers would become great arteries of commerce, or its harbors, the gates to an oriental trade which would become the surprise and envy of the whole world. He little thought that it would afford homes for millions of

freemen who would make it, what it is and wealthiest portions of the entire rapidly becoming, one of the greatest, globe.

NOTE—The writer has consulted many authorities in preparing this article, and acknowledges his entire indebtedness to them. Portions—all the better part—are copied verbatim, and no claims of originality are made for them.

"Cui Bono?"

*The peoples—where are they drifting?
Their race—is it just begun?
Are the shadows only lifting,
Or is it the setting sun?*

*A myriad of myriads toiling
Like thronging ants in a hill;
A myriad of myriads moiling
And never a one is still.*

*They drown in the Southern typhoons,
Are crushed in the Northern floe;
They faint in the hot sand's simoons,
They are wrecked on Norman's Woe.*

*They swarm in the noisome alleys,
They cling like moss to the hills;
And ever through God's green valleys,
The whir of their labor thrills.*

*Mere pigmies, they play with forces
Would laugh the Titans to scorn,—
Could rock the stars in their courses,
Could wither the sun ere morn.*

*They seize from the vault above them
The leaping shafts of God,
Couriers to those who love them,
Slaves of their beck and nod.*

*Into the thorn-laced thickets
Their rattling Maxims play;
Always advancing their pickets,
They ope for their commerce a way.*

*They rend the ribs of their mother,
They band her breasts with steel,
In traffic with one another,
Spanning the earth awheel.*

*Thro' calm and thro' wild commotion,
Their steel-built shuttles arc hurled,
O'er the billows of every ocean,
Weaving the woof of the world.*

*Their pennants of peace are flying
O'er cruiser and land-locked hold;
Yet ever at hand is lying
The silk of their battle-flags bold.*

*To Hell they would claim admittance;
They starve 'round the frozen Poles.
For fame as a sole acquittance,
They barter their lives and souls.*

*They cling to their gods infernal,
Creations of clay and stone.
They worship a God Supernal;
They bend the knee to none.*

*They toil for an unknown Master,
Slaves of an unknown Fate,
In joy, or in black disaster,
In mimic deeds or great.*

*The Purpose there's none can fathom,
The Why there's none can tell.
Are they creatures cast at random
To people Heaven and Hell?*

—Claude Thayer



DELIVERED



The Parson and the Cowboy--The Trouble With the Sheepmen--The Testament and the Consolation it Brought



By MILFORD W. FOSHAY



“SAY, Parson, did you hear that Mason was coming?”

The speaker was a typical western ranchman. His stalwart frame was propped negligently against his little, rat-like pony, with one arm thrown over its shoulder as if ready to pick it up and carry it off. The man addressed had just ridden up to the log postoffice. Booted and spurred, with his broad-brimmed hat, as he sat astride the red bronco, he did not appear very much like a gospel advocate. Yet he was, and the sole wielder of the “Sword of the Spirit” within a radius of some fifty miles.

This man was known and loved by all the families in the sparsely settled district, because he was ever ready to watch at the bedside of the sick or to gallop the thirteen rugged miles to the lonely little station in the valley, and telegraph for a doctor when the case was desperate. More than this, he entered heartily into all their local interests, knitting himself so closely to them that his influence often averted outbursts over disputed water privileges, or other disturbing conditions. He felt that they valued his ministrations to the dying, and offices to the dead; yet he often sighed that the living were so careless of his advice regarding spiritual attainments. But he kept his sighs to himself; for he well knew that while a genuine tear for another’s physical suffering would touch their hearts, anything of that nature which accompanied religious teaching would weaken his influence.

Just now, the district was in a dangerous state of excitement over the attitude of the sheep men. This was a cattle region, and it had no intention of permitting Mason to drive through his flock of sheep and ruin the pasturage for the season. He had done so once, and the experience was not to be repeated. They sent him word to this effect, and he replied shortly, that, when he got orders

from Washington not to trespass on the government land beyond the Hogback, he would take another route—and not ‘till then.

So, when Mr. Wills was asked the question already recorded, he knew that the district would oppose Mason’s advance, and that it meant not only a slaughter of sheep, but possibly the loss of human life. It was of no use to talk against the method to be employed. He had done that; but this was a case in which they felt it necessary to set his counsel at naught. He would say something, however, to this mountain giant whose good impulses he knew to be in keeping with the size of the organ which set them going.

“Well, Dick, when will he be here?”

“About the last of next week. He has started, but will have to stop at Crook’s to feed his precious flock. He expects to let them do their own feeding through here, you know.”

“Yes, I know.”

“And we don’t, you see,” Dick said, in a very positive way.

“If there should be shooting, are you all ready for it?” And Mr. Wills looked his friend earnestly in the eye.

“All ready,” was the prompt reply. “I know what you mean. We fellows think lots of your teaching, Parson, if we don’t seem to practice it much. I want to tell you that when we were over to Divide last time, we got something that will keep us all right. See that bulge?” and he drew his shirt smooth, on his left side.

“Yes. What is it?”

“A New Testament, right over my heart!” was the triumphant reply.

“How long have you had it?”

“Three months.”

“How much have you read it?”

“Oh, I haven’t read it any. But you said we ought always to have one along with us.”

Mr. Wills did not seem to rejoice as much as Dick looked for, over the result of his teaching. In truth, he was wondering if he had so taught these people that they regarded religious instruction as a stock of incantations to ward off evil, and the Bible as a charm for the same purpose. When he came among them three years before, he found men and women who had grown up, married and reared children without ever having attended divine service. It was exceedingly difficult to lead them to a conception of spiritual relations between God and themselves. He now asked for the Book, and finding that it contained the Psalms, he marked the fifteenth verse of the fiftieth Psalm, and the third chapter of John, sixteenth verse. Handing it back, he said:

"I wish you would read what I have marked."

"All right, I will, sometime," Dick promised, putting the Book away in its resting place.

"Before Mason gets here?"

"Don't like to take medicine before I'm sick. If it should go hard with me, I'll look it up."

On a day of the following week, word was circulated that Mason would probably drive his sheep through during the night. Mr. Wills slept little and did not undress, that he might be ready in case he was called; yet he did not expect to receive any word until daylight—perhaps not then. The wise thing was to stay away and refrain from questioning; and he had learned this kind of wisdom.

It was just after noon, when Dick's brother Charlie rode up. The Parson saw him coming and was outside.

"Well?"

"Of course no one knows anything, and we have to suppose what took place. So we think that Mason and his men were stopped, and that they'll drive over the other trail," Charlie answered. But he was uneasy. Mr. Wills noticed it and continued.

"Any one hurt?"

"One of Mason's men was shot, and died about an hour ago. Another of them got away and rode over to the station to wire. The sheriff started at once. I don't know how it will end. Guess some other way ought to have

been tried; although I don't know what, for he was warned, confound him, not to bring his sheep here. A good many of them were killed, and he promised to go back. But, Parson," and his voice which had taken on an angry tone, became troubled, "Dick's missing."

Mr. Wills looked his inquiry, and Charlie continued:

"Everyone was supposed to go home after it was over, and know nothing. The shooting was lively for a few minutes on both sides, before Mason would stop to talk. When Dick didn't show up at daylight, I rode round to places where he might be; but no one had seen him. Then I went to the scrimmage ground, but he's not there. When I got back, his horse had come in. The sheriff's on the ground by this time. See?"

Yes, he saw. It would not do for Charlie, or any of the other men, to be out looking for Dick; so he said, significantly:

"My horse is fresh."

Charlie reached out his hand. Mr. Wills grasped it, and they separated without another word. The red bronco was quickly saddled, and its rider soon on the scene of the conflict. The sheriff and two of his men from the county seat were there, but not a native was in sight. Dead sheep were scattered all about on the sand, and among the stunted cedars.

When Mr. Wills rode up, the sheriff, who knew him, asked:

"What do you know about this?"

"I have not been on this spot for two weeks," was the reply. Then looking the officer in the eye, he continued, "I was at home from sundown yesterday till within a few minutes ago."

"Oh, of course," the sheriff responded rather bitterly, as he saw that no information was to be had from this source.

They talked a few minutes longer, then Mr. Wills began to hunt for some sign of Dick. He found nothing, and rode off a few miles one way at a venture. It was fruitless, and he returned to ride in another direction.

He had gone about a mile up a trail leading to a mountain "park," when he saw the tracks of a horse at one side. Following these, he noticed that they were irregular as though the rider was

unsteady in his saddle, pulling his horse this way and that. His heart beat rapidly, for the tracks led to a precipice. A half mile farther they ceased at the edge, with the deep imprint of the forefeet, as if the horse had stopped suddenly in a refusal to go on. Hastily dismounting, he peered over. There lay Dick in plain view on a shelf of rock about ten feet from the top, and with one foot hanging out over the chasm.

When he was shot, Dick felt the impact at his left side well up to the shoulder. The arm instantly dropped, and he realized at once that it would be useless for him to stay there any longer. His thought was to get home as soon as possible, according to the plan. Taking the rein in his right hand, he started at a lope. But his head grew dizzy, and in the darkness he took the wrong road. After a few minutes, he was obliged to bring the pony to a walk. He continued for quite a while, reeling in his saddle and drawing his horse about in a zig-zag fashion. All at once he pitched forward and lost consciousness.

When he revived, the sun shone hot in his face and it was some time before he could understand the situation. As he got it unraveled, he recognized the locality and knew that it might not be visited in three months, unless some youngster came to trout in the stream below. He tried to get up, but found that it was impossible, his whole left side seeming to be paralyzed. He was weak from loss of blood, and in a raging thirst. Was he going to die? He, Dick, who had never known a sick day, and once had ridden thirty-five miles with a leg which was broken in the turmoil of a round-up hanging at his side, and when he got to the doctor made him set it without using a drop of chlorform? But he did not feel then as he did now.

Everything was looking queer. The pines were dancing, and once in a while a rock would swell and swell until it was ten times its right size. Then it would suddenly grow small again and give him a sinking sensation, as if he were being let down in a narrow place with the sides constantly rising higher. If he were going to die, he wished the Parson was with him.

Then he thought of the Testament.

Wasn't he all right while he had that? But Mr. Wills had wanted him to read it. He could use his right hand, and finally got the Book out, hitching himself up against the bank so that when he held it open the page was in sight. The process threw his left leg over the ledge, and it hurt; but what was the difference? He could follow the Parson's directions, and that was the important thing. When he looked at the print the letters began to jump about. Some of them got off the Book entirely, but it would never do to let them get away; so he made an effort and brought them back in order, reading enough of the verse to take in the sense: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee."

He fell back exhausted, and tried to think what this meant.

"It must be God who is to be called upon, for Mr. Wills is always telling what He will do for any one in trouble. But if He knows that I am hurt, why does He wait to be called on? Why don't He let some one know that I am here? Perhaps He thinks what's worth having is worth asking for. Or maybe it's like the time I dug old Jack Munson out, when his cabin fell in on him. He said, 'I wish you had sense enough to let people alone! I could have got myself out after a while.' I swore that I would never help another man until I was asked. Perhaps God thinks we wouldn't appreciate it if He doesn't wait until He knows that we can't help ourselves. Well I surely can't help myself. What's that other place the Parson marked?"

It took some time to find it; but he managed to read the verse and murmured:

"God loves the world, and if we believe it we shall have everlasting life. I don't quite get that."

His strength was failing, and he was thinking in a weaker way.

"Everybody must die; but God doesn't. I wonder if it means that after we die here we shall have the same kind of life that God has, if we call on Him for it?"

This idea seemed somewhat of an answer to his questions, and comforted him. As the tension relaxed, his mind wandered and he thought of the park just up yonder, with ice-cold springs. The

sun was growing hotter, the fever was increasing and he imagined that he was stooping to drink. He could feel the cool air as his face neared the water. Then, just as he was about to touch it, the spring receded and in its stead there was alkali dust, hot and dry. He drew back in despair, and immediately felt himself carried to the edge of a deep valley which he thought he recognized. He began to slowly slip over, inch by inch, and must soon fall into the shadows below. This would kill him, of course; but he was not disturbed by it. Only, there was something he intended to do before death came. What was it?

He struggled to recall the intention, lest he should suddenly go over into the darkness; and the attempt cleared his brain. His face had dropped down on his right arm, and the shadow of a small tree was cast upon him. He tried to raise himself, but could only lift his

head. Never mind; he could get the same kind of life that God had, by calling on Him, and then it wouldn't make any difference what occurred. But he must hurry.

Turning his face upward toward the light blue, he noticed first the heat waves from the rocks near at hand, then the green of the scrub-oak banked on the opposite side of the valley; while farther up, the aspens with their fluttering leaves looked cool against a dark cloud whose edge was silvered in the bright sunlight.

"O, God ———" he began; but the effort was too much, and his head lurched forward onto his arm.

So Mr. Wills found him. As he gently removed the Testament from the fast stiffening fingers, he saw the marked places and whispered to himself: "He called, and was surely delivered."

ONE OF THE PIONEER CHURCHES AND SCHOOL HOUSES, LOCATED AT FOREST GROVE, OREGON

In Days of Rest

*Into the summer sometimes falls a day
Of neutral hours, when neither sun nor rain
Disturbs the even balance. Joy and pain,
Alike subdued into a quiet gray.*

*No joy, no sunny gladness is expressed
By the calm face of nature; yet the tone
Is hardly sad. Upon it broods alone
A still, prevailing sense of perfect rest.*

*So far a space sometimes, our lives may run,
Rest-filled, tho' empty both of joy and sorrow,
Wherein is strength regained to meet the morrow
And bear its burdens, be they rain or sun.*

—*Florence May Wright*

By **WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS**

An Important Factor in American Progress—

The remarkable progress that the United States has made during the past hundred years in all lines of human endeavor may be properly regarded as one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. In accounting for this progress there has been a tendency among writers, while crediting material causes to a certain extent, to pass over one of the most important factors in the unification and upbuilding of the nation. If any one thing has made America what it is, perhaps it is not too much to say that it has been the railroad. Certainly no other one factor, excepting possibly the genius of the American people, has so much to its credit, and without the railroad this genius would largely have been unable to assert itself. The telegraph and newspapers have had much to do in the production of the national feeling of unity which is at present characteristic of America, but they have in turn been very greatly aided by the railroad. Americans are the greatest travelers in the world, and every year finds the travel rapidly increasing. This is particularly true in the commercial world. Business men are getting more and more in touch with other regions than their own through travel, which efficient service has made desirable. Yet when all this is emphasized in detail the great work that the railroad has done remains still to be touched upon. The railroad has developed America. It has made the United States possible. Without it the great region west of the Mississippi would today have been a comparatively unknown wilderness. The completion of the Union Pacific, therefore, in 1869, was of signal importance to the Union and particularly to the West, and its promoters, prominent among whom was the late Governor Leland Stanford, are the greatest benefactors of

the West and among the greatest of the nation. The work of development through means of the railroad has been steadily carried on. They have penetrated into almost every section, until the country is covered as by a network. The wheat of the Dakotas, the cotton of the South, the corn of Indiana and Illinois, the lumber, wool, hops and wheat of Oregon and Washington, are whirled across the continent for our own uses or to be shipped to all parts of the world. Successful farming in the middle west would be an impossibility without the railroad, which, besides developing the country, has, in a word, given us the markets of the world. In any statement, therefore, of the causes which have produced the progress and prosperity of the United States, the work that the railroads have done must take a conspicuous place.

* * *

The Movement Westward—

Present indications point to the settlement this spring in the Pacific Northwest of the largest number of immigrants that this section of the country has yet seen in a single year. During the few days of the recent snow storm in North Dakota, over 1500 were blockaded in St. Paul, and the larger part of these it is believed will settle either in Oregon or Washington. This is simply the advance guard, as it were, of a far more numerous company that has been attracted to the Pacific Northwest from less fortunate sections of our own country and from all parts of Europe. The world is just beginning to realize something of the wonderful possibilities of this region, and as a consequence there is a great demand for suitable material to send out in answer to inquiries. The Pacific Monthly is receiving in almost every mail inquir-

ies concerning the opportunities here, and the same thing is true of many of the business houses of the Northwest. The Lewis & Clark Exposition movement could not have come at a more opportune time. It will reinforce the advertising that commercial bodies are doing or propose to do, and it will be the climax of

the whole plan of attracting settlers and building up the country. There can be no doubt that the exposition will accomplish a splendid work, and will go far toward bringing us a population commensurate with the needs and possibilities of the country.



Community of Interests

Third Paper

Since the publication of the two papers which have preceded this, there have transpired several important events indicative of the wide-spread interest aroused by the chartering of the Northern Securities Company, and the very general opposition which exists to the purposes that organization has in view. The Attorney General of Minnesota has filed petition in the United States supreme court to bring suit on behalf of the state which he represents, the question to be decided being whether the supreme court has jurisdiction. And more recently President Roosevelt has directed that Attorney General Knox bring suit to determine if the Northern Securities Company is in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

The proposed action by the department of justice is independent of the request of Minnesota, the latter seeking to bring suit to uphold her own laws, while the department of justice is seeking to prevent the violation of a federal statute. It seems not unlikely that the United States will file its suit in the state of Minnesota, and the attorney general and solicitor general will appear to prosecute the most gigantic of trusts in the same city where Theodore Roosevelt, just before he became president, made his memorable speech on Americanism, making use of the following suggestive language:

"Yet more and more it is evident that the state, and if necessary the nation, has got to possess the right of supervision and control as regards the great corporations which are its creatures; particularly as regards the great business combinations which derive a portion of their importance from the existence of some monopolistic tendency. The right should be exercised with caution and self-re-

straint; but it should exist, so that it may be invoked if the need arises."

The adjudication of these two cases will be awaited by intelligent people with intense interest, and if it shall prove that present laws are insufficient, there can be no doubt that further legislation will be attempted. In dropping the discussion of this question for the present, I take the liberty to quote an editorial which appears in a paper published in Mr. J. J. Hill's home city:

"The United States will now take a hand in the game of merge and thus add to the tribulations of that public-spirited and nobly motivated movement which seeks to ameliorate the condition of shippers and consumers in this great Northwest by saving them from the baleful effects of competition in the matter of transporting their goods, wares and merchandise. The Attorney General announces that a bill in equity is being prepared, by direction of the President, to determine the applicability of the Sherman anti-trust act of 1890 to the combination of railway control sought to be effected by the Northern Securities company. This is the President's reply to some recent taunt of the mergerites that he had modified the views expressed by him in his St. Paul speech last September relative to these consolidations of corporations.

Attorney General Knox will base his action on the decision of the federal supreme court in the joint-traffic association case where it held that an agreement of some Western railways to maintain schedules of freight rates was a violation of the anti-trust act. The action of the department of justice is assumed to forecast an adverse decision of the supreme court in the suit brought by this state."

—George M. Gage

America's Day

There is no theme before the American public today comparable in interest and significance to the recent accession of the United States to the very forefront of the nations of the globe. No subject is the matter of so much comment on the editorial page or in the columns of our best reviews. No fact so thrills with pride the heart of the man who is proud to term himself American. "The American Invasion" is the suggestive watch-word of a movement that is so profound, so comprehensive and so interminable that its full import defies even our most sanguine prophecy. Along the whole industrial line America is taking the lead. In every branch and division, her "Captains of industry" are in the fore. Nor is this the shallow vaunting of a people flushed with vanity at a few slight successes; but an actuality, so fundamental, so incontrovertible that the most critical student of the great trend of events must admit its moment. Nor is the least significant feature, the comparative suddenness of his advance. It has all occurred within the last two or three years; while its general recognition is a matter of months only. The American people, a year since unconscious of the future in bond for them, have suddenly roused to the realization that in their hands is reposed the sceptre of the realm of industry, and, through its means, a place *secundus nulli* of the world powers.

The consequential question is—*Why?* It is not by a caprice of fate or a fortuitous event that such power has been granted. Various thinkers attribute the cause variously. One sees the source of our success in our natural advantages—the wealth, variety and accessibility of our resources—the vastness of our forests, the fertility of our soil, the plentitude of our waterpower, the apparently inexhaustible supply of coal and oil, easily available, the richness of the deposits of minerals and metals. The American nation admits all these endowments, and the advantages inherent in them, and glories in their possession. But that is only a fractional explanation. Raw material, no matter

how available it may be, or in how great quantity it may exist, can not, of itself, or under ordinary conditions of use, result in so marked an industrial superiority. South America has, apparently, nearly as great a natural equipment as have we. Her soil is rich, her forests vast, her rivers swift and deep, and her mines, where developed, rich and valuable; but in no way is the status of her peoples to be compared to the United States. Other countries, too, have resources and natural wealth, but little less than our own.

Nay, then, to strike at the root of the thing, it is a matter, first, of intelligence. It is a large assumption, but a fair one, amply substantiated by facts and hardest evidence, that the average American mind, placed in juxtaposition to the average mind of any other nation, will prove itself superior. Strong statements, these; but as true as truth itself. How otherwise can be explained the super-excellence of American methods—the products of American minds? "By their fruits ye shall know them," and by their works, America's thinkers have demonstrated their right to recognition. In all the vast ramifications and the unnumbered guises of that protean thing called "business," the American mind is super-eminent.

The other factor—the one most to be proud of, because it is distinctively, characteristically *ours*, is one of institutions. If in one phrase could be compacted the gist of our progress, it would be this: "A fair field and no favor." In it is the doctrine of equality, as nearly perfect as can be on this earth, and in it is the secret of our success. It has accomplished the liberation of the human mind and permitted it to work and create to the best advantage. It has made possible the wonderful achievements of America's industrial leaders—this marvelous systemization, *automatization*, if you will, of methods, this constant, elimination of the redundant, this process of unifying and integrating and labor-saving which characterize these methods. America's institutions have vindicated themselves.

—Franklyn G.

Mrs. Cleveland's Democracy—

Those whose great privilege it is to know Mrs. Grover Cleveland are impressed most forcibly with her democracy. Not that she sacrifices one least fraction of her gentleness, for she is before all else, a gentlewoman, but that she combines with this the broad sympathy and kindness which endear her to all classes and make one forget her station. To the student at Princeton she is a familiar figure as she swings with generous stride and easy bearing along the streets of the historic old town—for she is a great walker,—or sits in her favorite stall in the Chapel, or listens in the fragrant evening of May and June to "Senior Singing" in front of "Old North." Happy and much-to-be-envied is the fellow who is privileged to raise his hat in response to her charming smile.

A lady who knows her well, relates of her the following incident in the Ladies Home Journal. Not long before Christmas she met her in the Grand Central Station in New York, fairly laden down with parcels.

"You look like a real old-fashioned Santa Claus," she said to Mrs. Cleveland.

"Oh, no, not quite that," was the reply, "for I have no toys in my parcels; they are filled with fruit that I am taking out to where I am staying, because they are very fond of these particular things and they can't be had out there."

When Mrs. Cleveland left the train her friend thought that she would give pleasure to the brakeman by telling him that he had "entertained an angel unawares."

So she said, "Did you see that lady on the platform with all those parcels?"

"Yes," said he, "What of it?"

"That's Mrs. Cleveland." The man refused to believe her. He could not believe that the wife of the Ex-President, almost struggling with parcels, would be traveling alone in an ordinary day coach. Such simple democracy passed his belief.

Jan Kubelik, the Man—

In view of the notable success won by Kubelik, a few words about the man will be of interest. Perhaps *the boy* would be more correct, for he is but 21 years old, the date of his birth being July 5, 1880. His father was a poor man, gaining his scanty livelihood from a market garden, their home being in a small village near Prague. He was himself a violinist, and put the instrument in the hands of his son at the age of five years. The boy played and studied until 1892, when he entered the conservatory at Prague. Six years later he left its doors the master—in all points of technique—of his instrument. The same year, his good, old father died, without witnessing the triumphs that were awaiting his boy, but firmly believing in his genius and success. At his first appearances in Austria, Italy and Hungary, were laid the foundations of his fame, but not until he gave his first concert in London, in 1900, were his marvelous talents fully recognized. From that time his concert tours gave his first concert in London, in 1900, have been but a succession of ovations. In appearance the young Czech is slight and nervous, but lithe and muscular. His face is that of the artist, sensitive, gentle, yet reposeful. His eyes are large and dreamful, and masses of dark hair shadow his broad and intelligent forehead. It is not claimed that his genius is yet clarified or crystalized. It is yet subconscious, elemental. But when it expands with experience and growth to the fullness of its rich promise, Kubelik will be considered, it is firmly believed, the world's greatest violinist.

* * *

Edward Everett—

Edward Everett seems to me, says a writer in Scribner's, on the whole, our best example of the orator, pure and simple. Webster was a great statesman, a great lawyer, a great advocate, a great

public teacher. To all these his matchless oratory was but an instrument and incident.

But Everett is always the orator. He was a clergyman a little while. He was a Greek professor a little while. He was a college president a little while. He was Minister to England a little while. He was Representative in Congress and Senator. He was Governor of the Commonwealth. In these places he did good service enough to make a high reputation for any other man. Little of these things is remembered now. He was above all things—I am tempted to say, above all men—the foremost American orator in one class.

* * *

Stephen Phillips—

Stephen Phillips, the author of *Ulysses*, is now in his thirty-fourth year. He is a typical Englishman, fond of outdoor sports, an enthusiastic cricketer, and a popular member of the English clubs. He is said to be an all-round genial companion, quite free from the eccentricities with which most geniuses are provided. Through the foresight of England's late queen, he has been placed upon the civil list of that land, and so, in a measure at least, is relieved from the cares of money-making, which is fortunate, for like many literary men he is not fond of exercising his business ability. It is a noticeable fact that Mr. Phillips inherits his poetical temperament from his mother, who was related to Wordsworth and the Lloyds, Charles Lamb's literary friends. His first realization of his rich inheritance came to him in his fifteenth year, when his mother read aloud to him "Coleridge's *Christabel*," and from that time he determined to be a poet. From

1886 to 1892 he followed the profession of actor, appearing in many Shakespearian roles. Since his retirement he has spent all of his time in the hard work which, contrary to popular fable, is necessary to the production of a work which a man of genius intends to submit to the test of time.

* * *

Make the Paths Straight—

It was King David, we think, who is reported to have prayed: "Lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies." Precisely what he had in mind, when he thus besought may be somewhat conjectural and debatable. Our petitions have frequently a significance which does not lie on the surface. In our deepest being we are alone, and in our deepest utterances not frequently misunderstood. It is true, however, for all people, in every age and country, and under all conditions of environment, that straight ways are preferable. But we are largely followers. What those who went before us have done, influences, in very many instances, our doings. We follow where others have led the way. We not only do what those who went before us have done, but we do it in the same way that they did.

To make paths straight demands of the maker a constant strenuous endeavor. And how many are there who really care to take up that sort of career? Such a life is extremely ideal, and lamentably neglected. There is no place, however, in which the incitements to the making of a straight path in life may be so effectually inwrought as in the home. There habits are formed for all the future career, habits which crystalize into manly and womanly character.

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clear vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.—Anna Warner.

A Lily of France—

By Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason

12 mo., 456 pages. Price, \$1.10

The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia

To the reader with a dyspeptic craving for the fevered love-story in a setting of delirious adventure, *A Lily of France* will bring small satisfaction. To him whose literary appetite is still unvitiated, it will convey rare delight. It penetrates deeper than the popular fiction into the underlying motives of strong characters under the stress of tremendous circumstances. It rises higher than it, into the realm of the spiritual. It is a noble history of those black years of the 16th century, when men were tested to the uttermost, when life was at its least value, and the individual was sacrificed to the principal; when men's souls, long enlashed by the bonds of monastic and monarchical oppression, were striving to rid themselves of the incubus. And upon this tragic background is limned the glowing picture of two noble lives: William of Orange, the "Deliverer of the Netherlands," and Charlotte de Bourbon—linked by a mutual fate and exalted by a love that truly passeth understanding. The dominant note is self-sacrifice. It was the principal in the life of both—sacrifice of all personal hopes and yearnings to an immortal Cause—the liberation of the spirit.

It is a "Historical Romance" in which the *historical* persistently stifles the *romantic*—and in this fact lies the defect of the book. The genus "reader" is ever more interested in the affairs of the principal actors than in the events of any period, no matter how momentous or stirring these events may be. It is the *personal* note that strikes home. Mrs. Mason, evidently, was so imbued with

the importance of her historic material, that she lacked the courage to prune away much matter which, though of undoubted historic value, is quite non-essential to the story. After all, the story "is the thing." The reader, to follow the experiences of the few in whom he is deeply interested, must, perforce, meet scores of personages who bear no vital relation to the matter in hand, and wade through chapters of description and explanation, of themselves, excellent, but irrelevant and cumbersome. The narrative is forever hampered and hindered by this redundancy of material which is a sad defect in these days when a book must "be stripped as to run a race for its life."

Otherwise, the book merits no disparagement. In it are many of the essentials of greatness. It has breadth and scope, perspective and proportion, depth and penetrative insight, distinction and dignity. Of the picture of William, too much can not be said in praise. It moves throughout the story with an unfailing grandeur. First, the brilliant and ambitious youth; then the potent and resourceful commander and masterly diplomat; then the grief-stricken hero, repulsed and deserted, but rising superior to every defeat; then—and in this phase he appeals most powerfully—the lover, suitor and husband. Always lovable and loving, ever courteous and supremely unselfish, knightly, indomitable, with perfect poise and self-mastery, he is a figure to marvel at. And Charlotte de Bourbon—fit mate for such a man! Saintly, womanly, the embodiment of all virtue and graciousness and sympathy, she fairly illumines the pages by the sweetness of her presence. Surely history affords the story of no nobler love than theirs. All in all, it is a book with many attributes of greatness.

The Bird Book—

By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm
Cloth, profusely illustrated, 276 pages
D. C. Heath & Co., Boston

In this valuable work, Miss Eckstorm has effected a satisfactory and commendable compromise between the costly and over-illustrated type of "Bird Book," scientifically untrustworthy, and valueless to any but the merest dilettante, and the ultra-scientific and somewhat formidable "ornithological treatise." A detailed discussion of a book of this kind is, in the nature of things, unfeasible in a limited review—but a few of its most salient excellencies may be noted. Most conspicuous, perhaps, is its extreme intelligibility. In no feature does it overtax the understanding of the unscientific reader through an excess of technical phraseology. It places practically all the essential matter of ornithology within the easy grasp of the ordinary reader—and this without sacrificing accuracy or any of its value as a book of reference. Even more laudable is its distinctive literary quality. The writer is, to a degree, mistress of a clear, pure, forcible style, well adapted to her purpose; and moreover the tone of her work is elevated by numerous literary allusions and side-lights that argue a range of reading by no means circumscribed by the subject in hand. There is the same charm in her representation of bird-life that inheres in the animal stories of Rudyard Kipling or Seton-Thompson. The feathered creatures about which she writes are all subjected to that elusive but unmistakable *personification*—no better word is available—that is the prime factor in the tales of the two afore-mentioned authors. She has, also, a graphic touch that creates most vividly for the reader the locality or strange environment which she wishes to describe as the home of some feathered out-lander. From Alaska's ice-bound isles to the furthestmost keys of Florida she transports us in a search for the bird-life which is everywhere discovered by her keen observation; and the idle reader, who would yawn over a scientific work, will, before he is aware, find a poignant zest in following her skilled guidance. If, as Huxley says, "Science is the perfection of common sense," then it has found an admirable

exponent in this volume. In fact, for the bird *lover* if not for the bird *student*, it is the best hand-book that has ever come under the observation of the critic.

* * *

Folly in Fairyland—

By Carolyn Wells
Cloth, illustrated, 261 pages
Henry Altamus Co., Philadelphia

When Lewis Carroll wrote "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice in the Looking Glass," he not only produced classics, but he established an ideal which has actuated the writing of many children's books of the best class, and among those that are superlatively the best may be ranked "Folly in Fairyland."

The author has done wisely in availing herself, for the more part, of the traditional material in the making of this charming book; and Folly, the little girl whose privilege it is to enter the mysterious precincts, meets only the dear, delightful people whom, as children, we all knew and accepted as intimate friends. To be sure, they sometimes disport themselves in a fashion not wholly in keeping with the cherished lore of Grimm and Anderson; but then, what more could you expect of such anomalous folk as fairies? In truth, the innovations in which the author occasionally indulges are quite as acceptable as the well-worn characters which, moreover, take on a winsome freshness in their new setting. Surely the remarkable and enthralling story of the "Popular Popinjays" is worthy a place in any fairy literature, as is the "Alphabet Drill," the wonderful products ground out by the "Story Teller," and others. But the atmosphere, the *Idea* of Fairyland is never violated. It is a most cosmopolitan land, inhabited by the most popular fairy-folk of all climes and periods. All the favorites are there: *Aladdin*, *Cinderella*, all the mighty family of *Jacks*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Beauty and the Beast* and all the rest, not to mention the whole animal race, without which Fairyland would seem deserted, indeed.

Throughout the tale are interspersed frequent jingles, songs and nonsense verses that are original and captivating, and the whole thing is done with the most

delicate play of fancy, the kindest humor, and many a dainty pun and flash of sprightly wit.

To the imaginative child, "Folly in Fairyland" will bring new sources of purest delight; and, peradventure, the older folk will enjoy a peep within its covers and a renewal of old and tried acquaintances.

* * *

Conchita's Angels—

By Agnes Camplejohn Pritchard
Cloth, 12 mo., 210 pages
The Abbey Press, New York

The four sketches, or "little novels," which comprise the contents of the book, are, to say the least, unusual. This adjective, albeit, refers not so much to the subject matter as to the manner of approach, of treatment, of expression. Here, indeed, is something that has the zest of novelty. A plexus of incidents, which, in other hands would be more or less commonplace, are made, by some transforming process, to stand forth in a new guise; and we are inclined to believe that this transmutation is the reflection of an individuality, rather than the product of art or artfulness. To actually create something new—that is to have genius; to present old circumstances in new lights—that is something, at least.

Miss Pritchard's is the detached standpoint, and her characters are treated with a subtle irony, a slight contemptuousness, that has, at times, a faint suggestion of Thackeray, the master-satirist. Of the narration, little can be said in praise, although here, too, is a newness that is undeniable. The author treats her English with the same contempt that she does her people, but less happily. Style, which is the ultimate test of goodness in a book, will not permit of juggling, and that—or mayhap it is carelessness or mere *ennui*, is what the author is guilty of. The result is singularly unconventional. Evidently Miss Pritchard is a law unto herself in the matter of grammar, but she abuses her liberty. Lack of constraint, naturalness is one thing; aberration, eccentricity, another; and the fault is the more culpable, because, at times, she shows herself capable of pure and fluent expression. For the most

part, however, her diction is curt, disjunctive, and jolting. A favorite trick is the omission of a pronoun, auxiliary or article, with an effect that is fantastic, and unpleasant to a lover of pure English. The style is, however, of a class with the subject matter and the whole is decidedly unique. The book will repay a perusal—if the reader's time be not of too much value—but can hardly be accepted as a permanent addition to literature.

* * *

In the Wyoming Valley—

By Everett T. Tomlinson

12 mo., 360 pages, \$1.00 net

American Baptist Publication Society,
1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

In the second Wyoming massacre, and the incidents precedent to that tragic event, Mr. Tomlinson has found available material for another historical novel of the juvenile type. The story has to do for the most part, with the experiences of Enos Baker, a sturdy Connecticut lad who, in the early days of the Revolution makes his home in the beautiful valley of the Wyoming and participates in the stirring and often sanguinary events of that troubled period. The portrayal of the life of the settlers, their dire hardships and bitter struggles is acceptable, and, presumably, historically accurate. The reader is also admitted to the suffering camp at Valley Forge and a glimpse is had of the noble Commander, in that all but hopeless period of his heroic career.

The narrative, however, is never more than an unadorned recital of incidents. The plot—if such there be—is without complexity; there is slight attempt at characterization and in no instance does the book desert the dead level of the common-place. Of enlivening romance there is none—indeed, the love element is so completely subordinated that it is a question in the reader's mind if it exists at all. But in its favor may be said that the workmanship is sound and sure, the narration lucid, and there is a commendable absence of all mawkish sentimentality. Moreover, the whole tone of the book is healthful, and the boyish mind can receive none but helpful impressions by its reading.

A Department Devoted to Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, the Pioneers, the Sons and Daughters of Pioneers and Historical Data of the Northwest.

Editor's Note.—Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, members of the Historical and Pioneer Societies, and sons and daughters of Oregon pioneers, are asked to contribute to this department any facts that may be of interest to the public or to the society of which they are members. The amount of space devoted to this department will depend in a measure upon the support of this kind which is received. The Pacific Monthly is desirous, however, of making "The Native Son" its most important department, and one that will be unique and interesting to all classes of readers. Stories of pioneer life and experiences will help to attain this end, and are earnestly solicited. We wish the pioneer, the native son and daughter, to feel that this is their department, devoted to their interests and welfare, and that its editor is simply the medium through which the most fascinating part of the history and literature of Oregon may be given to the world.

"Grandpap" Landis and the Bean Soup Incident

Until very recently there lived at Eugene, Oregon, an aged veteran of the Indian wars of the earlier years of the century, when Chief Black Hawk, at the head of a band of chosen warriors, spread terror and desolation throughout the "frontier" districts. Abraham Landis was the old man's name, but he was commonly known as "Grandpap Landis."

Of those early days, and the many exciting experiences in which he participated, he was always ready to talk, and many were the stirring tales he could narrate of stealthy, night marches; of perilous scout duty; of the wild flight, the pursuit and the ultimate capture of the notorious Black Hawk; and of army life in and about Fort Dearborn—the present site of Chicago. Of the many incidents, however, none exceeds in interest that in which the principal actor was no other than Abraham Lincoln. It seems that at that time, Lincoln had come to Fort Dearborn—then under General Winfield Scott—as captain of a company of volunteers, enlisted to co-operate with the "regulars" in quelling the Indian disturbances. The lank and awkward but thoroughly genial, rail-splitting Captain soon ingratiated himself into the good graces of the regulars. His sunny humor, his broad sympathy and his ex-

haustless fund of anecdote soon won him the enthusiastic friendship of the fort.

It appears that the soldiers had no regular cooks, but were accustomed to prepare their own food, individually, or in groups, as the case might be. One day they were cooking their noon-day meal, their rations consisting of bean-soup—and, it is likely, very little else—when the Hoosier Captain of volunteers appeared upon the scene. He was greeted with shouts of welcome and a chorus of invitations to partake of the repast, for the jovial fellow was prized company at any mess.

Laughing good-naturedly and deprecating the flattering unanimity of the invitation, Lincoln answered, that, as he could not eat with them all, he would give his company to the one whose soup proved the most agreeable to his palate; and, suiting the action to the word, he started on a tour of inspection, tasting and testing the soup in every kettle, and more than holding his own against the fusilade of banter for which he was made the target.

Away down at the end of the line, Private Abe Landis was vigorously stirring his soup and chuckling at the triumph which he felt to be in store for him; for at making bean soup he was a

master-hand. It was his feat, his forte, and he knew that the camp did not hold his superior in the art. Down the line came the Captain, sipping, and testing with droll solemnity, paying the chaffers in their own coin, and with interest, and followed by the exaggerated groans of the disappointed. When he reached the tent of Landis, he took a generous mouthful of the steaming liquid, let it trickle "slow like" down his gullet, smacked his lips, heaved a vast sigh of satisfaction and

forthwith sat down and finished the meal with the exultant cook.

A half-century and more has passed since those strenuous days, and "Grand-pap" Landis has answered the last call to arms and joined the swelling ranks of his comrades on the other side. But, until the hand of approaching death dimmed the pages of his memory, he never tired in telling the stories of those early days, and especially, with a thrill of pardonable pride, of the time he "ate bean soup with Abraham Lincoln."

Our Congress

The many self-appointed critics of the body of representatives who, at the sacrifice to time, pecuniary advantages and many other self-interests, are striving to enact laws for the betterment of our nation, are ably answered by a writer in Ainslee's, who asserts that the Congress of the United States is the most interesting body of men in the world. It comes nearer to being a representative body than any other that ever existed. It is the microcosm of the Republic, presenting in concentration all the extraordinary peculiarities of the nation whose work it is selected to perform. Its average of ability is higher than that of any other parliamentary body on earth. Each of its members represents a larger constituency than is represented by any single member of a European parliament, and with very few exceptions each member is a good representative of the constituency for which he stands. Those who sneer at Congress and at Congressmen sneer at the voters who selected them. Luckily that sort of thing is going out of fashion. People are beginning to appreciate Congress for what it really is, and it is getting better all the time.

There are very few members either of the House or of the Senate who are not of native birth. To be exact, there are just sixteen Representatives and six Senators who were not born in the United States. In the Fifty-sixth Congress, curiously enough, one of the members is Henderson, the Speaker, who is a Scotchman. But he is as genuine an American as there is in the land. Considering the proportion of foreign to native-born in the United States, the percentage is insignificant, especially when it is remembered that the average member of Congress is one who has been given to moving about the world and shifting his environment. Out of 352 members of the pres-

ent House only 217 represent the states in which they were born, and of this number only a few still live in the Congressional district where they first saw light. The average Congressman is a hustler. He has been ambitious or else he would never have found his present place. That he has been successful in some measure goes without saying, and the fact that so many of them have broken away from their early surroundings, and have gained new successes in new fields, simply goes to show something of the energy and force that have helped to make the American Congress what it is.

* * *

The Dreamer

In the busy now-a-days, when there is a high premium upon "strenuousness," the "dreamer," the "visionary" is looked upon with contempt or pity. That men of this type are misunderstood is set forth in the Woman's Home Companion. There are those, it says, to whom the dream is more than a reality. Inspired by visions are they instead of by well-assured facts. The great ones of the world belong to this class. The world calls them dreamers, and is in the end ruled by them. Mahomet, Napoleon, Washington, Gladstone, Bismarck, Lincoln—all these were followers of their own aspirations and ambitions, guided by a foresight which looked to others, when the event materialized, like foreknowledge.

The great man is simply one man who retains and tries to realize the generous dreams of his boyhood and youth. Most men and women are "quitters." They start in the race of life with enthusiasm and determination enough, but the effort of the start is too much for them, and they lag at the first mile-stone. It is the dreamer who keeps on, not because of greater mental or physical strength, but because of his unfading, unchangeable dream. The urging vision, fresh and inspiring, will not let him stop. And when life's race is done, his name alone, of all the starting contestants, is written on the pages of his time, and "the rest" are "nowhere."

I am surprised that intelligent men do not see the immense value of good temper in their homes; and am amazed that they will take such pains to have costly houses and fine furniture, and yet sometimes neglect to bring home with them good temper.—Theodore Parker.

True Sympathy with Children

Has it ever occurred to you, fond father or doting mother, that, as a matter of fact, you are taking too much interest in your children? At first blush, no doubt, you will repel the insinuation as false, brutal and unjustified. But think a little. Are you giving your child credit for an individuality? Are you permitting it sufficient latitude and play for its best development? In the careful fence of limitations and "don'ts" that you have built about it, have you allowed scope for the personal, the *self*, which, though inceptive and subconscious is as real in the child as in your self? "There is no shrine so often and so rudely violated as the soul of a child," says a writer in a recent number of the *Woman's Home Companion*. "We"—the parents, that is—"say in defense to this that we merely act under the necessity laid upon us as parents and guardians to conquer infant obstinacy, and to check youthful vanity and egotism. Undoubtedly (and this fact, too, has its pathos), we are obliged or think we are, by duty and conventionality, to run counter to most of the spontaneous wishes of our children, and to put a damper upon their earliest aspirations. But this unhappy compulsion is, as it seems to me, a strong reason for using more and not less delicacy and consideration in our manner of discharging these unpleasant obligations. Constant snubbing is really not good for all children any more than for ourselves. Some natures are dwarfed and discouraged by it. There is a species of self-love which to wound is well nigh fatal. If the average child of well-meaning parents could speak his inmost soul I believe he would beg for less love and more respect. Over-fondness is often demor-

alizing, but sincere respect is always elevating, and, strange to say, it is appreciated by the youngest child. I well remember that, as a child, I liked best the society of those rare persons who treated me as if I, too, were grown up! There was no affectation on either side; it was simply that they did not too visibly condescend to too openly overrule my years, and that in all my intercourse with them I was able to preserve my self-respect. I advise mothers to have the self-control and the nice sense of justice to refrain from claiming and commanding the child, soul and body, as if he were a subject and inferior being, and to recognize in that child, however young, the natural human right to freedom of thought, and to a degree of freedom in action."

Then there is a class of parents who lack true sympathy with their children—who interpret as an evidence of viciousness or bad temper what is nothing more or less than an ebullition of most innocent fun. *Apropos*, a contributor in a different number of the same magazine says that there are many conscientious fathers and mothers who make themselves and their children miserable by taking youthful foibles too seriously. It is an innate propensity of a child possessed of average good health and spirits to make older people laugh with him; not at him, but at the things that seem amusing to his own sense. And the mother who has the blithe and ready humor to enter into his fun becomes his most fascinating companion. He heeds her rebukes and bends to her correction without ill feeling, where sternness would arouse his pride and ire, for he is assured that she is ready to share all his innocent pranks, and that her disapprov-

al has no foundation in impatience or injustice. And when the day arrives that "childish things are put away," and the grown men and women look backward to their early home, with what a throb of pleasure they say, when things happen, "Mother would appreciate this; she had the quickest sense of humor of any woman you ever saw!" And underneath these light words is the thought, "How happy that dear mother made me, and how I love her!" That is indeed an eloquent testimony.

The lesson is obvious. Give the child more scope, more play, more liberty. Give him credit for an individuality and, first and last and all the time, give him your sympathy.

* * *

A Suggestive Incident

It happened the other day, as I was finishing my solitary lunch at a downtown restaurant, the door opened, and in walked two children, a lad of about nine years, I should judge, with a frank, serious face, and a little maid about two years younger—the picture of innocence and sunshine. It was at the crowded noon-hour, and there were no two seats together at any other table than mine, and, observing the lad's perplexity, I motioned him to my side and asked him to occupy the vacant seats. He accepted with evident relief, thanked me with grave courtesy and helped the little sister to her chair. Then, after hanging up his coat and hat, man-fashion—it was all he could do to reach the peg, even on tip-toes—he took his seat beside his sister, first adjusting her napkin around her neck. I noticed, however, that his own was carefully placed across his lap. They then turned their attention to the menus, though it was evident that the words represented but little to the girl, as her eyes rested questioningly, but with absolute confidence, upon her brother, as he scanned the list of soups.

"Do you wish some soup, Katy?" he asked her.

"No thankth. I don't think I with any thoup, today."

"What, not some tomato soup?"

Katy decided instantly that she might eat "thome tomato thoup," and the order was given and filled and the soup eaten as daintily as might be.

So it went through the simple menu—everything done with the utmost gallantry and a courtly deference on the lad's part; and Katy, the little maid, received his attention with the grace and the air befitting a little lady.

I became so interested in watching their quaint manners that I made another order that I might watch the little drama. When they came to the dessert, Katy, without a moment's hesitation, and with beaming anticipation, decided upon "thoc'let ithe-cream." Something in the boy's manner led me to believe that he too wanted ice-cream, but felt it impossible, because of the fancied lack of independence he would show in ordering the same dessert as his sister. So, after a slight struggle, he decided upon cream puffs which were duly brought and consumed. The meal ended, Katy started to fold her napkin, but was checked by an almost imperceptible sign from her brother, and the napkins were placed with all due negligence upon the table. The boy assisted his sister from her chair, donned his coat and cap, paid the bill, and the two left the restaurant, the lad carefully holding the heavy door that his sister might pass through.

I have never seen the children since, nor do I know the occasion of their visit to the restaurant, but I know that somewhere there is a happy home in which two children are receiving the sympathy and training and culture which will fit them for high places in the society of well-bred people; in which the father is a gentleman, according his wife the chivalrous respect and gallant deference due her womanhood; in which the mother is a lady, a gentlewoman, honoring her place in the home, and preserving the atmosphere of courtesy and gentle consideration; in which unselfishness and sympathy and love characterize all the tender and sacred relations of the home life; and from which radiates a spirit which penetrates into far and unexpected places—even to me, as I ate my solitary lunch in the crowded restaurant.

Bernhardt and the English Language

Mme. Bernhardt seems determined to conquer the well nigh insuperable difficulties of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. But whether or no success will reward her efforts is another matter. The actuating ambition of the great actress is to appear in Shakespearean roles, but she evidently finds the Shakespearean language more of a problem than his characters and conceptions. In the New York World appeared recently a letter from Bernhardt in which she bemoans the trials that beset her in her studies. The following is an extract:

"Childish as you will going to think me, the assertion made by newspapers that never shall I be capable acting Shakespeare in original text haunt my sleeping and waking. The memorizing of Romeo in the original by Shakespeare look as desparating task more and more. Nevertheless of the encouragement you, my various friends and teachers are giving kindly, I can hear vast differences when Miss Lowell reads it for me and when I recite immediately thereafter myself. It is not same at all. Of course, to now difficulty however tremendous never blocked me when I desired to make something. But this once I really frequently feel as to abandon what seems one hopeless endeavor."

If that is an indication of her progress we are inclined to despair. But, take heart, Divine Sarah, for though you may never be able to do the Balcony scene in faultless English, at least you are making inimitable contributions to our comic papers. "A desparating task more and more." Sounds like Weber and Fields, doesn't it? *Mais, pardon!* To make of a personage so notable a ridiculement is the crime not pardonable to commit. *Allons donc!*

Paderewski and "Manru"

J. Ignace Paderewski is once more the resplendent sun in the musical firmament. When the great virtuoso rises in the heavens, all other luminaries wane into littleness. This time he brings the long-anticipated opera—his first-born—by name, *Manru*. It was produced by the Grau artists in New York, the cast including Sembrich and Bispham, but—sad to relate!—was received with equivocal praise by the critics, and, in some cases, by positive criticism. It lacks, say they, passion, distinction and melodious voice-work. The orchestration is the redeeming feature, there being in it reflections of Bizet and not a little of Wagner. The libretto is faulty, untheatric, affording the composer no adequate frame-work upon which to hang his tone-fabrics—thus, the critics. The production was—the carping gentlemen to the contrary notwithstanding—a notable *premiere*, and fairly introduces the great virtuoso in his new role of composer.

Some unfeeling critic has said that first operas, like the first litter of puppies, should be dispatched forthwith. Let no such harsh fate await "Manru;" though it is but fair to believe that it is no just criterion of the ability of its composer. May it prove but a spur for future and more successful efforts. And why not? Paderewski is as ambitious as Caesar, he is a thorough musician and artist, and possesses the temperament, the individuality, the "vital soul," which should bear fruit worthy the man and his age.

His first piano recital was but a duplication of similar preceeding "first concerts," and with the customary irruption of hysterical femininity. The artist, thanks to a sanity and equi-poise, born of previous trying experiences, survived the onset.

IN POLITICS—

Fisticuffs in the Senate

A most disgraceful affair occurred in the U. S. Senate on Washington's Birthday, when Senators Tillman and McLaurin, both of South Carolina, engaged in a fistic set-to, which, though brief, was vicious and shameful in the extreme. The immediate cause of the broil was an assertion made by Tillman that McLaurin's vote on the Paris treaty had been purchased by federal patronage. McLaurin, at the time of the utterance of this statement, was not in the Senate Chamber, but on returning and learning of it, he arose and characterized his colleague's words as a "willful and deliberate and malicious lie." Senator Tillman bounded from his seat and struck McLaurin viciously, and the two fought and struggled fiercely until separated. The combatants were placed in contempt of the Senate and compelled to apologize.

As a result, the invitation extended by President Roosevelt to Senator Tillman to meet Prince Henry has been withdrawn.

After much discussion as to the most suitable mode of punishment, the two belligerents were let off with a severe reprimand. An interesting by-product of the opprobrious affair is the retaliatory action of Lieutenant Governor Tillman of S. Carolina in withdrawing an invitation given to the President to present a sword to a certain officer at the Charleston Exposition. The last act of the affair, which is assuming farcical aspects, is the refusal of the officer to accept the sword, in the light of the action of Lieutenant Governor Tillman with regard to the President. The whole paltry business is a deplorable anachronism; and Congress will do well to protect itself against a repetition of such a disgraceful scene.

Tariff Agitation

That the Senate is facing a crisis in tariff legislation is little doubted by those well informed as to the workings of that body. The proposition to reduce the tariff on certain staples imported from Cuba has opened the door for further reductions. Significant is the action of the Ways and Means Committee of the House upon the Babcock amendment to the tax reduction bill, which puts upon the free list the iron and steel products. The committee is composed of six Democrats and nine Republicans, but the measure was defeated by *only one vote*. Such a provision, if brought before the House, would, in all probability, be passed, as it would need but the addition of a few Republicans to the Democratic vote to constitute a majority. Suggestive, too, is the expression of Senator Platt, Republican, of Connecticut. He says, in fine, that, although he is as much a protectionist now as ever, yet he believes that "proper and reasonable tariff concessions can be made on Cuban products" in reciprocity for concessions made by Cuba, resulting favorably to both countries. He adds that the cause of protection is being wounded by its professed friends, "who insist upon *unreasonable and unnecessary customs duties*."

* * *

Prince Henry's Visit

The Prince arrived at New York on February 23rd, and was received with ceremonious cordiality. The yacht, built for his brother, the Emperor Wilhelm, was duly christened by Alice Roosevelt; and, as we go to press, the Prince and his suite are touring the country and are the recipients of every courtesy and attention. He is reported as saying many nice things about the American people and the generous section of God's green earth which they populate—but then, that is but to be expected. At any

rate, the astute Wilhelm has forestalled the other powers in their attempts to make favor with the United States. In this connection, it is amusing to watch the efforts of certain foreign nations to make capital of the note framed at the instance of six powers suggesting intervention in the Spanish war. It is a matter of so little moment—seeing that the note was never presented—that it excites surprise as to why the statesmen involved should worry their heads about it.

* * *

The Schley-Sampson Controversy— Final

President Roosevelt, with characteristic straightforwardness has settled, so far as further appeal is concerned, this troublous dispute in a comprehensive *resume* of the case. Sampson, he decides, was technically in command. Schley's "retrograde movement" was an offense, and his "loop," a "mistake," though the result of apprehension, rather than cowardice. Schley deserves praise for his manful conduct of the *Brooklyn* during the fight. But the real credit, he concludes, is due to the captains of the various vessels—notably Wainwright and Clark—to whose bravery and efficiency the victory is attributable.

* * *

The Army Bill

Secretary Root has framed a Bill calculated to place our army on a plane of efficiency comparable to that of foreign nations. Its principal provisions are the creation of a general staff; the consolidation of the Quarter-master's, subsistence, and pay departments; and the institution of a system of promotion from the ranks, based on military accomplishment. The realization of this bill would effect a practical re-organization of the army, and place the country in an attitude of self-congratulation, so far as future wars are concerned.

* * *

The Liberation of Miss Stone

The freedom of Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka may at last be accepted as an accomplished fact. The ransom has been duly paid to her captors, the brigands,

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and Miss Stone is journeying toward the United States. It is understood that her treatment was as considerate as possible, and that little actual suffering was experienced. Arrangements have already been completed for a series of lectures to be delivered in the summer by Miss Stone on her thrilling experiences.

* * *

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty and Secretary Hays' "Note" to Russia

England and Japan have signed a five-year treaty calculated to conserve the *status quo* in the far East. Article I of the treaty disclaims any purpose of aggrandizement, but permits either party "to take such measures as may be indispensable in order to safeguard interests if these be threatened either by the aggressive action of any other power, or by disturbances arising in China or Korea, necessitating the intervention of either of the contracting parties for the protection of the lives and property of its subjects." In the event of a war, participated in by either party, the other ally is to maintain neutrality and to use its influence to dissuade other powers from hostile action. Article III recites that "If any other power or powers should join in hostilities against that ally, the other contracting party will *come to its assistance* and will *conduct war in common* and make peace in mutual agreement with it." The consensus of press opinion is that the action is aimed primarily to check the aggressive expansion of Russia. English papers express surprise and pleasure at the prompt and vigorous movement; while the American press construes it to make for advantage to the United States. Secretary Hay, in his "note" to Russia, expressed the "gravest concern" felt by the United States at any action upon the part of Russia leading to "special privileges" in Manchuria. This is an outspoken statement of the determination of the United States to resent the intrusion of any foreign power into China; and, in this respect, places this country on the side of Japan and England as against Russia.

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PORTLAND - OREGON

Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Party

Lord Rosebery has formally resigned from the Liberal Party as now organized and is hailed as the leader of a new and puissant opposition party. Many influential Liberalists have arrayed themselves under his standard, and it is credited that he is backed by no less a power than the Rothchilds, with whom Rosebery is affiliated, and who are dissatisfied with the present financial policy of England.

* * *

Riots in Spain

There have occurred during the past month several serious outbreaks against authority in Spain. These disturbances, although local and abortive and without serious results, are symptomatic of the profound feeling of rebellion prevalent in the working and peasant classes in Spain. An unjust, arbitrary and insupportable system of taxation is the cause of the troubles, from which there can be no relief except by actual revolution. The germs of sedition are growing, and when Alfonso XIII assumes the crown, it will be to face a social condition of extreme menace.

* * *

Depression in Germany

Germany is undergoing a financial prostration, which, although it can hardly be termed disastrous, is testing her industrial institutions to their utmost. Were it not for the stability of her carefully founded and nurtured export business, ruin would seemingly stare her in the face. But her commerce, built up by a system of generous subsidy, retains its vigor, and conclusively proves the wisdom of the methods used for its institution in this hour of need, when home markets are stagnant.

* * *

IN SCIENCE—**The North Pole**

Capt. Joseph Bernier, a Canadian, will make the next attempt to pierce the northern Arctic areas. He has had great experience, and will be equipped with a vessel and apparatus that will be abso-

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lutely modern, and will excell in perfectness those of Nansen or any previous explorer. His ship will be larger and swifter, fitted with the most improved heating, distilling, telephonic and other appliances, and will have a "telephonic pole" capable of erection to a height of 200 feet for communication with stations on shore or ships by means of wireless telegraphy. The final dash for the pole will be made by means of two motor cars, specially constructed, and quickly convertible into boats in case of need. The expedition will require, so the Captain estimates, about four years.

* * *

Trans-Pacific Cable

In view of the developments in the Orient, the occupation by the United States of the Philippines, Guam and the Hawaiian and other Pacific isles, and the extension of trade into Asia, a trans-Pacific cable is now not only desirable but positively a necessity. That the installation of such a cable would be the greatest engineering feat on record, is not doubted by those cognizant of the immense difficulties involved. The shortest possible route will exceed 7,000 miles, a distance over three times greater than the longest Atlantic cable. The route deemed most desirable—because of the intervening islands with which it is advantageous to be connected—is much longer. The difficulty of laying a Pacific cable would be somewhat eased by the numerous islands—a feature absent in the Atlantic—and the nature of the ocean's floor, affording, as it does, a number of convenient ridges or submarine mountain ranges. The consequent cost would be immense, but is really inconsiderable when compared to the paramount advantage resultant to the Government and to private enterprises.

* * *

The Northern Pacific Railroad and Irrigation

The Northern Pacific Railway has purchased an extensive irrigation system in the lower Yakima valley, comprising the Kennewick, Kiona and Lower Yakima canals, and a large portion of the lands underlying the same. The purchase

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marks a new departure by the company, it having heretofore preferred to encourage others to construct irrigation canals. This will be its first experience in the ownership and management of canals. The main Kennewick canal is 40 miles in length, has about 10 miles of laterals, and covers about 15,000 acres. The Kiona will ultimately be extended to the Columbia river, and will cover about 23,000 acres. Mr. Thomas Cooper, assistant to the President of the road, will direct the development and management of the irrigation scheme. He has had large experience, and in all land matters connected with the company, his policy has been low prices, quick sales and speedy development. These are not wanting indications which point to the building, at no distant day, by the Northern Pacific, a line of road to follow the western and northern bank of the Columbia to Vancouver, and thence to Portland, Oregon.

* * *

A Possible Steel Panic

Despite the enormous output of manufactured steel, the home demand is so great and so rapidly increasing, that, at the present rate, it will, ere long, overtake the supply, with the inevitable result of an importation. This condition of affairs is the more suggestive when taken in connection with the much heralded "invasion" of European markets by our steel products, and the enormous increase in the export trade in the last two years. And now it appears that the domestic consumption is not only equalling but actually exceeding the supply.

* * *

The Flying Machine

Santos-Dumont, an account of whose miraculous escape from death as the result of an accident, appeared in last month's Pacific Monthly, is in no wise disheartened by his misfortune. His seventh machine is in course of construction, and will embody many improved features, calculated to minimize the chances for accident or failure, and the daring aeronaut claims that by its aid, success will be placed within his grasp.

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Discoveries of Loeb and Matthews

In current numbers of two of the magazines appear articles recounting the wonderful discoveries wrought by Professors Loeb and Matthews of Chicago University—discoveries which medical men the world over regard as little less than revolutionary, in that they have unequivocally demonstrated the possibility of the artificial production and the indefinite prolongation of life in some of the lower animal forms. These men have stripped away the very mysteries of life, and, if their future discoveries fulfill the promise of their experiments, there is no predicting what marvelous results may ensue.

* * *

IN LITERATURE—**A Japanese Author**

Professor Lafcadio Hearn, of Tokio, is a notably useful man in his generation, in that he has aptly and conscientiously interpreted to the Western nations the character, the motives, and the systems of the Japanese in his books, "A Japanese Miscellany," "Shadowings," "In Ghostly Japan," etc. Americans have long appreciated his services, and Englishmen are beginning to do so. One of the interesting items on the spring program of the Japan Society of London is a paper by Professor Hearn, entitled "A Woman's Tragedy." The *Morning Post* of that city says of him that his "keen sympathy and great experience have given him a profound insight into the real character of that most charming and elusive race. It is noticeable, however, that Professor Hearn does not allow himself to be 'boomed' by his publisher. He is not called 'Japanese Hearn.'"

* * *

The Indian in Fiction

The Indian is destined to play a prominent part in the new spring novels. One of the half-dozen books in which the aborigines appear is "The Heroine of the Strait." by Mary Catherine Crowley, author of "A Daughter of New France." Miss Crowley's latest book is a romance of Detroit in the time of Pontiac; and in the last chapter she recalls the final

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Parlor Mantle Clocks

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days of the Ottawa chief. After the siege of Detroit, Miss Crowley says:

"Pontiac came to the strait, made a treaty with the conquerors, and the following spring smoked the peace pipe with Sir William Johnson at Niagara. Thence he went to live with the French at St. Louis, where he adopted the dress of a military officer, wearing on occasion the uniform that had been presented to him by the gallant Marquis de Montcalm. One day he was followed from a feast into the woods, and assassinated by an Illinois Indian, who had been hired to kill him by an English trader, the price of the crime being a barrel of rum. To-day in the city of St. Louis a tablet to the memory of the kingly Ottawa hangs in the hall of the Southern Hotel, a few feet from the spot where he was buried with military honors. Well was he called 'the great chief,' for although he was a savage, he gave his strength and all his remarkable resources for his country and his people."

* * *

A New Shakespeare Book

In his book which he calls "*What is Shakespeare?*" Professor L. A. Sherman introduces us to Shakespeare by furnishing a working approach to the great plays, some fifteen in number. First the complete drama of *Cymbeline* is made over into something like a novel. *The Winter's Tale* similarly follows, but the treatment is stopped at the point where it is practicable for the reader, by appendix helps, to carry the interpretation forward for himself. Since these two plays are among the latest that Shakespeare wrote, *Romeo and Juliet*, his first great tragedy, is also analyzed in part, to show what the author was, in ideals and purpose, at the beginning of his dramatic career. A chapter follows on Shakespeare's manner of constructing plays, showing how makers of other literature, without intending it, have followed the same general plan. What is known of Shakespeare's life is then reviewed in his already considered character as an actor. Preliminary analyses of the remaining plays generally accounted greatest, in both comedy and tragedy, follow, with some bibliographic and other helps for unassisted students and readers.

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IN ART—***Wiles' Portrait of Julia Marlowe***

In the seventy-seventh annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, the portrait of Miss Julia Marlowe, executed by Irving Ranway Wiles, was not only given the place of honor, but became quite the sensation of the exhibition. The praise awarded it by critics of note has been most lavish, and Mr. Wiles has done something which will not only enhance his own fame, and place him in the fore-front of portrait painters, but will make greatly for the aggrandizement of American art.

* * *

Kate Greenaway

Kate Greenaway, the artist who so admirably illustrated the Mother Goose Books of a few decades ago, has passed away. Probably no illustrator, of the older school, has done more to endear himself to the world of child readers. Her child land was "inhabited almost exclusively by the sweetest little child-figures that have ever been invented, in the quaintest and prettiest costumes, always happy, always playful in a decorous manner." They appeared in a fit and charming setting of greenest fields, blossoming flowerbeds and quaint old gingerbread houses—every thing imbued with a spirit of peace and happiness. Miss Greenaway's death will bring a pang to many whose childhood was brightened by her charming illustrations.

* * *

The Exhibit of C. H. Shannon

Of this notable exhibit, the following is quoted from the "Art Journal": "Here instead of the clamant was the finely modulated voice, the insignificant commonplace did not intrude; the popularly assertive incident was absent; for the transient vogue and enthusiasm there was no place. A fineness of feeling, partly instinctive, but classified and made the worthier by study and dream bound each exhibit together." The article concludes with a statement that the importance of the Shannon exhibit rested on its value as a protest against the popular, the striking, the vulgar, and was a distinct gain in artistic standards.

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Death of Albert Bierstadt

The ranks of American painters have suffered a severe loss in the death of Albert Bierstadt, one of the most famous landscape painters in this country. His work was done largely in the Rockies and Sierras, and his preference for the grandiose and panoramic in landscape. He was the recipient of numerous and distinctive medals and honors.

* * *

IN EDUCATION—***The New President of Williams***

Dr. Henry Hopkins, of Kansas City, Mo., has been elected to the Presidency of Williams College. The choice is a notable one from the fact that Dr. Hopkins is the son of Dr. Mark Hopkins, who, for thirty years filled the headship at Williams, and brought that venerable institution up to the lofty status of educational efficiency which it has since retained. But it is not to be thought that the trustees were actuated by any such personal motives in their selection. Dr. Hopkins is eminently fitted for so responsible a post by qualities of mature scholarship, a wide and progressive intelligence, and those personal qualifications of address, tact and business capacity that are so indispensable. He leaves a prominent pastorate in Kansas City, where for many years, he has held an enviable place, not only in ecclesiastic but in civic circles.

* * *

The Education of the Indian

There are in operation at the present time, says W. A. Jones in *The World's Work*, one hundred and thirteen boarding schools, with an average attendance of something over sixteen thousand pupils ranging from five to twenty-one years old. These pupils are gathered from the cabin, the wick-i-up and the tepee. Partly by cajolery and partly by threats, partly by bribery and partly by fraud, partly by persuasion and partly by force, they are induced to leave their kindred to enter these schools and take upon themselves the outward semblance of civilized life. They are chosen not on account of any particular merit of

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their own, not by reason of mental fitness, but solely because they have Indian blood in their veins. Without any previous training, without any preparation whatever, they are transported to the schools, sometimes thousands of miles away, with no expense to themselves or their people. The Indian youth finds himself at once, as if by magic, translated from a state of poverty to one of affluence. He is well fed and clothed and lodged. Books and all the accessories of learning are given him, and teachers are provided to instruct him. He is educated both in the industrial and the liberal arts. Beyond "the three r's" he is instructed in geography, grammar and history; he is taught drawing, algebra, geometry, music, astronomy, physiology, botany and entomology. Matrons wait on him while he is well and physicians and nurses tend him when he is sick. A steam laundry does his washing and the latest modern appliances do his cooking. A library affords him relaxation for his leisure hours, athletic sports and the gymnasium furnish him with exercise and recreation, while music entertains him in the evening. He has hot and cold baths, steam heat and electric light and all the modern conveniences. The child of the wigwam becomes a modern Aladdin, who has only to rub the Government lamp to gratify his desires.

He remains until his education is finished, when he is returned to his home, which by contrast must seem squalid indeed; to the parents whom his education must make it impossible to honor; and is left to make his way against the ignorance and bigotry of his tribe. Is it any wonder he fails? Is it surprising if he lapses into barbarism? Not having earned his education, it is not appreciated. It is looked upon as a right and not as a privilege; it is accepted as a favor to the Government and not to the recipient; and the almost inevitable tendency is to encourage dependence, foster pride and create a spirit of arrogance and selfishness.

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IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—***Creed Revision in the Presbyterian Church***

The Revision Committee have issued the following declarative statement of their position on "predestination" and "infant damnation:" "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed and their number is certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished. Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when, and where, and how he pleaseth. So also are all other elect persons, who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the world."

* * *

The Fall of Dowie

In the case of Stevenson vs. Dowie, recently tried in Cook County, Ill., the verdict was found for the plaintiff; and in rendering his decision, Judge Tuley, of the Circuit Court, found occasion to score in unsparing terms, Dowie and his methods. Such a check and public exposure of the schemes and malpractices of the "Modern Elijah" should put an effectual restraint upon the spread of his influence. Dowie, in so far as business methods are concerned, is a fraud and an impostor, and it is but fair to argue that these qualities are equally characteristic of his other pretensions.

* * *

The Observance of Lent and Easter in Mexico

In the southern Latinic countries, the ceremonies connected with Lent and Easter are performed with a pomp and elaboration that would startle the more conservative church man of the north. The customs observed are mainly traditional, and are of the greatest interest to the sight seer. Among the most curious of the observances are the washing of the feet of twelve old beggars by the priest, and a celebration called the

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* * *

Palm Sunday in Genoa

One of the dearest of gala-days to the hearts of the Genoese people is Palm Sunday, says a recent number of the Woman's Home Companion. Spring, that well-beloved season to the Italian, is then at hand, with its promise of fruits and flowers, and its days are one long, bright flood of sunshine. The Genoese begin their preparations for celebrating Palm Sunday days beforehand. On Monday the market of San Domingo is filled with peasants, who bring palms from the Riviera, and by Wednesday the long leaves are bleached and ready to be shaped into the curious forms that Italian customs prescribe for this occasion. Handed down from generations long dead the Genoese have a process by which these branches are dyed a pale yellow color, that they may better endure, unshriveled, as sacred guards and memories from Eastertide to Eastertide.

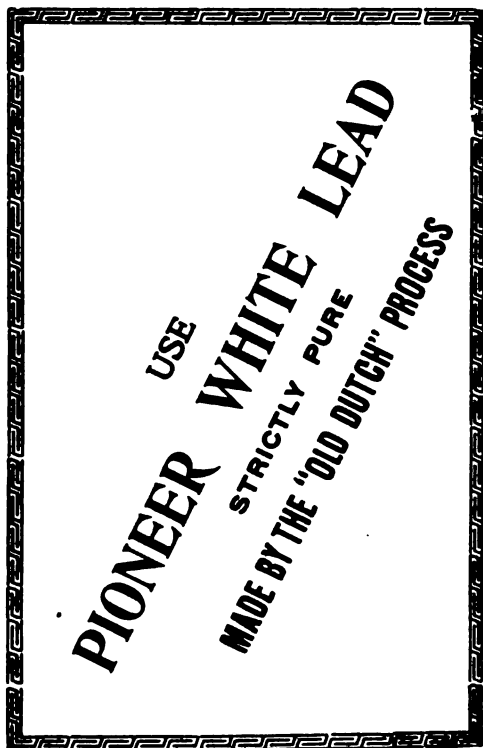
These palm branches, are, of course, symbolic of those that were strewed in front of the Savior, and when consecrated by the priests of His church they become sacred.

* * *

Helen Gould's Subscription

Miss Helen M. Gould is credited with paying a larger subscription for a country weekly newspaper than any woman in the United States, says the New York Press. Miss Gould is a regular subscriber to the Stamford (N. Y.) Mirror, and she pays \$5 a year for the privilege of reading this little weekly, published away up in the foothills of the Catskill mountains.

The Mirror is owned and edited by S. B. Champion, who established it more than fifty years ago. Mr. Champion and Jay Gould were intimate friends during Mr. Gould's early life. When he lived in Roxbury, Delaware county, but a few miles from Stamford, Jay Gould was one of the editor's first subscribers, and of late Miss Helen Gould has taken an interest in the little Mirror and never fails to send along her subscription in advance. Although the price of The Mirror is only a dollar a year, Miss Gould insists upon paying \$5 each year for the privilege of reading a paper whose editor, now nearly eighty years old, was a friend of her father. The Mirror is considered by Miss Gould to be among her most valued newspapers.



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An Easter Dawn.

Low in the west the waning moon,
A silver crescent shone,
High overhead a single star
Kept patient watch alone.
The earth was cold with frosty dews,
But all the east was pink,
As if a bed of roses bloomed
On morning's misty brink.

The sapphire field of night above
Took on a paler hue—
Perhaps the tread of angel feet
Had worn away the blue;
And through the fleecy clouds appeared
A broad and brilliant ray,
A golden herald bringing light,
The dawn of Easter day!

—Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

"Ma, we ain't got com'ny, 'ave we?"

"No, Tommie."

"Well, what makes you stick your little
finger out when you drink tea?"

—Exchange.

* * *

The Woman Who Could Not Help Herself.

There was once a Woman who had Never
Learned how to Swim, although she Went
in Bathing every day in the Summer. She
had a Friend who had Acquired this Art
with Some Trouble, and was very Proud of
her Proficiency in it.

"It is Absurd," said this Friend, "to Live
near the Water and not Swim. It makes
you very attractive to Good Swimmers if
you can Go Out with them, and they do Not
Feel that you are a Drag on their Plea-
sures. What would you do in Case you
Fell off the Pier? Now, Watch me!"

With these words she Dived off into the
Water and Swam about By Herself.

"It is a Good Thing to have a Woman
Swim so Well," said one of the Men near
by; "Now, if any of the Children fall Into
the Water, she can Rescue them."

Just then the Woman who Could Not help
Herself uttered a Scream and Fell into the
Sea. Instantly Five men leaped in to Res-
cue Her, and Spent the Rest of the Day
Resuscitating her and Inquiring How she
Was, leaving the Swimmer to Dive by Her-
self.

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"When Theodore Roosevelt was a little boy he and a playmate used to walk together to a private school," says the Ladies' Home Journal. "Their way took them past a public school. One day young Teddy appeared in a new sailor suit. This was too much for the public school boys. To them the suit was the distinguishing mark of a 'dude.' The sneering crowd planted itself across the sidewalk. Teddy and his chum, seeing trouble ahead, came on with fists clenched, and the battle began. A few minutes later the 'dude' and his companion went on their way somewhat less tidy than when they started, but leaving behind them a tamed and lame bunch of surprised boys. For a week there were daily fights with the same results. One morning after an especially hard battle, young Roosevelt said to his friend: 'Let's go around the block and come back to fight 'em again.'"

* * *

The Millionaire.

"Wasted and all in rags his starved soul went,

And opulently paupered, he grew old,
And stood with loaded hands and heart
forespent,

A beggar, with a million bits of gold."

—Ainslee's Magazine.

* * *

A New Jungle Story.

The Lioness—I hope it won't hurt your feelings, dear, but the report is being circulated that your husband is a man-eater.

The Tigress (sorrowfully)—Alas! I have good reasons for thinking that it's only too true.

The Lioness—Yes? What aroused your suspicions?

The Tigress—Four or five times, lately, I've caught the smell of tobacco on his breath.—The Cub.

* * *

Important Scientific Discovery.

A most important discovery has been made after a year's patient laboratory work aimed in a certain direction—It is Newbro's Herpicide, a preparation that cures baldness, prevents falling hair, and speedily and permanently eradicates dandruff. These evils are caused by a germ or parasite that burrows into the scalp, throwing up dandruff, as it seeks to sap the life of the hair at the root. There's no baldness without falling or thin hair, no thin hair without dandruff, and no dandruff if the germ is destroyed. Newbro's Herpicide is the only preparation that will do the work. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

* * *

The Last.

A professor in the medical department of Columbia College asked one of the more advanced students: "What is the name of the teeth that a human being gets last?"

"False teeth, of course."

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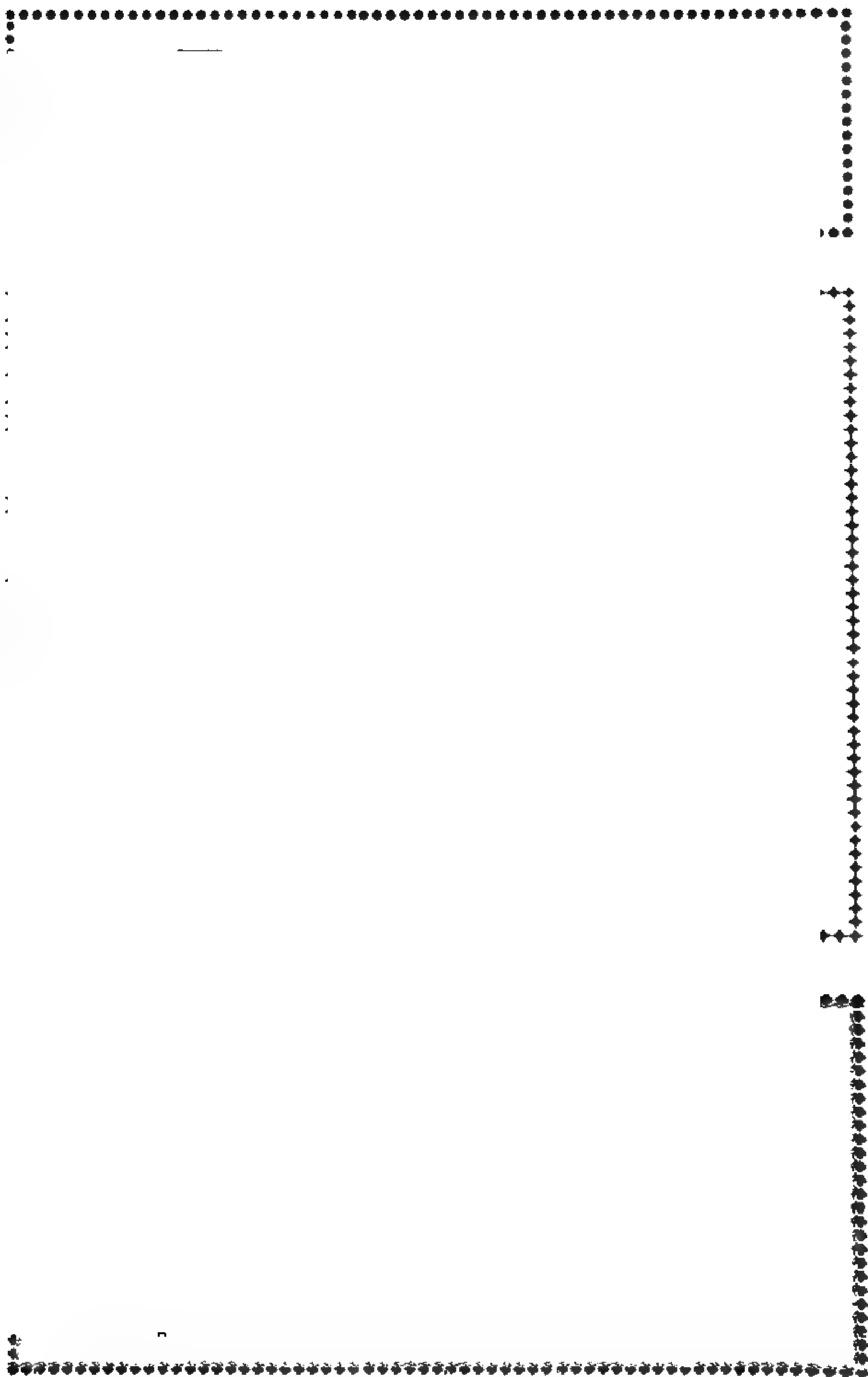
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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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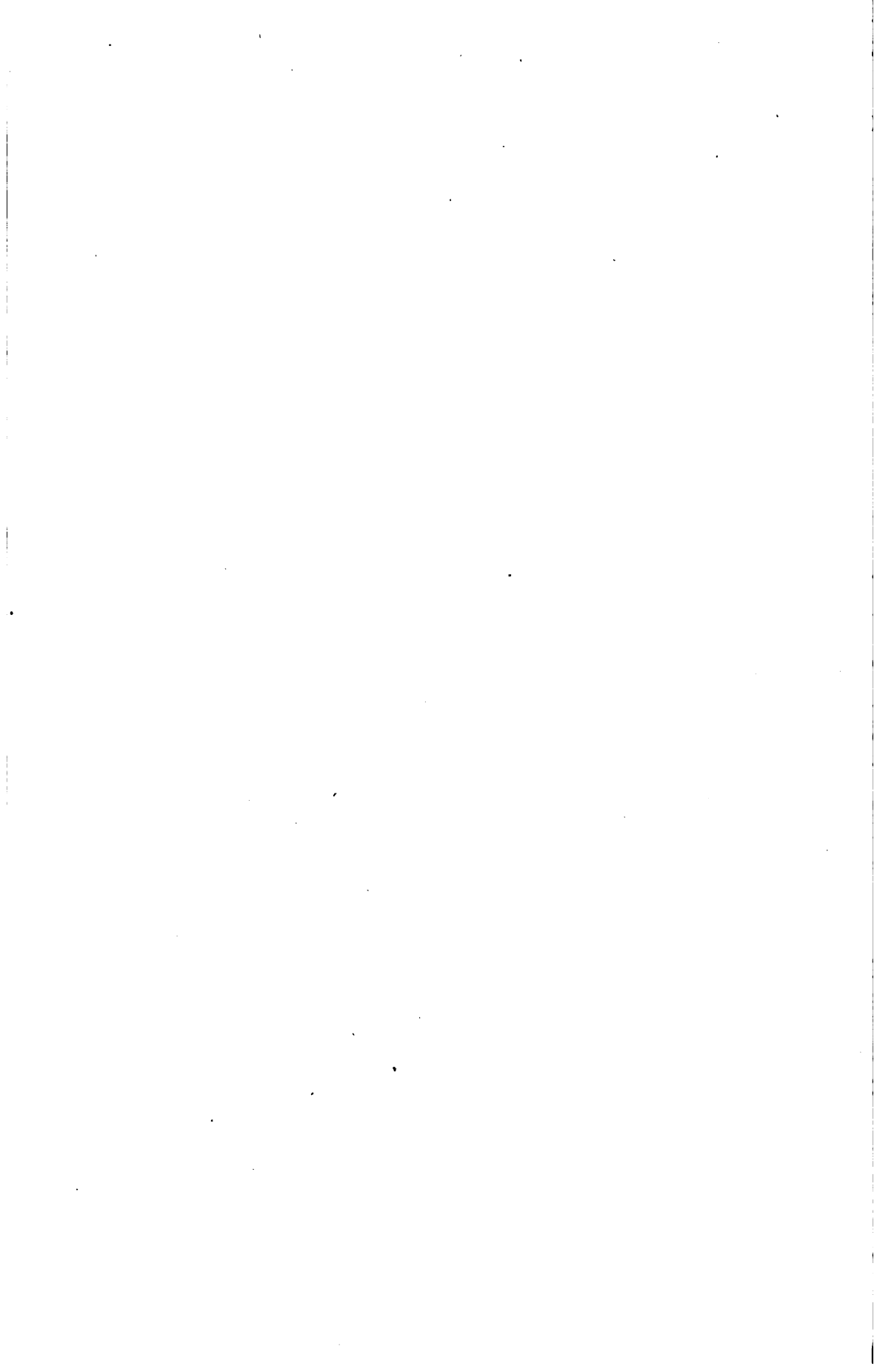
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Mount Hood from Portland

It is said that there is no city in the world that is more influenced by a single mountain than Portland, Oregon. Although there are more than five other snow-capped mountains visible from the city, Mount Hood wields a mystic influence that is nothing short of remarkable. It is the crowning beauty of a most enchanting landscape.

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MT. HOOD FROM PORTLAND

By JOHN MUIR

THE heights back of Portland command one of the best general views of the forests and also of the most famous of the great mountains both of Oregon and Washington. Mount Hood is in full view, with the summits of Mounts Jefferson, St. Helens, Adams and Rainier in the distance. The City of Portland is at our feet, covering a large area along both banks of the Willamette, and with its fine streets, schools, churches, mills, shipping, parks and gardens makes a telling picture of busy, aspiring civilization in the midst of the green wilderness in which it is planted. The river is displayed to fine advantage in the foreground of our main view, sweeping in beautiful curves around rich leafy islands, its banks fringed with willows. A few miles beyond the Willamette flows the renowned Columbia, and the confluence of these two great rivers is at a point only about ten miles below the city. Beyond the Columbia extends the immense breadth of the forest, one dim, black, monotonous field, with only the sky, which one is glad to see is not forested, and the tops of the majestic old volcanoes to give diversity to the view. That sharp, white, broad-based pyramid on the south side of the Columbia, a few degrees to the south of east from where you stand, is the famous Mount Hood. The distance to it in a straight line is about fifty miles. Its upper slopes form the only bare ground, bare as to forests, in the landscape in that direction. Mount Hood is the pride of Oregonians, and is always pointed out to the strangers as the

glory of the country, the mountain of mountains. It is one of the grand series of extinct volcanoes extending from Lassen's Butte to Mount Baker, a distance of about six hundred miles, which once flamed like gigantic watch fires along the coast. It gives the supreme touch of grandeur to all the main Columbia views, rising at every turn, solitary, majestic, awe-inspiring, the ruling spirit of the landscape.

But like mountains everywhere it varies greatly in impressiveness and apparent height at different times and seasons, not alone from differences as to the dimness or transparency of the air. Clear, or arrayed in clouds, it changes both in size and general expression. Now it looms up to an immense height and seems to draw near in tremendous grandeur and beauty, holding the eyes of every beholder in devout and awful interest.

Never shall I forget my first glorious view of Mount Hood one calm evening in July, though I had seen it many times before this. I was then sauntering with a friend across the new Willamette bridge between Portland and East Portland, for the sake of the river views, which are here very fine in the tranquil summer weather. The scene on the water was a lively one. Boats of every description were gliding, glinting, drifting about at work or play, and we leaned over the rail from time to time, contemplating the gay throng. Several lines of ferry boats were making regular trips at intervals of a few minutes, and river steamers were coming and going from the wharves,

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF PORTLAND
The Mountains Ordinarily Visible Have Faded Out in the Reproduction of the Photograph

laden with all sorts of merchandise, raising long diverging swells that made all the light pleasure crafts bow and nod in hearty salutation as they passed. The crowd was being continually increased by new arrivals from both shores; sail-boats, row-boats, racing shells, and rafts were loaded with gayly dressed people, and here and there some adventurous man or boy might be seen as a merry sailor on a single plank or spar, apparently as deep in enjoyment as were any on the water. It seemed as if all the town were coming to the river, renouncing the cares and toils of the day, determined to take the evening breeze into their pulses, and be cool and tranquil ere going to bed. Absorbed in the happy scene, given up to dreamy, random observation of what lay immediately before me, I was not conscious of anything occurring on the outer rim of the landscape. Forest, mountain and sky were forgotten; when my companion suddenly directed my attention to the eastward shouting, "Oh, look! look!" in so loud and excited a tone of voice that passers-by, saunterers like ourselves, were startled and looked over the bridge as if expecting to see some boat upset. Looking across the forest over which the mellow light of the sunset was streaming, I soon discovered the source of my friend's excitement. There stood Mount Hood in all the glory of the Alpen glow looming immensely high, beaming with intelligence, and so impressive that one was overawed as if suddenly brought before some superior Being newly arrived from the sky. The atmosphere was somewhat hazy, but the mountain seemed neither near nor far. Its glaciers flashed in the divine light, the rugged, storm-worn ridges between them and the snow fields of the summit—these perhaps might have been traced as far as they were in sight, and the blending zone of color about the base. But so profound was the general impression, partial analysis did not come in play. The whole mountain appeared as one glorious manifestation of divine power, enthusiastic and benevolent, glowing like a countenance with ineffable repose and beauty, before which we could only gaze in devout and lowly admiration.

A DREAM OF GOLD

*A Tale of a Worthless Claim...A Strange Dream...The Quest...And
What Came of It*

By MARY H. COATES

“WE must get out of here—the sooner the better—that’s all there is to it. November in sight; no work, no pay dirt—no, not even a sign of color have I ever found on that claim.”

Jim King looked across the gulch to “Prize Bar” claim, which, in the wake of the latest gold stampede he had hastily staked; and to which, in his haste and premature excitement, he had brought his family.

“‘Prize Bar!’ We ought to have named it ‘Prize Humbug,’” he muttered from his seat on a log doing chair duty, and absently tossed bits of twigs and fir cones into the campfire as he summed up their situation.

“Don’t fret, dear,” said his wife, observing his downcast looks as she came from the tent where she had been putting the children to sleep. “Things may not really be as bad as they appear.”

“Couldn’t be worse; grub nearly gone, money too, and I’ve rustled among the boys for a job, but none of them really need a roustabout. No, couldn’t be worse.”

“O, yes, they could—but finish your pipe, and come to bed. It’s dark now, but you know light comes in the morning and—who knows? sleep often helps the brain to solve knotty problems.”

The flames of the campfire flared up fitfully, giving weird, white high-lights to the trunks of the firs in the shadow; and above, their plumed tops were veiled in haziness by the waning moon.

Under the influence of the balsam-laden fragrance that floated up from the fir boughs spread deep over the tent floor, the remembrance of their harassing situation faded from Mrs. King’s mind. The tired body found rest, and the weary brain was soon lulled to sleep; but the dream-mind flitted on, here and there, weaving mountain, forest and campfire

into a daedalous net work, which gradually narrowed, through the dream alembic, to fixed distinctness; and the moonlight on the stretching firtops, the hollow blackness beneath and the glowing coals became a sunlit valley, a dark cave and down in its depths glittered crystals—globules—what? The brightness of them pierced her eyes.

With a start she awoke and saw the morning sun shining straight into the tent through a tiny opening in the folds of the fly. “Well! What a dream of gold it was!—and woven of nothing but sunshine. It must certainly portend good luck—but from earth or sky—which, I wonder—that’s the point. O, for a dream book! My kingdom for a dream book!” she said under her breath, then louder, “Jim, are you there?”

“Yes, and breakfast is nearly ready. You were all sleeping so soundly I thought I wouldn’t disturb you; but it’s late enough.”

“We’ll be there in a few minutes. Come, children, breakfast is ready. Doesn’t the coffee smell good?” and the quietness of the tent was at an end—drowned in the children’s laughing chatter.

“Breakfast!” called a cheery voice again, and they trooped out. After all had been served, Mrs. King went to the fire and began marking in the cool ashes with a long stick.

“Jim, is there a valley anywhere near that runs along so? High mountains on this side, and scattered fir trees on this ridge, and over here a great spur of rocks that dips into the chaparral below?” She illustrated with the right hand and with the left carefully held her blue calico skirt back from the fire.

“Of course,” he answered carelessly.

“Really? Truly?” She spoke eagerly, yet doubtfully.

“Certainly. You have pictured Bear canyon quite correctly. It is over beyond

that peak where you see a broken tree standing alone. Why, what of it?"

"Just this: I saw it in my dream last night; and I'm going to ask you to go over there and hunt for a cave and—"

"O, yes, I know," anticipating her recital. "Cave, gold, pocket nuggets in a sand ridge, um—wealthy, healthy, and happy ever after," checking off with his fingers and ending in a half-trilled bar from a popular mining song.

"Well, you'll go," ignoring the thrusts.

"I think not. In fact, no use to go. There's no cave there."

and while you were there you were cast under some spell that gave the appearance of reality." He presented a wise and profoundly interested countenance.

"Very probably. But you possibly remember, too, that Morpheus is a guardian of dreams, and fashions them as the gods desire them to be given to us. Surely I have favor in their sight."

"Still, Emily, I think your dream came through the ivory gates of the dream-palace. Have another cup of coffee—do."

"No, thanks. And you needn't try to

"Yes, my dear, there is," confidently smiling.

"No, Emily, there's no cave in that canyon. Have some more coffee?" as he poured a second cup for himself and set the smoke-blackened coffee boiler on fresh coals.

"But, Jim? If I saw the valley correctly in my dream, why should not I see the cave correctly too?" she persisted.

"I agree to the valley; but to the cave—never! Can't explain it. Probably Morpheus took you to his abode last night

take my mind from that cave. You are going over to Bear canyon today to dig for gold in a cave you will find there. Do, please, give this one day's work to please a whim of mine," coming around the table and giving his cheek a coaxing pat.

"O, pshaw! Well, I suppose I must—there's nothing else when a woman—"

"I'll have your lunch ready by the time you have saddled Mag. Children, run for papa's pick and shovel," she broke in, in cheerful haste.

Jim King saddled the little roan mare

and led her up to the camp, tied his dinner pail to the cantle, mounted, and shouldered pick and shovel, with a hang-dog look.

"Now, Jim, look for a big dogwood—that's the mark, and there are wild blackberry vines growing over the mouth of the cave."

"Anyway, what's the good—supposing I should find it—the land's all staked," was his parting shot as he waved a farewell and rode down the slope.

With a happy, confident heart, Mrs. King watched her husband ride away, till he was hidden by the low growing shrubbery along the winding trail. Somewhere in the distance a quail piped a warning note.

"Jim's gone that far already," she said, but she could not see what the quail saw: the pick and shovel cached under a thicket of tall huckleberries, and the rider pass on, without them, taking the fork that led directly away from Bear canon.

How still the morning was—not a touch of wind anywhere! Mrs. King lifted her eyes to the scenic splendor of her surroundings. On every border were the mountains in the quivering haze of sunshine, unfolding in ever changing tints and shadowy lights. Peak beyond peak, as far as the eye could reach, they rose, grand, still, majestic and untamed, expressive of imperial solitude.

"Stir! Stir! Stir!" said a noisy bluejay, and she turned to her work. The children were happy when camping and to them the day passed quickly with school books and excursions up and down the mountain side for nuts, mosses and lichens, and in untiring, never-discouraged searches for "Gold." And a family of inquisitive jays must receive instructions in the art of behavior, for which all the table scraps were carefully hoarded in all kinds of secret places, and doled out according to the merits earned at each performance.

Slowly the vivid noon-blue of the mountains changed to blue-grey of even and deepened to purple, making them seem nearer and clearer than in the morning; and as the shadows gathered near, a little bird trilled a timid, sweet, vesper hymn.

"Come, mamma, isn't it time to cook supper? The children brought in

dry limbs and cones for the night's fire.

"There he comes! Papa's coming, children—wave your hands!"

The horseman coming up the grade doubled up his palms and sent a shrill whistle echoing along the ridge.

"Here, children, give Mag a good supper. She's tired," he said, after unsaddling the mare. Then he poured water in a basin, picked up a bit of soap and began lathering his hands vigorously.

"Dirty, aren't they?" with provoking coolness.

"Yes, but, Jim—what—?" interrogated his wife.

"Oh, I found the cave just where you said I would; but cave, claim, and all are owned by a man over in Ashland. I went over and found the fellow—runs a little coffee house there and didn't value your cave very highly. Said he didn't propose to risk anything on such a picnic, but I could work it 'halvers,'" King ran on with remarkable glibness.

"Yes, of course; but what else?" she insisted hurriedly.

"Well," he continued with a tantalizing drawl. "It is a vein of quartz that runs down the porphyry and the gold—"

"Pocket gold! Didn't I tell you? I knew it, I knew it! Now you'll believe in dreams!" she almost screamed in her firm belief.

"Don't you want to see a nugget?" and he handed her a yellow Bellefleur.

"Jim King! How could you do such a thing?" and on her face chagrin and perplexity struggled for supremacy.

"Aren't you ashamed to play such a shabby trick?" she managed to say.

"Well, no. You see, you were so bound and determined I should find a nugget that I was afraid to come back without one; and it's the best I could do," an amused light dancing in his eyes.

"I see. And what else?"

"I met Sam Adams on the way. He put me on the track of a job as foreman on a ranch down below. So I went over and met the owner; and decided to abandon Prize Bar for farm life and good pay. My time begins tomorrow, and we'll begin packing the first thing in the morning. So, Emily, even if your wonderful dream didn't bring us the gold you expected, it brought something which I hope will be worth far more to us."

White Spot, the Great Panther of the Big Meadows

*The Panther and His Mate...The Arrival of "The New Comer" and
"Pluto"...The Tragedy in the Cabin...The Halfbreed's
Vengeance and the Death of White Spot*

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

FAR up amidst the rocky defiles of the mountains above the Big Meadows, White Spot had his home. The exact place of his abode was never discovered, but White Spot himself was the best known and the most feared of all the wild beasts that frequented the ranches of the Big Meadows country. White Spot was a monster panther. He had a mate, but seldom appeared with her. Whenever the two were seen together, it was a sure token that the two were very hungry; it meant that some poor goat, or perhaps a whole flock of them must die. All living creatures, large or small, were foes to White Spot and his mate. For them, nothing moved or breathed that was not a coveted victim whose being was but to gratify their murderous propensity to kill—to satisfy their thirst for blood.

Halfbreed Jim, or just plain "Jim" as he was familiarly known, who dwelt in his little cabin at the foot of Big Meadows Mountain, was better acquainted with White Spot and his mate, than any other man in the whole state of Oregon. And surely, Jim ought to have been; for no other man had more often than he seen those prowling monsters creep from rock to rock on the distant mountain side; or sneak through the undergrowth from the dense cover of the forest, as they ventured forth in broad day. None had heard more oft than Jim the deep cries of the hungry brutes as they circled about his cabin in the night time. Many an otherwise peaceful slumber had been disturbed by the terrorizing voices of White Spot and his mate. All of Jim's goats had been sacrificed to satisfy White Spot's thirst for blood, and he had long ago given up goat-raising in despair.

Jim was a good trapper and a fair hunter, but he was entirely outclassed by White Spot and his mate. Such aristocratic beasts as they, would not give the

notice of a single sniff of their noses for the dead bait of a trap; and a dead sheep with poison was to them an insult. As for guns and dogs, White Spot and his mate were wise enough to keep a safe distance from the former, and the dog, in turn, soon learned that there were many things more pleasant than a cuff from either of the monster cats.

* * * * *

The New Comer entered the Big Meadows one early Spring, built his cabin, planted a garden patch and turned a new flock of goats loose on the nearby range. When night came, the flock was locked secure in the goat pen and Pluto set to guard over them. Pluto, by the way, was a big bulldog. He was all muscle, possessed a look of stolid determination in his puggish face, and brought with him the reputation of never letting loose when he once took hold. According to the sworn statement of The New Comer, Pluto could "lick anything that wore hair."

The second week after The New Comer's arrival in the Big Meadows, he awoke to discover a goat missing from his flock. The New Comer was mad. He had laughed at Halfbreed Jim when the latter told him that White Spot and his mate would make short work of his flock. The New Comer believed that under the protecting care of Pluto, his goats were safe from the attack of any beast; but he had placed too much confidence in the bulldog. The New Comer called the canine, expecting to find him chewed into shreds. The dog had not a single hair disturbed. It was quite evident to The New Comer that his trusty guard had slept at his post. When The New Comer swore at him, Pluto rubbed his stubby nose pitifully against his master's legs, while his sober face as-

sumed a look of sheepish innocence. Pluto was led about the goat pen and made to understand that a beast had entered there and stolen a goat, and that it was his duty to catch that beast. The New Comer was satisfied that the old panther would return again when night came, so when darkness settled down, he lay in hiding near his goat pen with two rifles by his side and Pluto doing picket duty near his flock.

All day White Spot and his mate slept in their den in a rocky defile of Big Meadows Mountain. When darkness came, White Spot awoke, arose and stretched himself, opening wide his massive jaws with a sleepy yawn. He placed a big paw affectionately on the body of his sleeping mate. She roused and the two crept to the doorway. Nothing was to be seen but the night and the stars, and nothing could be heard but the loud chorus of the bullfrogs in the marsh down at the foot of the mountain. It was already far into the night. With a deep growl of adieu, White Spot left the den and disappeared in the darkness.

Creeping from rock to rock, from bush to bush, as he passed down the precipitous mountain, the big cat was but a moving shadow. Stealing along slowly, silently, secretly, White Spot reached the wooded hillside that overlooked The New Comer's new-built home. Stealthily he drew nearer. He knew there was a dog near the goat pen. It would be unwise for him to approach closer with Pluto on guard.

White Spot halted and sat back on his haunches. Opening his great jaws he gave a loud growl. It had the desired effect. In a moment Pluto came rushing through the wood toward him. White Spot retreated farther back up the hillside and gave a loud, piercing cry. The purpose of this was entirely different. His mate, lying with ears alert, heard the call of her master, and with a single bound was out of the den and speeding like an arrow down the mountain. She reached White Spot just as Pluto approached. The old panther jumped aside and gave the dog the trail of his mate. Quickly she wheeled about and led the bulldog up the mountain toward the den. Wise old White Spot was left alone and unmolested. Stealthily he crept on

toward the goat pen of The New Comer. The latter had heard the growls on the hillside and urged on the dog and heard his eager yelps as he followed the chase up the mountain. Old Pluto he knew, would never leave the trail and for one night at least his goats were safe. The New Comer went inside his cabin and was soon lulled to sleep by the croaking of bullfrogs in the marsh and the barking of faithful Pluto on the distant mountain.

Loud were the curses of The New Comer the next morning when he ascertained the truth. Another goat was gone and Pluto was a pitiful sight to behold. His ears were torn and bleeding and his flanks frightfully gashed by the panther's sharp claws. The old dog's eyes burned vengeance; a more determined look overspread his ugly face. While the canine nursed his wounds, The New Comer kept his goats securely covered by night, or watched over them with loaded rifle, and revenge gnawing at his heart.

July came with its hot days, its sweet-scented breezes, and its bird music. Two little strangers, soft as balls of fir and but little larger than kittens, made their appearance at the home of White Spot and his mate. They were two pretty cubs and White Spot and his mate were very proud of them. The hair of the little fellows was much longer and darker than that of their parents. The color of the old ones was a rufous buff, graduating to an almost pure white on their under parts, while the young ones were all over a dark brown.

The cubs entered the world at a season of hard times for White Spot and his mate. It was impossible to enter the goat pen with The New Comer standing over it with a gun. Food became scarce and in order to sustain her young, the mother was forced to leave the den and go forth with White Spot during the night in search of prey.

About this time, Pluto, fully recovered from his wounds, had blood in his eye, and revenge in his heart; and at once put himself on the trail of the panthers and swore by his bulldog teeth, hide and claws that either he or a panther must die. One night, after whetting his claws sharp on the trunk of a madrona tree, he bristled his hair and struck off across

the canyon for the distant mountain and the panther's den.

Later in the night, The New Comer was awakened by a loud scratching at his door. He arose, struck a light and opened the door. Old Pluto bounded into the room and dropped a panther cub at his feet.

"Gee-whilikins, old man, where did ye git that kitten?" The New Comer asked in astonishment. The only answer Pluto could give was to wag his stubby tail and jump about in delight. The New Comer placed the cub under a box and

kept it in the one room of his cabin. Pluto could not be induced to go outside. He lay down near the box and slept with one eye open, fearful lest his captive should escape.

Perhaps The New Comer would not have slept so soundly could he have seen the two creeping monsters that later in the night approached his cabin. When White Spot and his mate made the discovery that a cub had been kidnapped, Pluto's trail led them to the cabin of The New Comer. While yet many yards away, they paused, crouched low, and silently, stealthily approached the one

window of the cabin. There was no noise, no sound accompanying their movements. The big cats were but shadows creeping near the cabin window of The New Comer. The old she-panther was ahead. At last she drew near enough for the final spring. With her body flat upon the ground, she gathered her concentrated strength for the leap that threw the great bulky body with a loud crash into the window. Following directly after, White Spot shot through the window like an arrow.

The New Comer's bunk was just under the window. He awoke with the wild crash to see the monster panthers flit over his bed and dash into the room. Instinctively The New Comer reached for the pistol beneath his pillow and fired into the face of the she-panther as she rushed upon him. Before a second shot could be fired the monster paw knocked the pistol from his grasp, and The New Comer was at the mercy of the beasts. The bullet had entered the brain of the brute, however and with one more convulsive blow her big body rolled off the bunk in a lifeless heap. The New Comer attempted to spring from his bed but was thrown back by White Spot. It was now a hand-to-hand combat with all odds against the man. With no knife, no weapon of any kind, he threw himself upon the ferocious beast. Pluto tore madly at the flanks of the panther in frantic but futile efforts to draw the murderous beast from his master. In a few brief moments the tragedy was enacted and The New Comer fell crushed and bleeding upon the floor of his cabin. White Spot leaped through the window with Pluto biting madly at his heels. Out in the yard the panther wheeled

about and struck the dog a sharp blow in the face. The stinging pain of the cuff awoke every vestige of Pluto's bulldog nature. Rashly, madly, blindly, he set himself against the monster cat. He succeeded in closing his jaws with a good portion of the panther's breast between his teeth. The hold of Pluto was as a vice. Vainly White Spot endeavored to tear the dog from him. Wildly fought the two maddened beasts. Back and forth, and over and over, they rolled across the yard. With his long, sharp claws, the panther gashed the bulldog's flanks until the blood ran from him in streams. Still Pluto would not let go. With his claws he tore madly at the panther's flesh. A cry of pain escaped the old cat as he tore him loose. The lifeless, limp body of the brave Pluto was cuffed aside. Victorious, White Spot dashed away from the mountain heights, leaving a trail of blood behind him.

It was a ghastly scene Halfbreed Jim discovered next day when he made his accustomed visit to the home of The New Comer. Jim not only wept, but he swore also. The two had become fast friends and he was the chief mourner at the simple funeral. The whole community swore vengeance against the murderer of The New Comer but the most determined of all was Halfbreed Jim. The ranchers turned out against the cat with traps, poison, and every known means of destruction; but all of no avail. White Spot continued to terrorize the country of the Big Meadows and to exact his bloody tribute from the stockmen.

One day, Halfbreed Jim announced his intention of going out single-handed against the big panther. The murder of his friend was to be avenged. Jim had studied White Spot's ways and he knew where he would be that night. He declared he would bring the dead carcass of the big panther into the settlement before the sun arose upon another day. Jim knew he was but an Indian, and a halfbreed at that, a poor shot with his carbine and that it would be bad to risk a shot in the uncertain moonlight. He would take his big knife, meet the huge beast in the forest, and kill him before the moon went down.

Jim took his station just beside the open and near a tall pine stump. Putting

his hands to his face, the Indian threw back his head and wailed out a cry into the night,—a long-drawn, tremulous cry, weird and far-sounding. It carried far up the mountain and deep down into the canyons and awoke the skulking destroyer. From away up amidst the rocky defiles of the mountain top, White Spot wailed back an answer. Jim heard and was glad. The big panther would come and he would kill him. He thumbed his knife nervously in anticipation of the coming fray. Again he called, and the panther answered from the upper edge of the forest. He was coming. The Indian noted the shortened distance and calling once again, crouched down beside the stump and waited.

In a few moments, White Spot had emerged from the forest and entered the open. At sight of the halfbreed the big cat crouched low and uttered a fierce growl. The Indian gripped his knife and waited. Closer drew the shadow of the panther; then came the leap that had so often proved fatal. The knife flashed brightly in the moonlight, but the panther was on the alert and bounded above the vicious thrust. White Spot turned and sprang at the Indian's throat. But Jim was ready for him; he dodged quickly aside and struck again with his knife. The keen blade swished to and fro and the heavy trample of their feet echoed loudly through the forest. Thus they fought there in the moonlight—the man and the beast. Blood flowed from beneath the Indian's buckskin shirt. There was a gash on his right arm and another on his shoulder, and red rivulets trickled down to his finger tips. The knife had found the panther's vitals and the big cat was fast spending his mighty strength. He paused for a moment and the Indian rushed him. White Spot gathered all his strength for a final plunge and sprang upon the halfbreed. The keen knife passed between the two great paws and went home deep into the monster's throat. Indian and beast went down in a heap. In a moment Jim disentangled himself from the lifeless hulk of the great cat, and stood erect. He held his blood-dripping knife up to the moon, then gazed triumphantly down upon his vanquished foe. There at his feet, White Spot, the terror of the Big Meadows, lay dead. The murder of The New Comer was avenged.

WESTERN SKETCHES

(Concluded)

By FRED LOCKLEY, JR.

Red Eagle

DAYBREAK saw us astir. Breakfast was soon over, saddle horses and pack horses caught, saddled and packed. We took our way across the few hundred yards of level ground which stretches from the shore of St. Mary's Lake at the "Narrows" to the foot of the "Golden Stairs." A moment's rest at the top to let the animals breathe after their hard climb, and then we resumed our march for the foot of Blackfoot glacier. Soon we reached the slide-rock on the slope of "Goat Mountain." Below us stretched St. Mary's Lake. Calm and unruffled as a mirror, it lay in the morning sunlight at the foot of Red Eagle mountain, and in its still waters floated Red Eagle inverted, perfect counterpart of the mountain above, slope for slope, and bluff for bluff. It might have been some vast canvas painted by the master hand of Nature, so lifelike it seemed—such color, such merging of lines and blending of tones! The green of the timber, the neutral grays and browns of the lichen-covered bluffs, the dark red of the ledges of slate, whose predominating color give it its name—Red Eagle, the shimmer and gleam of the reflected fields of snow, the cloud-like effects on the deep blue of the lake, of the images of the slow-moving, billowy masses of cumulus clouds above,—'twas like one's fairest dream's fulfillment. A breath of wind stealing up through the Narrows, and like the iridescent beauty of a half remembered dream, like the haunting memory of some soft, plaintive, witching strain of music, it fades. The reflection disappears in a maze of wind-made ripples, and the colors glide together and merge into the semblance of some delicate, shimmering fabric, which, like changeable silk, varies in color as you look at it. Another fragrant breath steals softly

up the valley, and you think you have discovered the laboratory where Nature makes its opals, such bright gleams of purple and red, blue and green, shimmer over its surface. Its great depth gives its waters a permanent blue. Yet, sitting on the rim-rock where "Goat Mountain" drops abruptly to the lake, and where the cold, clear waters lap against the mountain's base, one can see the pebbly bottom far below, and the water seems as clear as crystal.

In the Long Ago

I WAS sitting in the office of the trader to the Piegan branch of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians in Northern Montana, recently. It was a busy day in the store.

Here an old squaw, wrinkled and lean is bargaining for a bright-hued blanket. There a stalwart Indian whose powerful physique and handsome face is set off by his heavily-fringed green felt leggings, buckskin shirt, broad nail-studded leather belt, massive silver ornaments, blanket, and feathered braids, is buying a saddle. None but the very best will suit him, for he has just sold to the agent for issue some beef cattle, and, while his money lasts, he has no thought for expense. Babies and dogs are playing together upon the floor. Squaws are fingering the gay calicoes and casting longing glances at the large and brilliant silk handkerchiefs. A man, hale and hearty in spite of his white hair and grizzled beard, enters the office. The book-keeper introduces us, and as he lights the cigar he has just accepted, he says in a low, musical voice, with just enough French accent to make his conversation pleasant to listen to: "Yass, you're right. Choquette,—she is a French name all right. Oh, yass, I ben here long time. vair long time. Not many here when I come to dis countree. My people. de're

French; we live in St. Louis; I was twenty-two when I left St. Louis. Dat was, let me see, fifty-seven years ago, in 1844. Oh no, I ain't the oldest settler. Dere's an old man lives up on his son-in-law's ranch on Milk River, he more old than I am a good deal. He ben here four years when I come. I left St. Louis in the spring of forty-four. We took a month to come to Fort Benton on the steam-boat. Then we put our things in batteaux and lined up the river the rest of the way. That took three months. That linin' a boat up stream, she very slow tiresome job. Oh, yass, most of the people are dead that were here then. Dat so long ago dat just a few of us old timers left now. No, I never have much trouble. If the Indians don't see me, sometimes I hide; if they see me, sometimes I have to fight. One night me and my pardner lay in the swamp all night. War party camp on bank. We were hid in the bushes, and couldn't stir all night. We had one blanket and the weather very cold. By morning we felt pretty stiff. When the war party leave, we go out and warm by their fires. Dat fire feel good I tell you. De Indians fighting a good deal those times. Sometimes you have to hide away from big party of Creek, 'nother time sneak away from Sioux. Maybe the Stonnies or Flatheads catch you, and you have to fight. Sometimes the Blackfeet need your scalp. Yass, you have to hold your hair on pretty tight, else some Indian wear your scalp on his belt. Plenty good trapping and trading, though, if you don't get killed. Game? Yass. When I first came here, all kinds. Buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, bear, plenty game. Indians only kill 'em for meat, then,—no skin hunters yet. Oftentimes I ride along, the buffalo spread out to let me through, look back and buffaloes close together again—few hundred yards back. What I work at? Oh, I work for the American Fur Company. We buy and ship all kinds of hides. Indians then use spears, bows and arrows, and some have flint-lock muskets they got from Hudson Bay Company. We pay for a good buffalo hide, from five to fifteen lead balls for their flint-lock guns, or a few string of beads. We give a small butcher knife for two hides, a blanket for six hides, or

a red blanket for ten hides. How we get 'em out to St. Louis? Oh, we build skin boats from the buffalo hides, stretch hide over frame, and float 'em down the river. Sometimes we ship as many as three or four hundred bales of hides, ten hides to a bale. We send down lots of beaver pelts, too. Oh, yass, I remember like it was yesterday. Those were good old days. Every year when the company boat come up, the company give all of us fellows dat work for them a big treat. Every man get about a pound of flour, a pint of sugar and a pound of coffee. Then we have a big time. What we eat the rest of the time? Oh, we eat meat, kill all the game we want those days. I know men that had only tasted bread a dozen time in thirty-five years. From 1844 till after the war, I hardly ever tasted bread but once a year. After the war, steamboats come up the river oftener. Men brought flour and sugar and whiskey for sale. Very high price though, so we didn't buy much. Yass, I knew Capt. Clark. He come here in early days. His folks sent him to West Point, but he fought a duel there and had to leave. Malcolm Clark was a very brave man. He married a Blackfoot woman same as rest of the white men those days, and lived in the tribe. In the lodge tent where councils of the chief are held, there is a medicine pole, the straightest, whitest pole of all of them. That is what the Indian name of Capt. Clark meant, "White Lodge Pole." Afterwards they called him "Four Bears." He killed four grizzly bears in one day, so they always called him after that, "Four Bears." The Indian lost a good friend when he was killed. Well I guess I have to go now," and Mr. Choquette withdrew.

A Vanished Race

IN the Northern part of Montana, not far from the Canadian border, is a wonderfully picturesque region termed the St. Mary's Lake Country. On a beautiful July day, I crossed the St. Mary's river and rode up the "Swift Current" valley. By the side of the trail, I noticed a buffalo skull standing erect, braced in an upright position by the animal's massive thigh bones and

shoulder blades. Across the whitened frontal bone were the figures in red paint, "4500 feet." It had been utilized as a temporary bench-mark by some geological survey party. Here and there could be seen other bleaching buffalo skulls. Within a wider area, scores and hundreds of them were to be seen, many with the horns still on, though cracked and weather-beaten. Here, in times past roamed thousands of buffalo. With the advent of the white man and the introduction of firearms, their doom was sealed.

This massive skull has withstood the fierce storms of a score of winters. The fierce heat of many summers has bleached and whitened it. Once that massive forehead met ambitious rivals in deadly charge of battle to win or hold the leadership of the herd. For years he defended his position from all con-

testants. Even "Old Ephriam" was unwilling to risk a combat with him. The ground shook as he thundered along at the head of the herd. Many a time that massive head, that huge neck, those sharp horns have defended the calves and the weaklings of the herd from the gaunt timber wolves. But the skin hunters came. His massive strength availed him nothing, as he stood there, his eye rolling in rage, every labored breath forcing the bloody froth from the wound in his lungs. He charges blindly, and then, spent and wearied, falls. No more will he thunder along at the head of the herd, no more lead them to better pasture in the "Belly River" country or at the foot of "Chief Mountain." The timber wolves feast on their one-time enemy. And now to come to this—a pile of whitened bones to mark the hill side's height!

The God-Made World

*From the dust and din of the city turning,
With deepest yearning,
I long once more*

*To stand, where the fresh sea-breeze is blowing,
And waves are flowing,
Upon the shore.*

<i>Once more on Sehome's summit standing,</i>	<i>Or see, arrayed in a robe of tender</i>
<i>A view commanding</i>	<i>And chastened splendor,</i>
<i>Of vale and bay:</i>	<i>The mild moon rise;</i>
<i>To watch the sea like an opal burning,</i>	<i>The fleecy cloudlets around her glowing,</i>
<i>And the heavens turning</i>	<i>Serenely flowing</i>
<i>From gold to gray.</i>	<i>O'er pale-starred skies.</i>

*Once more to ramble through wild-woods, ringing
With glad birds singing
In every bush;*

*The while, in deep, secluded closes,
The sweet wild-roses
And currants blush.*

*Where a carpet of soft green mosses cover
The cool green earth over;
While fir-trees high
And cedars, their giant arms extending
And interblending,
Half hide the sky.*

<i>Ah, happy they whom no siren vision</i>	<i>Who still can gaze with pure emotion</i>
<i>From life Elysian</i>	<i>On mount and ocean;</i>
<i>Has drawn away!</i>	<i>With whom remains</i>
<i>Who still, with simple, unclouded spirit,</i>	<i>The tranquil faith by Nature given.</i>
<i>The joys inherit</i>	<i>That God's in His heaven,</i>
<i>Of night and day;</i>	<i>And Right still reigns!</i>

—Spencer Ellis

BEETHOVEN

By DELPHINE JOHNSONE

IT was Beethoven's genius to express in music the intangible essence of nature. He was in close harmony with nature, as all rare spirits are. He absorbed the light, the shade, the mingled colors, the sound, the silence, and translated them into terms of music.

His capacity for improvising was brilliant, fascinating, and wonderful. Given a theme, he would weave around it and through it the most beautiful musical fancies.

At times it would be weird, with an undertone of pathos and longing that almost broke the heart of the listener, and "frequently no eye in the room was dry, and many burst into tears."

Sometimes his improvising would appeal to the imagination like delicately perfumed flowers, or rather, there was a rare, subtle, undefined suggestion of color and fragrance.

Again a rural scene would suggest itself to the mind, perhaps a sunset, with long shadows waning across the meads. Soft breezes could be heard sighing among the green boughs, and the good-night songs of twittering birds.

So full of peace, so tranquil! But Beethoven's musical moods were variable. Suddenly the music would change; a deeper, fuller chord would be struck, and the heart of the listener could feel the darkness gather, while strong winds blew; and blending with the darkness and the storm, the cry of a human heart.

Altho' Beethoven never married, yet we know his great heart held a sacred love; his letters testify to this, and all his music bears witness. There is a throbbing undertone of tenderness and heart-longing, that like a silken thread, runs with delicate tracery through all his musical thought.

Especially is this true of his Moonlight Sonata, which was composed under romantic circumstances.

The evening of its composition, he had received a letter from the Countess Brunswick, whom in his passionate love letters, he addresses as his Immortal Beloved. This evening he and a friend were passing down the street, and hearing the familiar notes of the Sonata in F, they paused a moment under the window. The music ceased, and they heard a sweet voice within exclaim:

"Oh, if I could but hear some good musician play this wonderful piece!"

The voice, so full of pathos, and so hopeless, touched the heart of Beethoven, and he could not resist the desire to enter.

They found the player, a young girl, poor and blind.

Beethoven sat down at the old harpsichord, and invoking the spirit of music, he improvised melodies, sparkling with runs and trills; then softly sinking into a minor key, he struck one long, last, sweet chord.

The candle that dimly lighted the little room suddenly flickered and went out. Beethoven's friend threw open the shutters, and a flood of moonlight streamed into the room, transfiguring and softening all within.

The light transformed the old harpsichord, and rested like a benediction upon the noble figure of Beethoven bowed before it.

"Listen," said Beethoven, "I will improvise a Sonata to the Moonlight."

His soul was in unison with the tender love expressed in the letter, even then resting upon his heart; his delicate fancy symbolized *love*, as the moonlight, which has the power to illumine and transfigure the dark earth.

Thus was created that beautiful work of musical art, The Moonlight Sonata, filled with its chaste, subtle voicing of the human heart.

Altho' Beethoven ranks at the head of Masters of Music, his greatest praise re-

mains yet to be spoken. His character, not his excentricities, reveal him as a man, noble, true hearted and self-sacrificing. "He was a great artist, only because he was a great man."

We recognize in Beethoven a High

Priest, ministering to the multitude at the sacred Shrine of Music, for he listened to the Voice within, and translated into harmonies the divine message which God had given him.

Beethoven

NOTE—This poem appeared in the December, 1900, number of the Pacific Monthly, but is considered well worth reprinting in connection with the article on Beethoven.

Not Mozart's golden tide of song,
Nor Schubert's music sweet,
Nor Chopin's fancies fleet,
Are thine, O Master, great and strong.

Swift, bright music like the play
Of light and leaflet green—
Daring light on leaflet sheen;
Swift, glad music like the day.

O Master, these were not for thee!
But human doubts and fears,
Human woes and tears,
Stormy questions like the sea.

Music rolling like a storm,
Or sinking into strange,
Perplexed questionings,
Or quick'ning into passions warm.

The Why of life, of destiny,
Blind yearning for the light,
Strange terror of the night,
Thy music earth's miserere.

Yet grandly thrills the undertone—
"It is not all in vain,
This weary life of pain.
Beyond the darkness is God's throne."

"Sometime restless human woes will
cease;
Sometime the light will rise;
At last, for tear-dimmed eyes,
Somewhere, O troubled soul, is peace."

O Master, deaf, forlorn, alone,
Music thou couldst not hear,
Life darkened year by year—
Each year now thy purpose stronger
grown.

Master, music, both are great;
Hear the soft music thrill;
"O troubled heart, be still,
Suffer, trust God and wait."

"Sad heart be patient in thy woe—"
Hear the deep music roll;
Be calm, O troubled soul,
The mists will lift and thou shalt know."

—Frederic Homer Balch

By WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS

The Literature of the West—

Mr. William R. Lighton, in a recent issue of a Boston paper, gives some interesting opinions of Western literature, although the position he assumes is not at all times tenable.

"Of the many charges that have been laid at the door of the West," he says,

"None is more true than this: that it has no literature of its own—none which makes even a decent pretence of reflecting its real life. To be sure, many writers, both natives and aliens to the soil, have fashioned salable and readable stuff out of odds and ends of raw material gathered from the Missouri to the Pacific, and have earned a cheerful, after-noon-tea sort of reputation thereby; but their material has been mostly only drift-pebbles; they have not yet touched the rock quarries.

It will avail nothing to cite Bret Harte or Mark Twain or Owen Wister or any other name on the list, in refutation. Their work was true and vital enough in relation to the phases of life they sought to portray, but those phases were transient, merely momentary. Yet the precedents set by that school have persisted, shaping the predilection of the hungry readers and determining the form and flavor of the work of the more or less hungry writers. Readers have got the notion fixed in their heads that the West is and always has been and must ever be a sort of circus-ring wherein the picturesque, the bizarre, the grotesque, the impossible disports itself from year's end to year's end, dressed in a manner that no living man ever beheld, roaring to the world in dialects that no living man ever heard, swearing deliciously audacious oaths, obscuring the sunlight in a cloud of powder smoke, stopping now and then to pass around the hat for the charitable alms that may keep soul and body together."

While this is more or less true, the mistake Mr. Lighton makes is in assuming the West is the only part of the country that is open to his charge of having no literature that "makes even a decent pretence of reflecting its own life." Certainly New England has no such literature. Indeed, we may go even so far as to say that America itself has no distinctive literature.

Wherein is the justice, then, of singling out of the West, the newest and rawest part of the country, and crying out that it has no literature of its own? The West proper has been settled about sixty years—America over four hundred. We might reasonably expect, therefore, a literature distinctive of New England, but as a matter of fact, we do not find it. Literature is of slow growth. It is a question of centuries. The great American literature—the literature that springs from the ground, as it were—remains yet to be written. The first steps have been taken, but no more. The surface literature of the East, the South, the West has been written, and it has been well done. But no one claims, who knows anything about the growth of literature, that these surface writings are to be the real and permanent literary representations of the different sections. Nevertheless, such writings have their place and purpose. It is idle, therefore, to cry out against the bizarre, grotesque and impossible in the literature of the West. It were just as sensible to criticize the youth who learns his primary arithmetic before taking up logarithms.

It is not along these lines, however, that Mr. Lighton subjects himself to the most scathing criticism. The most amusing and impossible part of his at least interesting communication appears when he engages in "the entrancing business of prophecy." It is here that he shows not only a misunderstanding of human nature, but an ignorance of the real West that should have warned him to let this entire subject and especially the "entrancing business of prophecy" alone. This is the prophecy:

One of these days a man will arise and offer to the world a Western book that will be likely to set a new fashion—many new fashions—in literature. He is name-

less as yet, but I feel sure that he is now alive and that his offering will not be long delayed. When it comes, it will compel wonder that it did not come long ago—its meanings will be so big, so obvious, so simple. It will not concern itself very much with traditions of the literary workshop; it will go its own way like a god, justifying itself at every step as it goes. It will not give much heed to the preconceived tastes of those who are to buy; yet it will find its way straight to the national heart and stay there. A daring prophecy perhaps; but it is bound to be fulfilled.

And I feel safe in going a step farther. This book will come from and relate to the prairies and their people; for that is where the vital life of the West is throbbing. These are the men and women who are to shape Western destiny. Their life is in no sense histrionic; they do not know the meaning of that word. It is in the mountains mostly that Western men are doing the theatrical things, keeping up the fire and fury of morbid, overwrought excitement, fancying themselves thrilled with deep purposes, yet at bottom irreclaimably sordid and narrow. They are after wealth, and are defying heaven and earth to get it, but to no good end. They call it a brave, strong life; but it is nothing of the sort; it is essentially mean. Prospect-holes have been bottomless pits for thousands of eager souls.

It is different on the prairies. There the life is sustained by first relations with heaven; there the men are doing the things which really count; theirs is the real courage. Dull, you say, and earthly? Dull enough, truly, for the beholder who cannot see; but the book that is to come will turn that dullness into a radiant glory. These farmer-folk themselves are wont to call their daily round prosaic; and sometimes they long for change. They do not understand themselves; they have not the power to explain their behavior; they do not realize that it needs explanation. They do not say, "We are doing this thing for this reason and to this end." They do not say, "We are raising wheat and corn that the hungry of the earth may be fed." They merely plod along at their work, without even suspecting that there is in it the leaven of a great motive. Yet the motive is there, waiting for interpretation. That is the service this coming book will render.

Mr. Lighton here falls into the very error that he deplores so much in others. That is, he takes a part for the whole. He assumes that the prairies are the West, that it is "there where the vital life of the West is throbbing," and "these are the men and women who are to shape Western destiny." It is on these two points that we are forced emphatically to disagree with Mr. Lighton.

To assert that a great writer will come out of the West, that his work will relate to the prairies and their people is a mere matter of opinion—nothing more—though it may be a very bad guess. But to assert that the vital life of the West is that of the prairies and that these men and women are to shape Western destiny is to depart from opinion and to assail facts. The vital life of the West is not, cannot be, on the prairies, nor, indeed, can it be possible for the people who make the prairies their home to shape Western destiny. Such assumption is contrary to ethnological research and to the admitted effect of environment upon mankind. It is a well-known fact, not disputed by even the most superficial observer, that the great characters that have moved in this world have not come from the plains, but from regions characterized by hills and mountains. The plains, the prairies are an impediment to genius. What could a great poet find there to inspire his pen? Could Wordsworth, the great poet of nature, have thrived on the prairies? No. He required the vales and hills of England, the flowing streams and the quiet beauty of it all to bring forth his wonderful tributes.

What is true of the poet is in a lesser degree true of the novelist. We might almost say, therefore, that it is contrary to nature herself that a great novel should "come from and relate to the prairies and their people." Life on a prairie and the opportunities, possibilities presented there are too circumscribed to permit of great things. Western destiny cannot be shaped by men and women so circumscribed. According to natural laws the destiny of the West will be shaped by the men and women of the Pacific Coast. It is here that the great arteries of trade commence, and men of intellect are being drawn here as steel to a magnet. It is inevitable that it should be so. But what can a man of great force and possibilities find for himself on a dreary stretch of prairie? The first tendency would be to leave it and go where he could work out his salvation. We do not mean, however, to entirely disparage the prairie. It has its uses, but they are not for the production of literature or of men and women to shape

the destiny of a great region like the West. The prairie does its noblest work when it offers its wastes for great cattle ranges and for the production of such things as it will for the wants of man. But to assert that it is a literary incubator is to step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The difficulty with most Eastern writers who seek to enlighten the public through the press concerning the West, is that these writers themselves are the ones who are most badly in need of enlightenment. We suspicion that this is the case with Mr. Lighton. He certainly has no grasp of the West and of the conditions that are existing here. Yet he speaks *ex cathedra*—probably from a knowledge gained by reading Bret Harte or Mark Twain. If he were

in touch with the West of today he would not have written the following, which can be challenged at almost every point:

As yet Western towns do not mean much. They are not much more than trading stations, supply depots, shipping points. The interests of their people, while not wholly confined to these industries, rest largely upon them and are very limited in range. The townsfolk have not yet established anything like civic ideals; they have not yet found their intellectual latitude and longitude nor set up any particular standards of spirituality. The newness and rawness of the West is almost wholly in its cities and villages; they are artificial, man-made, and can show forth nothing better than the idea the man had in forming them. But on the farms life has found its poise.



Orators in Congress—

The most finished orator in the House of Representatives, according to an article in Ainslee's, is Cousins, of Iowa. He has been in Congress now for four terms, and in the eight years of his Congressional career he has made two speeches. Yet so fine were they that his reputation on account of them is national. One was half an hour in length. It was a witty and eloquent criticism of Ambassador Bayard, at the time Bayard was making himself unpopular by his pro-English remarks at London dinners. The other was less than five minutes long, and was spoken after the destruction of the Maine. Cousins sat silent in his place for one full term before he ever opened his mouth. It is more than two years now since he last spoke. When he takes the floor again he will have an attentive audience.

The most effective orator in the House up to the time he was transferred to the Senate a little while ago was Dolliver, of Iowa. Littlefield, of Maine, Landis, of Indiana, and Bailey, of Texas, are three who have the oratorical gift.

In order to gain a conspicuous position either in the House or in the Senate, a man must generally be a good talker. But it does not always follow that the silent men are without influence.

President Diaz—

In the light of the possible retirement of President Diaz of Mexico, a word of reminiscence as to the life of this distinguished man may be opportune. His birth occurred in September, 1830, and his early training was in preparation for the church. This, however, was soon exchanged for the law, and that, in turn, forsaken for the army. By a series of exploits, daring and brilliant in the extreme, he was exalted to high rank. Standing only second to Juarez, then President, only his severe sense of justice kept him from accepting that most distinguished post. That part of his life which was spent in the army was replete with desperate experiences and perilous ventures. Six times imprisoned, he escaped but to renew his fierce struggle. His experiences are but a catalogue of the most hazardous ventures. Ultimate success, however, brought with it his accession to the headship of his beloved country, which, under his intelligent and efficient guidance, has emerged from a condition of savage degradation to a peaceful and honorable status among the nations of the globe.

Premature Discussion of Presidential Candidates—

It seems rather early to begin discussion regarding the men and the issues of the Presidential campaign which will stir the people of the United States in 1904. It has been generally the case, that both candidates and issues which were given prominence long before the crucial hour, in a Presidential contest, were pretty effectually finished when that hour arrived, and the national nominating convention did its work. It is easy, therefore, to believe that neither President Roosevelt nor Senator Hanna is pleased with the agitation which heralds them as rival candidates. It is quite possible that long before the time for making party platforms and holding nominating conventions is here such political events will have occurred as will make it of comparatively little importance whether Bryan or Hill or Gorman, or Hanna or Roosevelt is made a standard bearer. It is by no means certain that because the President conceives it to be his duty (since he swore to it,) to uphold the laws as they exist upon the federal statute books, he will be brought into bad odor with the people. But the President has more than one chance before him to do a foolish act, and Mr. Hanna has many a mile stone to pass ere he will become the honored and trusted tenant of the White House. Would it not be better for all concerned to postpone talk of issues and candidates, for the present, and to do simply the patriotic, rather than the politic act?

—George M. Gage

* * *

Making a University—

President Daniel C. Gilman, writing in Scribner's on "Launching a University," enumerates these six perquisites: "An idea; capital, to make the idea feasible; a definite plan; an able staff of coadjutors; books and apparatus; students."

It would appear, however, in the case of some Universities of comparatively recent origin that the requisites are something of this nature: First, capital; second, capital; third, the same, and the other things coming so far down the list that they don't count. Unlimited capital, wonder-working though it is, can not alone produce a University. It can erect marvelous buildings,—embodied dreams of architect-poets. It can engage scholars whose fame resounds throughout the confines of the globe, but whose "much learning" has failed, nevertheless to blind their eyes to the glitter of large salaries. It can employ various and efficient means for advertisement—known best to astute promoters of business enterprises. It can attract students by the horde by reducing the cost of education to the vanishing-point. It can do all this and more, and then fail utterly to produce a University in the best and noblest sense of the word.

Something more than wealth must enter into a great residence of learning. Time must enter in, with its mellowing and maturing influences. It alone can give the proper perspective and poise; can adjust things into their true relations; can "purge all things new"; can eliminate the crass, the seeming, the nonessential and lend solidity and certainty to that which is true and worthy and good. Love must enter in—the great love of strong hearts and true. Lives must be sacrificed—lives of toil and thought, unrewarded, unrecognized. History must grant its touch of dignity; tradition must weave about its web of treasured lore, and then, when all things have had their perfect work, a University will be brought forth.

—Franklyn G.

* * *

About Trusts—

Congressman Littlefield has this to say about trusts in Frank Leslie's:

One of the greatest evils of the so-

called trusts, to my mind, is involved in over-capitalization, with possibly attendant misrepresentations or deceptions in connection with their organization, and to provide a restraining agency in this field is the object of the measure providing for publicity which I have introduced in the present Congress, and which I am inclined to believe will pass. This is designed primarily to secure publicity regarding the inner workings of the corporation, and will disclose to the public whether or not capitalization is justified by the value of the property of various kinds upon which it is based and to what extent, if any, stock has been "watered." This invocation of the powerful agency of publicity is not designed to arouse public sentiment against great combinations of capital, as great combinations of capital are not only commendable and useful when controlled by correct principles, but indispensable to the management of great business enterprises, incident to our phenomenal commercial and industrial development. One of its purposes is to protect a considerable portion of the public who are in danger of suffering far greater loss than are the consuming classes, to whom the formation of a trust may perhaps mean a slight increase in the cost of living. The class referred to is the extensive one comprised of small investors, of which a considerable portion are women or residents of more or less isolated localities, who are, perhaps, somewhat handicapped in the matter of acquiring full knowledge regarding the exact character of the giant corporation whose stock is offered for sale in the open market, and yet are led to invest by reason of the business reputation of the men who are at the head of the institution, or by reason of the stories of fabulous profits which have been circulated with reference to operations in the field in which the public is given an opportunity to invest.

With compulsory publicity turning a search-light on the antecedents and to a certain extent upon the operations of one of these powerful corporations the ordinary citizen will at least have an opportunity to exercise his judgment untrammelled. In short, each citizen will have the same opportunity to pass upon the standing of a corporation that he now enjoys

in the case of a national bank. If, on the other hand, there are indications of excessive capitalization, the prospective investor is apprised of it in advance; whereas, if, having invested his money in a corporation, a stockholder is at a loss to understand an absence of dividends or other disappointing circumstances, he has an opportunity to probe for its cause in the facts open to the public regarding the amount of stock upon which dividends must be based, the salaries, and the operating expenses of the corporation in question.

* * *

The Old and New World Ideals of Life—

An editorial in Scribner's so excellently expresses the principle of which the great West is an embodiment, that we reprint in part:

Try to sum up the whole shaping faith of the West, the forces that have been pushing on the Western peoples in progress, in discovery, in experimental knowledge, and you find the underlying hypothesis that human nature has all-round capabilities of which the limits have by no manner of means been touched as yet, or even dimly discerned. By our political and social experiments alike, and by our more and more diversified and organized systems of pedagogics, we are taught and teach others to hold that mankind should consider itself practically equal to anything. No one can tell what he can do until he tries, is a scientific statement that might be accepted as the point of departure of the entire Occidental philosophy of life. Hence that philosophy results in a continuous admonition to exertion, to effort both against the array of outer obstacles created by circumstance and against the inner inertia of man himself.

To those who have been bred in these views the absolutely contrary philosophy taught by the sages and religious reformers of the East from the beginning of history must seem, logically, to be responsible for the stupefying (many say the brutalizing) of the masses in the Eastern countries.

Cecil Rhodes—

In the death of Cecil Rhodes, the world has lost one of its predominant individual forces. No man of the age, it may be safely said, has, through sheer dynamic force, achieved so great measure of power. No man, excepting the heads of the world powers, has held in his grasp a destiny of greater moment. He has fathered a great commonwealth; he has altered the map of the world; he has made history; his name is imperishably linked with that of the country to whose creation and aggrandizement he has devoted those tremendous energies which, when set in play, brooked no hinderance.

Cecil John Rhodes was the third son of Rev. Francis William Rhodes, a vicar in the parish of Bishop's Stortford. His education, consisting of several years in the grammar school and a few terms at Oriel College, Oxford, was terminated by the condition of his health—which had never been robust—and he was sent to South Africa to receive the benefit of the climate. There he interested himself in diamond mining, ultimately consolidating all the diamond interests in Africa. Attracted by the politics of the Cape, he entered the Parliament and soon became the dominant figure. In 1890, he was appointed Premier of the Colony. Soon after he took the field against the native savage, and won vast tracts for the British flag. Then came the trouble with the Uitlanders and the notorious "Jameson raid" led by a Lieutenant of Rhodes. Complicity in this unfortunate affair was the greatest obscuration on an otherwise brilliant career. In extenuation, it may be offered that Rhodes foresaw the inevitable revolt against Kruger, and his policies, and hoped, by an unexpected blow to accomplish the freedom of the Anglo-Saxons in the Transvaal. The failure of the raid and the unhappy results arising from it are a matter of recent history.

In his brief visits to England, Rhodes was sworn into the Privy Council and was recognized as one of the prime factors in national affairs. He was a firm believer in the federal form of government, especially in the case of home rule for Ireland, and evidenced his support by a gift of 10,000 pounds to Mr. Parnell, the Irish leader. It is said that he entertained a high admiration for the United States, believing our great development to be the outgrowth of our Constitutional Government.

Those who were best enabled to judge the inner nature of the man, assert that he was greatly misunderstood and are quick to repudiate the prevalent idea that Cecil Rhodes was a grasping and unscrupulous money-getter. True, he amassed an immense fortune; but only as a means for the development of South Africa—the abiding purpose of his life. Moreover, his business transactions, conducted on so vast a scale, were always characterized by strictest honor, and even liberality.

In tastes, he was democratic and simple, caring nothing for the pomp of courts or the flaunt of society. He was a man of culture and refinement, but found but little time for the indulgence of his tastes, in the gigantic concerns in which he was ever engaged. His success was due to his indomitable pluck, his far-seeing states-craft, his towering ambitions, and his wonderful generalship in his judgment and employment of men. Faults he certainly had, but none that detracted from his essential greatness.

* * *

James J. Hill—

Elbert Hubbard contributes to the March *Cosmopolitan* an anecdote of James J. Hill which is so suggestive of new phases in the personality of that great financier that we represent it entire:

"Not long ago," he relates, "I met Mr.

James J. Hill, who had the happiness to be born in Canada—now of St. Paul and the Round World. I had been told at various times that Mr. Hill was 'strictly commercial,' but what was my surprise when at once, after we had shaken hands, he fainted and reached for me, left and right, this way: 'Oh, yes, I know you—was reading one of your books yesterday. What's the use of your comparing Rubens and Rembrandt to the disadvantage of either? Rubens represented the dancing sunlight and the other man the shadows. Now it is like this * * * *' and in two minutes I was groggy and hanging on the ropes. Soon he was pushing me all over the ring—see? I couldn't find him, but he was finding me right along. He declared I had said that Handel wrote 'The Messiah.' I tried to explain that I wrote it 'Elijah,' but the rogue printers, et cetera—but the man counted me out.

"My opinion today is that James J. Hill is the strongest personality in America, and withal is possessed of common sense that is most uncommon. I append the following, just as a taste of his quality:

"The railroad interests in this country are not the greatest, after all! The agricultural interests are most important. They represent one-half the population of the United States, one-half the capital, and about all the patriotism, religion and feeling there is.

"The country rules the cities. I should be sorry to see the time come when the city interests controlled the country. At present they do not. Whenever a situation comes up where the integrity of the country is at stake, the agricultural interests rise up in a body and sweep the obstacle aside. It is the man who owns the land, the area upon which we live, who is the strongest factor in affairs."

* * *

The First Lady of Cuba—

A writer in the March Woman's Home Companion gives the following interesting facts about the wife and children of General Palma, the first President of Cuba:

The family of General Palma is an interesting one. He has six children—four boys and two girls. Senora Estrada has borne up remarkably under the strain that the wife of a fighting patriot is always under. She has no fads or fancies. Her world is the four-story frame house in Central Valley that has sheltered the family for eighteen years and seen the birth of five of her children. Whether or not there is some sentimentality attached to this latter fact, the truth is that Senora Estrada would rather remain in this unpretentious home than occupy the palatial palace in Havana and shine as the First Lady of Cuba. She possesses to a great degree those Latin-race characteristics—devotion to husband and love of offspring. The great social responsibilities that will devolve upon her in the position she is to occupy after May 1st she fears may interfere with her share of bringing up her children as good men and women. The latter are good-looking and sturdy children. Jose, the oldest, is nineteen years old. He was born in Honduras, and came here when a year old. He is a law student at Columbia University. When at home Jose acts as secretary for his father. Tomas Jr. is seventeen, and attends a school at Newburg, as does his sister Candelaria, who is fourteen. The three youngest are Carlos and Luz—twins of seven years—and Rafael, six, whom the father refers to as his baby.

General Palma became acquainted with Senorita Guardiola, whose father had been President of the Republic of Honduras twenty years ago. She was his prettiest daughter, courted and feted and with the proverbial thousand suitors at her feet. Senorita Guardiola was a sympathetic listener to the tales of hardships under the Spanish rule, which the brave General narrated. Even today, in talking of those tranquil days of his wooing following the years of conflict, he quotes, "She loved me for the dangers I had passed, and I loved her that she did pity them."

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you, in a book, or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts, the eternal thought speaking in your thought.

—George Macdonald.

Circumstance—

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

The Century Co., New York.

In this little allegorical fore-word, Dr. Mitchell declares the actuating idea of his latest book: "On the hilltop of an island endeared to me by many memories, the ocean wind has permanently bent pine, fir and spruce.

"Here and there a single tree remains upright,—stanchly refusing to record the effect of circumstance on character."

Again on the last page he suggests the motive of the story in the words of two of the principal characters. "How strangely influential are the accidents of life, the circumstance that seems at the time so small."

"And character, as it meets them, and bends or breaks, or stands fast."

This then is the text, the *theorem* from which, it may be concluded, the book was developed. And right at the outstart, we must needs give utterance to some of the admiration to which we are moved by this, Dr. Mitchell's latest and worthiest product. It is an admirable effort; a book of which no novelist of any period need be ashamed; a piece of literary workmanship, so delicate in its treatment, so refined and chaste in its tone, that, considering the day and age, the demand of the publishers and the popular avidity for the fiction of din and strut—it is an achievement to evoke our wonder and our heartiest plaudits.

The reader is introduced to a little coterie of distinctly well-bred people in Philadelphia—business and professional men and their wives and daughters, whose lives flow on with the serenity born of refinement and a protective exclusiveness. Into this charmed circle is injected a disturbing element in the guise of an adventuress, of a mild and modern variety, whose machinations set in motion the

action of the narrative, which, in its perfect naturalness, its verisimilitude and its freedom from the *dei ex machina*, is masterful. It is as if the reader were privileged to step into the lives of this set of charming people, to know them in their intimate relations, to observe the play of circumstance, the actions and reactions of chance and its altering effect upon the lives and characters.

One is irresistably reminded of George Elliot. Whether or not Dr. Mitchell has chosen the maker of Middlemarch for his prototype, cannot be said; but the fact remains, that in approach, viewpoint, treatment and method, there is a persistent similarity. Only, Dr. Mitchell is less merciless than George Elliot in her relentless pursuit of the logic of life. His work is tinged by a masculine optimism; and, in the end—unlike his pattern—he makes concessions to the reader who demands that things shall be happily consummated: that virtue shall have its reward and sin not go unpunished.

Dr. Mitchell is always the physician. The questions of life that he proposes are diagnosed with the acumen of the anatomist. His penetration into the motives and forces of existence is that of the scalpel. His subtle analyses of character have a surgical incisiveness. Moreover, the "Doctor" character appears—without whom a book by this author would seem incomplete. He does not often "talk shop," it is true, but when he does, no one objects, for it is most delightful "shop."

The conversational method employed by the author, which is so difficult for the less experienced, becomes in his hands a medium of plastic perfection, requiring but rarely an "aside" from the narrator for the complete exposition of the story.

A great vogue is neither to be expected nor desired for "Circumstance." It lacks the quality of excitement, the variety and

tensity of interest that make for large sales; and, haply, it will defy the efforts of the most ingenious dramatist, so lacking is it in the theatric element. But, as a transcript of life as observed by a trained student of human nature and set forth with the finesse of a skilled novelist, it will give precedence to no book of the age. *Par excellence*, it is a note of vigorous protest against the transient, the clamant and the vulgar.

* * *

A Golden Way—

Albert Leroy Bartlett
 Illus., 12 mo, pp. 161, \$1.50
 The Abbey Press, New York

It is generally conceded by those who know, that travel is the best means in the world for the amplification of the mental vision, the liberation of the idea and the attainment of culture. Nothing can take its place; but to the great majority for whom travel is impossible, or at best, a remote anticipation, a good book of travels will most excellently subserve the same purposes, and will afford a pleasure that is akin to that which thrills the tourist as he stands before the wonders of the Vatican or threads the water-ways of Venice. For the traveler by proxy, then, who must perforce depend upon the written experiences of other more fortunate individuals, "A Golden Way" will bring fresh delights; not in the way of exploring new realms (for the "Golden Way" is a well beaten track) but in the discovery of new charms in the scenes and places that seem so familiar to us all. As the sub-title sets forth, the book is made up of "Notes and Impressions on a Journey through Scotland, Ireland and England"—where history clothes each inch of country as the ivy on the walls, and where literature has given to each rood of earth an individual charm." Truly the pilgrim's path was well chosen, and those who follow in his footsteps as he treads the old, old ways, cannot but share the joy he feels in beholding in truth the countries so often visited in dreams and visions. Nor is the book a lean recital of the bare details of travel, but is richly furnished with a thousand facts and fancies that are not to be found in Baedeker. The author reveals a range of

reading, a breadth of scholarship and a sympathy and enthusiasm that make him an admirable cicerone, and enlivens his pilgrimage with many a jolly tale, a bit of reminiscence or country lore. His point of vision is ever the literary one and the famous men of letters, whose homes he visits, from Bobby Burns to Will Shakespeare himself, assume for us a more familiar aspect.

Not the least of the book's many charms is the profusion of photographic illustrations which are so appropriately selected and so well reproduced that the "Golden Way" is made to glow before our very eyes.

* * *

Tom Beauling—

By Gouverneur Morris
 16 mo, 200 pages, \$1.25
 The Century Co., New York

In the flood tide of the romantic fiction which depends for its success largely upon some adscititious element—something apart from the narrative itself, it is a rare pleasure to find a story that captivates simply because it is a story in the best and fullest sense of that word. Such an one is Tom Beauling, and the reader that can voluntarily put it aside until the hero's fortunes are consummated and "Finis" stares him in the face, is irredeemably blase and much to be pitied.

Of course, Beauling is a very impossible sort of a chap, cast in the heroic mold of a Bayard or a Tristram—an Athos, Porthos and Aramis rolled into one and D'Artagnan tossed in as a make-weight—with his tremendous physique, his wonderful diapason of a voice and his capacity for compelling things. But he is none the less likeable for being such a demi-god, for within his chest—"like the bastion of a fortification"—there beat a very human heart, brave and tender and true.

It is the veriest sketch of a story, a mere outline, without pretense of structural perfection, intricacy of plot or character development. Fragmentary and rather flimsy it is—slight and transitory; but *such* as it is we like it immensely—for its manliness, its buoyant freshness, its sweet humor and the unstrained felicity of its style. There is not a tainted note in the whole book; it is as pure

and tonic as a draught of spring water, cool and sweet.

Tom Beauling is, we understand, a maiden effort, and, as such, foretells a welcome for future and more sustained efforts on the part of its author.

* * *

The Grace of Orders—

By N. B. Winston

Cloth, 12 mo, \$1.00

Abbey Press, New York.

The author, in the conception of this work, was evidently actuated by the commendable purpose of presenting, in fictional form, his ideas on society, nature, religion and life in general. So far, so good—but *only* so far; for, excepting the concession of a good intent on the part of the writer, praiseworthy features are lamentably absent. Oh, fiction, many are the offenses committed in thy name! Nor is this one of the least; for but rarely is the term "novel" affixed to such an artificial agglomerate of tedious dialogue and dull description; rarely is a story peopled with such a precious lot of impossible prigs, or made the vehicle for such an indigestible mass of theoretical twaddle. Granted that the author's purpose was worthy, how far short of that aim does he fall! He tries to be literary and succeeds in being bookish. He aims at philosophy and achieves pedantry. And those inflated conversations which comprise the greater part of the book! Whenever two or more of the sententious characters get together, they couch their talk in aphoristic, Johnsonian sentences liberally besprinkled with choice quotations, something after this fashion—selected at random:

"Subtract from the universe its ethical meaning and nothing remains but an unreal phantom."

"Then you think that spiritual perfection is the end that was involved in the beginning?"

"It is the only explanation of misery and wrong-doing," said the Major.

"There is a theory that death is not a necessary event."

"And yet, were man to live forever, do you think that their condition would improve?"

There are minds, it is quite conceiv-

able, to whom this sort of thing may appeal, but to us it brings only the smack of affectation and pseudo-philosophy. A novel of purpose it is, without doubt, but from its like, may we be delivered.

* * *

The Little Lady—Her Book—

Albert Bigelow Paine

12 mo., cloth, illustrated. Price, \$1.00

Henry Altamus Co., Philadelphia

Another child's book of exceptional attraction is this little narrative of the incidents and events in the daily life of the "Little Lady," who lives in the wonderful "House of Many Windows," and whose parents, the "Big Man" and the "Little Woman," are so sympathetic and kind and amusing that sorrow is an almost unknown factor in the life of the little one. It is a simple story—just the recountal of the things the Little Lady does, from sunrise—when she intrudes upon the morning nap of the Big Man to tell him of her "lovely dream"—until the little prayers are said at night, and after much snuggling and "tucking in," she is lulled to sleep to the magic tune of "Daffydowndilly." And such days as are those of the Little Lady!—so brimful of marvelous happenings and surprising episodes! The fascinating games she plays, the excursions to the "Far Land of Trees and Fields," the "Trip Down the Bay," and no end of exciting incidents go to enliven the pages. But still more enchanting are the witching hours between supper and bed-time when the Big Man puts forth his best efforts for the entertainment of the Little Lady. He is an inimitable *raconteur*, and his "Fred Stories" and improvised songs are not the least agreeable chapters in the book.

A most winsome maiden is the Little Lady, quaint and naive and full of odd conceits and dainty fancies. Surely her lines were cast in pleasant places, and the story of her happy life cannot fail to bring joy into the lives of other Little Men and Women—and to some "Big Folks" as well. The book is beautifully illustrated, and the whole tale has the ring of truth about it. Perhaps it is true—who can tell?

A Department Devoted to Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, the Pioneers, Sons and Daughters of Pioneers and Historical Data of the Northwest.

Editor's Note.—Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, members of the Historical and Pioneer Societies, and sons and daughters of Oregon pioneers, are asked to contribute to this department any facts that may be of interest to the public or to the society of which they are members. The amount of space devoted to this department will depend in a measure upon the support of this kind which is received. The Pacific Monthly is desirous, however, of making "The Native Son" its most important department, and one that will be unique and interesting to all classes of readers. Stories of pioneer life and experiences will help to attain this end, and are earnestly solicited. We wish the pioneer, the native son and daughter, to feel that this is their department, devoted to their interests and welfare, and that its editor is simply the medium through which the most fascinating part of the history and literature of Oregon may be given to the world.

Monarch of All He Surveys

By "Governor's Commission and Company's Permission" He Rules an Alaskan Isle for Uncle Sam

Away out in the Pacific ocean off from the shores of Alaska, is a lonely little isle, with barely room for the small village of Kill-isnoo to find a lodgment thereon. There the Alaska Whaling Company prepares fish oil for the market, and the isle and inhabitants are objects of interest to every arriving steamer load of people. Arrivals are not frequent, as may be imagined, but whenever there is one, and the steamer is made fast to the pier, then the seafaring tourist is quickly out and

abroad, in the search for novelty and experience.

As you go up the little wharf, you meet the portly form of an individual in uniform, splendid in gold trimmings and he extends to you his large, fat hand and greets you with a hearty welcome. One might readily believe that the old chap was greeting a friend just returned from a trip around the world, so overjoyed to see you does he appear.

But some one ventures the question, "Who is he?"

The old gentleman is plainly astonished that people are so stupid as not to know who he is. However, he tells us, with a show of comical dignity, that he is high chief and governor of the town, and, pointing, exclaims: "My house is yonder." Then, as he turns to lead the way, he extends an invitation to every one to come and visit him.

One nearing the house, he points with pride to his family "Coat of Arms" over the door, with the painted inscription in English:

*By The Governor's Commission,
And the Company's Permission,
I am made the Grand Ty-ee,
Of this entire I-lli-hee.*

*Prominent in Song and Story,
I have reached the top of Glory.
As Sac-in-wa I am known to fame—
Jake's but my common name.*

No "totem stick" adorns the front yard, where Sac-in-wa "The Grand Ty-ee" stops to explain that, years ago, the Governor of Alaska gave him "Big power," "My Commission," and shows you a letter, which tells you that he is a good Indian and a friend of the white people.

He invites you to come in, and opens the door—he is simply delighted to have so much company. On entering you are at liberty to inspect every thing in the room, and for the instant you can easily imagine you are visiting some department store.

The old chap's collection of curiosities and wares at once interests the tourist, who is anxious to buy anything and everything, and the Governor is ready for business. He can furnish anything, from a whale's jaw to a native needle. There are baskets of beautiful design, bead work, matting, awnings in wood, bone, and metal, bracelets of solid gold and silver, implements of war, and native clothing of every description.

Sac-in-wa doesn't have to tell you that he is closing out his fall stock, "to make room," and that the article worth 70 cents is "marked down" to 69 cents. He has the one price, and you must be quick, or some one else hands over the sum asked and adds another prize to his collection. One realizes, as he hurries back on board the waiting steamer, with luggage to add to your all ready over allowance, what a wealthy old schemer, Sac-in-wa, "by the Governor's Commission and the Company's Permission" Grand Tyee of the entire I-lli-hee," is fast becoming.

—Wm. Denney.



Whispering Waves

*Far—far out they're coming
With foam on their crests;
Like carrier doves homing,
With snowy white breasts.
They whisper tales never
Told but by the surge,
But to me, they sing ever
A requiem dirge.*

*To some they are snining
With love mem'ries sweet;
As fond hopes divining,
They splash at our feet;
But sadly I wonder
Which emerald wave,
A tossing out yonder
May be his lone grave.*

—Adaven

I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent, and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any village or village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparsely and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the Universe.

—Emerson.

Revival of True Hospitality

A writer in the *Woman's Home Companion* asserts that it is not surprising that women who have broadened in sympathy, intellect and experience from their dip into the world's affairs during the last decade or two, who, in their club-life, give and receive the best there is in womanhood—that they should grow weary of the social clearing-house of afternoon teas, "at homes," formal receptions, etc. Nor is it illogical that they not only demand release, but ask for bread instead of a stone. They would exchange the repetition of perfunctory compliment, the monotony of established routine, for a knowledge of their neighbor, an acquaintance with men and women as they really are behind the social mask.

And so it happens that a renaissance of simple and genuine hospitality is impending, and its promotion the announced policy of a goodly portion of society. What form will this revival take? Who can say? It is even hard to conjecture; yet it is safe to predict that desire, aided by clever brains, will reach fulfillment.

* * *

The Ruling Spirit

It is not the commands which are given out, and it is not the rules which may be established, that constitute the governing power in the family. You have known households in which commands and rules came thick and fast, from dawn to dark, and day following

day. "You shall do this," and "you shall not do that," were constant and emphatically imperative, and yet it would have surprised you to see a single instance of implicit, unquestioning obedience. It was the ruling spirit which was lacking. It is not by noisy utterances, and not by empty iteration, that the power to govern is shown. The quiet repose of confidence, the general understanding that to do right is expected, and that special commands, though few, will surely be complied with, and that they are conceived in wisdom, puts the regulator into the family circle.

* * *

The following excellent advice, the keynote of which is "common-sense," is offered by Dr. Gambrell, the preacher-philosopher, to young people anticipating marriage:

A young lady needs common sense in selecting a husband. Beware of a young man who is too fond of clothes. If he is fond of clothes, he is apt to be fond of something else. Don't lay too much stress on a man's dress. Broadcloth can cover a fool; but, if you live with him long, you will find that it can't hide him. Don't look too much at one's prospects. If he is a man, he will make prospects. Money slips out of the hand that has never learned to make it.

I have been married thirty-two years, and have never once disobeyed my wife. (She always tells me to do as I please, and I do it.) A young friend of mine,

who was about to be married, came to see me one morning with a troubled expression—a sort of predestination look on his face—and told me that he wanted to know how to manage his wife. I said to him: "Don't try. If she hasn't sense enough to manage herself, don't marry her." But, if you are determined to rule your wife, then by all means marry an educated woman, for nobody can manage a fool. You see I am talking about the common sense of educating our women.

Common sense is a good thing to keep house with. In this day, we want too much. Many people say they can't keep house because it costs so much. So marriages are deferred, or young people live in boarding-houses and know nothing of the pleasures of home. Enormous sums must be spent in stuffing our houses full of all sorts of things, and the consequence is that people are driven out of their homes, or driven to ruin.

* * *

James H. Camfield adds the following suggestive counsel: The life work of the great majority of women will always be in the home. This does not mean of course that she is necessarily to be a wife or a mother—though this will be true of the great majority of women. But whether as wife, or daughter, or sister, or even when living alone—she will be the home-maker. The great natural division of labor, to which there may be many exceptions, is this; that the men prepare the world for the children and the women prepare the children for the world—meanwhile taking good care that the man himself is enabled to do his part of the work in a most efficient manner. The modern thought, therefore, about the education of women, is to bring into the curriculum enough of that which will bear practically upon home-making to satisfy the young woman that her time is not being thrown away and to give her at least a somewhat adequate preparation for special work. It is useless to say that this preparation should be secured at the home; the conditions of modern home life and of social life practically forbid this. Just as it is quite impossible for a man to apprentice his son to himself in his own business, be-

cause the unions have filled their apprentice list, so it is impossible for a mother to train her daughters as they were once trained—and it must be confessed that we are looking at that old-time training through the rose-tinted glasses with which we always regard the past.

The elements of this work should be done in the high-school, precisely as the elements of manual training are placed there for the boy. But the higher forms of the work should be taken up during the college course, in which they need not absorb more than one-quarter of the entire time. It is not at all difficult to determine what studies may be very profitable elided from the curriculum to give place for this work; it is somewhat more difficult to determine how this work shall be carried on.

That the educators of this country will find a way to do this intelligently and efficiently goes without saying. They will find a way, without overloading the present curriculum, and without introducing work that in any respect falls below college standards.

* * *

Marketing Economics

Do you know how to buy meat? Can you go into a market and show the marketman that you really know what you want? The practiced vendor of meats will take the measure of your intelligence on questions pertaining to kind and quality almost before you speak. And he will know very well what he can, and cannot do. If you are not up in these matters, be at pains to post yourself. You will be well repaid for your trouble. Another question along the line of home economies. Do you take your purse along with you, and go to the market and make your selection, see it cut, and pay for it on the spot? The man or woman who goes for himself or herself, with money in hand, and with knowledge how to select, and pays for what he gets is pretty likely to get what is paid for. Ordering by telephone or otherwise, and running the meat bill to the end of every month may be an easy, but it is certainly an indolent and an uneconomical way of marketing.

About "Du Barry"

The luckless male folk who appear with Mrs. Carter in Du Barry, have parlous times of it with that muscular and rather violent woman. Hamilton Revelle, as Bressai, Du Barry's lover, is nightly set upon by his frenzied lady-love and beaten into insensibility. The vehement woman then vents her fury on her villain brother—played by Campbell Golan—whom she thwacks soundly with a candelabrum. The actress, forgetting in the emotional fervor of the scene, that she is capable of too realistic a castigation, often inflicted serious injuries upon the unhappy man, who finally had recourse to an outfit of pads, which though cumbersome and rather unsightly, are nevertheless a great saving of pains and aches. Revelle, by the way, has had an excellent training as Jean Gausseu in Olga Nethersole's Sapho, and seems to thrive in an atmosphere of hysteric emotion.

Du Barry, however, is a great play, a splendid scenic spectacle and affords Mrs. Carter a role for her tempestuous talents superior even to the volcanic Zaza. An amusing incident in connection with the rehearsals is that of the horse secured to draw the timbrel to the guillotine. The original equine was white, but when Mrs. Carter first observed the animal, she stopped the rehearsal and announced to Mr. Belasco that another horse would have to be secured.

"But we tried eight," replied the manager, "before we discovered one that would remain quiet during the howling of the mob."

"Can't help it," replied the auburn haired one, "Just as soon as that animal appears, some fool will call out, 'See the white horse and the red-headed girl,' and the effect of the scene is lost."

Needless to add that Belasco succumbed to superior feminine foresight.

* * *

Dolly Varden

Lulu Glaser infuses "Dolly Varden"

with a vim and a fizz and a dazzle that make of it one of the most spirited of light operas. The story of the libretto, which is fashioned after "The Country Girl," is sufficiently amusing and provides an excuse for some tuneful music. Miss Glaser, however, is by far the largest (not corporeally, don't misconstrue, prithee) part of the performance, and her unquenchable fun and effervescent hoydenism are more than captivating. A pity she hasn't more voice. But a *voice* in comic opera?—absurd!

* * *

Stars

This question of stars is becoming most portentous. In the good old days when the stock company reigned supreme, a player was content with the lot of membership in that organization, no matter how great his histrionic repute. But, now-a-days, no sooner does an actor—it is more commonly an actress—receive a favorable press notice but she must a-starring go; she yearns to see her name in big type on the bill, to find the calcium light focussed upon upon her and to monopolize the applause. More often than not, the exaltation of a player to the questionable altitude of starship is the shrewd act of some astute manager who sees in the ambitious one not the making of a great actress, but the making of much money—an object for clever advertising, to be enforced upon an all too gullible public.

The whole thing is an outgrowth of the tendency to elevate the player above the play—a premium on personalities. It is very evident in Grand Opera. We go *not* to hear Lohengrin or Aida or Faust, but to see Calve or De Reszke or Eames or whoever happens to be the popular idol. In the theatric world the tendency is even more marked. Plays are selected, yes even written to conform to the mannerism of the star. No longer is the play "the thing," but, most decidedly, the player.

IN POLITICS—

Tariff Concessions for Cuba

It seems assured that relief will be extended to Cuba in the passage of the Payne-Sibley Bill now before Congress. It is provided that a commercial agreement be negotiated by the President, when the establishment of a stable Government is an assured fact. Immigration and exclusion acts similar to ours must be enacted, and reciprocal tariff concessions to the United States must be made. The Sibley amendment limits such an agreement to December 1st, 1903, when the termination of the European bounties on sugar will, it is believed, sufficiently relieve Cuba. It is argued by the warmest friends of Cuba that a twenty per cent. reduction, according to the terms of the Bill, will not be of material benefit to Cuba, as it will not enable her sugar to enter our markets at any profit to the planters; and it is not impossible that a further amendment will increase the reduction, despite the strenuous opposition of the members from the beet-sugar states.

* * *

The Canal Situation

Although there has been little active legislation anent the canal question, interest has not waned. The adherents of the Nicaraguan route scored a victory in the action of the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals, which decided, by a vote of 7 to 4, in favor of the Hepburn Bill, providing for the choice of Nicaragua. There is still hope for Panama, however, and its advocates are working to secure the passage of the Spooner amendment. This provides that Panama is to be selected in case clear title can be secured; if not, Nicaragua is to be chosen. There is a tacit agreement between the leaders that the canal question will receive consideration in the near future.

Gen. Miles vs. the Administration

In view of the friction between the War Department and the Head of the Army, it is not improbable that the retirement of General Miles will be requested. Some time ago he volunteered to terminate the war in the Philippines by personal mediation, assisted by representative Cubans, who, according to the General's plan, would testify before the insurgent leaders as to the good-will of the United States. This offer was considered by the Government an unwarrantable interference. More recently he has incurred displeasure by opposing the plans of Secretary Root for the reorganization of the Army, particularly that section relating to the establishment of a General Staff. He stated in unqualified terms that a provision of such a nature would destroy the unity of the Army, and would increase possibilities of favoritism in the matter of appointments; and he further intimated that his resignation would follow the passage of the bill.

* * *

The New Secretary of the Navy

The successor of Secretary Long to the portfolio of the Navy is William H. Moody. President Roosevelt seems determined to surround himself with a board of coadjutors who, like himself, bear the stamp of virility, activity, alertness. Moody is essentially of this type. His life has been full of struggle, his honors earned by hard work and the respect in which he is held by his constituents, the product of the loyalty, integrity and efficiency he has evinced in public matters. As a member of the House, he has given evidence of his rugged force in effectuating measures that have appealed to his honest judgment. He is a born fighter, and to his hands the Navy is safely intrusted.

Protection of the President

By a vote of 52 to 15, the Senate passed the bill making it a capital offense for any one within the United States to kill or attempt to kill the President or any official immediately precedent to him in authority, or any foreign sovereign. The criticisms of the bill were many, and amendments were offered in an effort to distinguish between an attempt on the life of the President in his official and in his private capacity, or between assaults arising from quarrels based on political motives and those of a purely personal nature. All distinctions were ignored, however, and the law will stand as outlined above.

* * *


The Russo-French Note

As might be expected, the Anglo-Japanese enunciation evoked a responding declaration of policy from the Russo-French alliance. The "Note" to the Powers recognizes and concurs in the policy of the Anglo-Japanese convention, but reserves the right to take measures for the defense of their reciprocal interests, in the event of any movement by other Powers inimical to China's integrity or best development. Shrewd students of international affairs are inclined to read into this apparently inoffensive statement a rather sinister meaning. At least, the situation is pregnant of danger, and some overt act will not come as a surprise. Significant, too, is the move of Russia in strengthening her military posts on the Chinese frontier. The position of the United States, in the event of a war between these allied Powers, would naturally incline toward England, but a policy of strict neutrality is advocated by those best informed as to the situation.

* * *

Student Insurrection in Russia

The evidences of aroused feeling among the students at Moscow and St. Petersburg still persist, and various demonstrations have been made. On the recent anniversary of the memorable clash between the students and police in 1901, a procession was formed, and, although suppressed by the police and the military,



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intense excitement prevailed. The students seem to have enlisted determinedly in the cause of freedom for that land of intolerable autocracy. Punishment, even to the extent of banishment to Siberia seems unable to quench their zeal. In a manifesto, recently issued, they affirm their unalterable opposition to the present abnormal social and civic conditions.

* * *

The Outburst in Parliament

During a discussion of the war, in Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain, in reply to some aspersions of Mr. Dillon, replied caustically that the Irish member was "a good judge of traitors." Dillon instantly retorted by calling Chamberlain a "damned liar." Upon refusing to retract, he was suspended for a week, this being the only penalty within the power of the presiding officer. Mr. Dillon spent his enforced vacation in Ireland where he was hailed as a hero. The Irish question refuses any abatement, and, with other difficult propositions, Great Britain certainly has her hands full.

* * *

IN SCIENCE—

A New Rapid Fire Gun

Commander W. H. Driggs has produced the latest thing in automatic ordnance. His rifle, a six-pounder, attains a speed of seventy-five shots a minute, each one capable of piercing a three inch steel plate. In action it is a nearly perfect automaton, requiring but two operators, one to train and regulate fire, the other to throw in ammunition. Such an arm is a decided improvement upon the rapid-firing gun in general use, and exceeds in rapidity and simplicity of operation the latest foreign armament of the same type.

* * *

Locomotive Search-Lights

A series of experiments conducted by one of the larger Railroad Companies, has resulted in the perfection of a new headlight capable of illuminating for the distance of a mile; the light of the old pattern casting its feeble rays but four hundred feet. As a swiftly moving passenger train requires fully one thousand feet in which to come to a full stop, the

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advantage of the new headlight is apparent. During the tests, photographs of objects one thousand yards from the engine were taken by means of the illumination from the locomotive searchlight. By means of a deflector, a fraction of the rays are thrown upwards, thus showing the train's location miles away, further than the sound of bell or whistle could carry, except under the most favorable conditions. It is presumed that the new light, so obvious are its advantages, will be generally adopted by Railroads throughout the United States.

* * *

Forest Reserve

The United States is slowly rousing to the need of effectual measures for forest conservation. The first decree for the reservation of forest lands was pronounced in 1891, setting aside 1,200,000 acres in the Yosemite district. This has been augmented by other reservations, until the present acreage is nearly 47,000,000. It is much to be hoped that some measures will be taken to terminate the deplorable destruction of the "Big Trees" of California, those wonderful survivors of pre-glacial ages—the oldest living things upon the earth's crust. These mighty denizens, a half-thousand in number, are slowly succumbing to the rapacious saw of the lumberman, and will soon be a thing of the past if their devastation is not in some way checked.

* * *

Airship Contest at St. Louis in 1903

Santos-Dumont, it is reported, is coming to this country to arrange for aerial races to be held during the World's Exposition at St. Louis, in 1903. It is his plan to have a race track established above the city, something after the fashion of the yachting courses, the stakeboats being superceded by captive balloons to define the limits of the track. Such a course would be in full view of the exposition grounds, and a race between aeromotors of improved types could not but excite the greatest interest. Santos-Dumont will bring with him one of his 45-horse-power motors, and it is hoped that he may be persuaded to conduct some of his experiments on this side of the Atlantic.

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Utilization of the Tidal Forces

It has long been a matter of observation that the forces of the waves and tides, if harnessed, could be made to do an unlimited amount of work, but, until very lately, no one has been venturesome enough to attempt so bold an appropriation of the earth's natural forces. Two schemes, recently devised, are worth noting. One is calculated to work in an inlet, using the tides to revolve water-wheels, thus extracting a tithe of their energy. The other consists of a number of buoys so anchored and constructed as to utilize wave force to compress air. Both schemes, it is said, are well financed, and are assured of a thorough test.

* * *

IN LITERATURE—**A New Philosophy of History**

In his review of Benjamin Kidd's Principles of Western Civilization, in the Spectator, the head of Oxford's most famous college is impressed by the variety of points touched by the author and in the novelty and breadth of his hypothesis. He characterizes it as no less than a new Philosophy of History. Doubtless Mr. Kidd, like other framers of hypotheses, is tempted to make everything fit into his scheme, and we are almost startled by the completeness of his system.

* * *

An Old Favorite

In these days of numerically extraordinary editions, it is possibly paying a proper respect to the fashion of the times to note that Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country" has passed its half million mark, says the New York Times Saturday Review. When the Spanish war broke out, he thought the lesson he had tried to teach in 1863 was a good one to have remembered while driving the Spaniards from Cuba, and therefore wrote a new introduction to "The Man Without a Country" and brought it out again. It still found readers of course, and today there is scarcely a public school or school library in the land which does not have this American classic on its shelves.

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Dr. Doyle and the Publishers

The news that Dr. A. Conan Doyle was unable to find a publishing house in Germany with courage enough to publish his statement of the British side of the South African war will not be readily understood in this country. Probably more Americans sympathize with the Boers than with the British, but we are always ready to listen to both sides of any question.

* * *

"The Mastery of the Pacific"

Mr. Colquhoun, in his new book on *The Mastery of the Pacific*, doubts very strongly the success of the education we are going to give to the Filipinos, and bases his doubt upon the characteristics and possibilities of the Malays, as revealed hitherto in their relations with Europeans.

The Malay has undoubted charm. He is bright, hospitable, has a certain tenderness of heart, and possesses in general, the fundamental traits that make the gentleman, the world over. He is easy to rule, so long as he recognizes his master, is brave, but superstitious. He also has, in fullest measure, the defects of his qualities.

* * *

IN EDUCATION—***The Need of Schools in the South***

A writer in "Worlds Work" says that the greatest need of agricultural life in the South today is farming communes, and there must be natural forces that will bring the country people together in such communes in wholesome ways. Farm communes, good roads, smaller farms, intensive farming, rotation of crops, and such remunerative household industries as are to be found everywhere in the homes of the peasantry upon the continent of Europe, good schools, libraries—these are the fundamental needs. The right kind of schools seems to be the only possible force to bring such a result. Southern civilization will need to be built around the schoolhouse, and we shall need to steer clear, if possible, of the mistakes of other sections of the country. If, therefore, we can gradually set up in every farm community a well-ordered

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school, where ordinary academic instruction is intelligently given, and where at the same time some of the long hours of the school day are given to such forms of handicraft as can easily be transferred to the homes of the community and become a source of occupation and income; and, if, in addition, nature studies, school libraries, mothers' clubs and village industries of all sorts gradually come into existence, then we shall have a different kind of country village in the South.

* * *

Dr. Harper on Education

Dr. W. R. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, discusses, in the April number of the North American Review, the "Trend of University and College Education in the United States." One of the greatest differences between the college of the past and the college of the present, Dr. Harper observes, is the commanding position which the library and the laboratory have come to occupy, and it is certain that in the future these institutions will perform much more important functions in the economy of higher instruction. Professional education will be more closely identified with the universities. The most signal change which the future is likely to bring, however, in the educational world, is the organization of the school of learning of the more advanced grades, in such a way that they shall, by co-operation, increase their efficiency and economize their resources just as has been done in the industrial world through the combination of large productive concerns. From this Dr. Harper expects a great number of advantages to accrue to the colleges and universities as well as to the community at large.

* * *

Co-Education in Germany

The German government is by no means favorable to the higher education of women. The minister of public instruction has announced that while the government is willing as an experiment to permit girls to attend the existing gymnasiums—the equivalent of colleges—it will adhere to its decision that they should only be admitted to the universities as "guests."

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In the death of Col. F. W. Parker, the United States and the world of education has lost one of its worthy and prominent teachers. His whole life has been given to his chosen calling and he has done much to improve pedagogical methods. Thoroughly in earnest, boldly democratic, liberal as regarding trivial things but firm as a rock in matters of principal, he was a powerful force in the lives of his scholars. "Responsibility" was his slogan, and an unfailing optimism that knew no discouragement bound him to his collaborators. His death is mourned by thousands of friends and former students.

* * *

The Death of Dr. Fairchild

At Oberlin, March the 19th, occurred the death of Dr. James Harris Fairchild, who has served that college in the capacities of Professor, President and Professor-Emeritus for the greater part of a life of eighty-five years. His whole life has been one of persistent labor, and no man has done more to stamp his individuality upon an educational institution. As an educator, his success was remarkable, his personal influence and executive force being prime factors in the conduct of college affairs. As an author and theologian he attained high rank, and, beyond all else, was held in the tenderest regard for his amiable and gentle nature by all who were privileged to call him friend.

* * *

IN ART—

Municipal Improvements

The movement for the beautification of our commonwealths, small and great, which has so increased in earnestness and scope of late months, is one of the most welcome of the many evidences of an artistic awakening in the United States. That our cities and villages should be well governed, sanitary, clean and orderly seems to have satisfied those in control, who have neglected to take into consideration the aesthetic element. It may not be of as great importance that our cities be beautiful as that they should be healthful; but there is no reason why due attention should not be given to re-

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forms that will bring our municipalities to a level with European cities in the matter of the architecture of public buildings, general arrangement and disposition of such buildings with a view to an artistic ensemble, etc. The extension of park acreage and boulevard systems is a most commendable feature of this movement, and the general attack against the hideous billboard and other nuisances is a move in the right direction. That such improvements not only beautify, but really have a psychological effect that makes for better citizenship, is not doubted by those who are versed in such matters.

* * *

San Francisco's New Monument

The naval monument soon to be erected in San Francisco will consist of a granite shaft, sixty feet in height, surrounded by a figure of Victory, twelve feet tall. Including the base, the total height of the monument will be ninety feet. The colossal form of the statute is designed and modeled by Robert J. Aitken. The young sculptor—he is but twenty-four—has already achieved results in his chosen profession that foretell for him a brilliant future in the artistic field, and the work upon which he is now engaged will go far to attract attention to its creator. The clay model, requiring nearly a ton of material for its construction, will be followed by plaster casts in sections, and these in turn by the bronze molds, which, when fastened together, will represent the emblematic figure of Victory, lightly poised, and, despite the huge bulk, with grace and delicacy in every line. When finally completed, the monument will be a thing of marvelous beauty and grandeur.

* * *

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

Dr. Carroll's Statistics

There may be some very suggestive thoughts developed from the statistics of the religious bodies of the United States prepared recently by Dr. H. K. Carroll. In point of growth the Roman Catholic Church ranks first, the Episcopalian, second, and the Disciples of Christ, third. These bodies, it may be

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noted, are the most sectarian of all the denominations, and have the most declarative statements of belief. It is fair to infer, then, that the generality of mankind are attracted to the church which holds out a distinct, crystalized and unelastic scheme of salvation. Liberality, it would appear, is not an incentive to numerical growth. Human nature, when it comes to matters of theology, demands a rock-fast foundation on which to build its faith, and the church which offers such a creed will receive the greatest number of converts.

* * *

Mormons in Denmark

The Mormons are getting into Denmark, and soon that country will possess a temple. It will, no doubt, show the power and devotion of this peculiar cult. There is something fascinating for some men to have two or more wives, and the popularity of this desire must grow as the gentler sex accept the opportunity to solve the superfluity of women. Of course, this is not the absorbing belief of the Mormons. They teach other things, but nothing takes so well as plurality of wives with some natures.

* * *

The Pope

The Pope is now ninety-two years of age. Plain living and high thinking have doubtless added to the years of his life. He is a charming old gentleman, full of wisdom, and deserves the congratulations of his many friends. No Pope has been so quiet as he has been. He keeps in touch with all the different movements of the age, and shows an absolute control over his disposition, so that peace has reigned and nothing cantankerous has ever soiled his many opinions.

* * *

Cupid's Mistake

"'Tis useless, foolish Cupid,
To aim at him your dart;—
For can't you see—you stupid!—
That he has lost his heart?"

"Why, so he has!" said Cupid;
"I'll aim, sweet maid at you!
For though I may be stupid,
I see that you have two!"

—February Ladies' Home Journal.

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The Gates of the West.

I stood by the window one evening
As the sun was sinking low,
And the shadows a mantle were weaving
To cover the earth below,
And the crimson gates of the west
Were flooded with amber and gold—
A gleam of the home of the blest,
Whose glories to us are untold.

And I wondered if the bright angels,
When they bore our loved ones away
To the beautiful home o'er the river,
Where life is an endless day,
Passed through those clouds bright and
golden
As they went to the land of the blest—
If Heaven lies just over yonder,
Near the golden gates of the west.

—From The Angelus.

A Testimonial.

"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully," she wrote to the patent medicine house. "Three weeks ago I could not spank the baby, and now I am able to thrash my husband. God bless you!"—The Smart Set.

His Sweetheart's Letter.

A colonel, on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drillroom, when he came across a couple of soldiers, one of them reading a letter aloud while the other was listening and at the same time, stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the former.

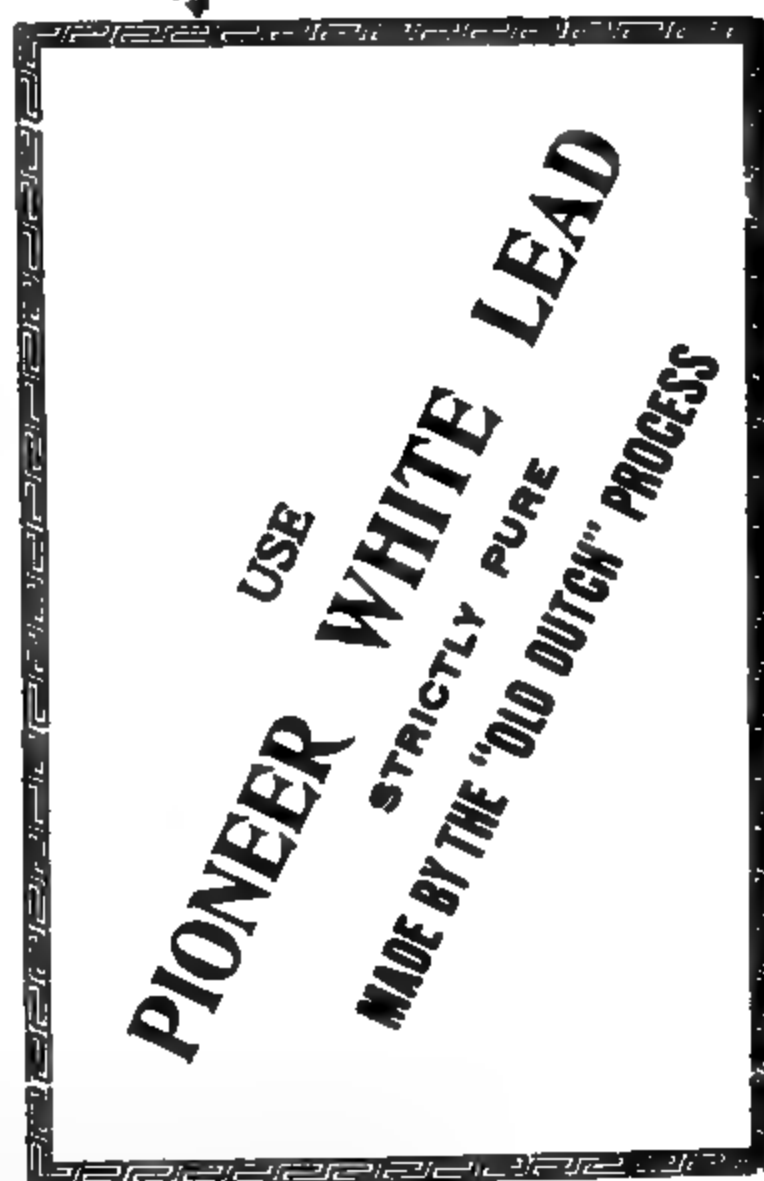
"You see, colonel, I'm reading to Atkins, who can't read himself, a letter which has arrived by this afternoon's post from his sweetheart."

"And you, Atkins, what in all the world are you doing?"

"Please, colonel, I am stopping up Murphy's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to hear a single word of what she has written."—London Tid-Bits.

Sure Death.

"Medical science has made such progress," said the doctor, when speaking of his profession, "that it is almost impossible for anybody to be buried alive now." Then he wondered why everybody laughed.—Boston Courier.



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The Sinful Brother.

It was at a certain church meeting, and the good bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern, sharp manner which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By and by he came to Brother B., a lay delegate.

"Brother B., what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the bishop, briskly.

"I consider it good," said the brother.

"What makes you think it is good?" went on the bishop.

"Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so."

"What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?"

"Some of them do and some do not."

"Do you mean to say that a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."

"Do you hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir," returned the brother, quietly.

"And you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"I have a brother who is a better man than I am who does not hold family prayer."

"What makes you think he is a better man than you are?"

"Everybody says so, and I know he is."

"Why does not your brother, if he is such a good man, hold family prayer?" thundered the bishop.

"He has no family," meekly answered the brother.—Harper's.

* * *

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The writers all should go to Penn.,
The debtors flock to O.,
And Col. would be for colored men
A paradise, I know.

The mining class would find in Ore.
A chance to raise the wind,
And, as you may have guessed before,
The rich should go to Ind.

Religious folk should go to Mass.,
And bunco men to Conn.,
And lovers who would win a lass
Should find a home in Mon.

All other persons, near and far,
Whate'er their age or sex is,
Who are not suited where they are,
Will find there's room in Texas.
—St. Louis Post-Despatch.

* * *

Was Not Cured.

Butcher—Didn't like that ham? Why, it was some that I cured myself.

Customer—Call that ham cured? Why, man, it wasn't even convalescent.—Boston Transcript.

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He grum'le of 'e well, because
 He' fraid 'e gwine be sick;
 He grum'le w'en de feesh won't bite
 En w'en dey crowd de crick;
 He grum'le w'en 'e go ter sleep,
 Because 'e got ter wake;
 He grum'le w'en 'e eatin' bread,
 Because hit isn't cake.

He grum'le w'en 'e got er job,
 Because 'e hate ter wuk,
 En grum'le w'en 'e loafin', foh
 Dey ain' no task ter shuk.
 Hit's grum'le all de time wif Pete—
 Des grum'le eve'y breff
 He des gwine growl 'is whole life long,
 En grum'le plum ter deff.

—Baltimore American.

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Student, Picking Up a Caesar.

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 —Exchange.

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What Causes Dandruff

The old idea was that dandruff is scales of skin thrown off, through a feverish condition of the scalp. Prof. Unna, Hamburg, Germany, European authority on skin diseases, says dandruff is a germ disease. The germ burrows under the scalp, throwing up little scales of cuticle, and sapping the vitality of the hair at the root. The only hair preparation that kills dandruff germs is Newbro's Herpicide. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." Not only cures dandruff, but stops falling hair and causes a luxuriant growth. Delightful hair dressing.

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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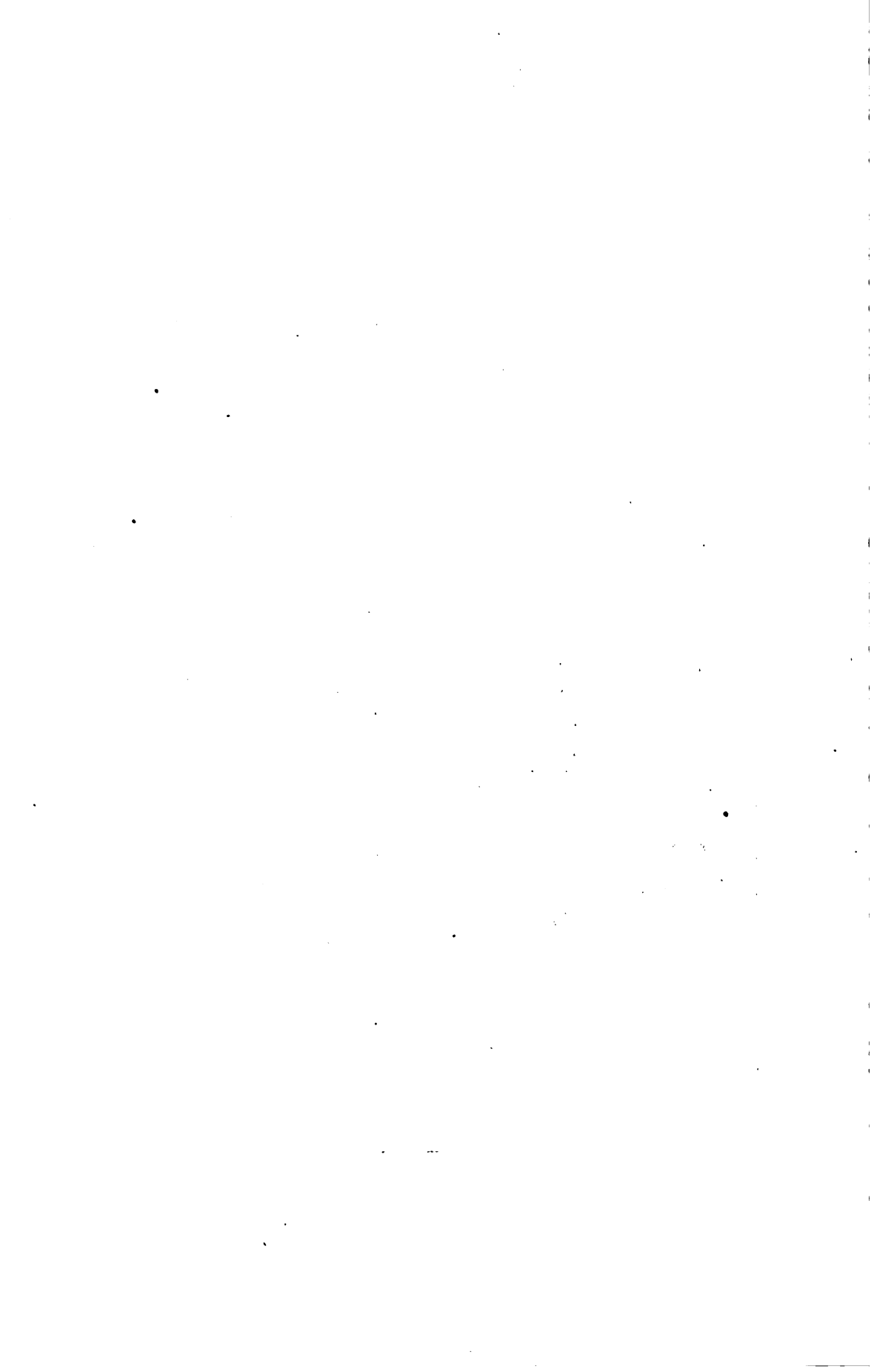
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In An Oregon Larch Forest

The Pacific Monthly

Volume VII

JUNE, 1902

Number 6

THE GREAT OREGON FORESTS

By JOHN MUIR

THE far-famed Oregon forests cover all the western section of the State, the mountains as well as the lowlands, with the exception of a few gravelly spots and open spaces in the central portions of the great cultivated valleys. Beginning on the coast, where their outer ranks are drenched and buffeted by wind-driven scud from the sea, they press on in close majestic ranks over the Coast mountains, across the broad central valleys, and over the Cascade range, broken and halted only by the few great peaks that rise like islands above the sea of evergreens. In descending the eastern slopes of the Cascades, the rich, abounding, triumphant exuberance of the trees is quickly subdued; they become smaller, grow wide apart, leaving dry spaces without moss-covering or underbrush, and before the foot of the range is reached, fail altogether, stayed by the drought of the interior almost as suddenly as on the western margin they are stayed by the sea. Here and there at wide intervals on the eastern plains patches of a small pine (*P. contorta*) are found, and a scattering growth of juniper, used by the settlers mostly for fence posts and firewood. Along the stream bottoms there is usually more or less of cottonwood and willow, which, though yielding inferior timber is yet highly prized in this bare region. On the blue mountains there is pine, spruce, fir and larch in abundance for every use, but beyond this range there is nothing that may be called a forest in the Columbia River

Basin, until we reach the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and these Rocky Mountain forests are made up of trees which, compared with the giants of the Pacific Slope, are mere saplings.

Like the forests of Washington, those of Oregon are in great part made up of the Douglas spruce or Oregon pine (*Abies Douglasii*). A large number of mills are at work upon this species, especially along the Columbia, but these as yet have made but little impression upon its dense masses. The white cedar or Port Oxford cedar (*Cupressus Lawsoniana*—*Chamoecyparis Lawsoniana*) is one of the most beautiful of the evergreens, and produces excellent lumber, considerable quantities of which are shipped to the San Francisco market. It is found mostly about Coos Bay, along the Coquil River, and the northern slopes of Siskiyou Mountains, and extends down the coast into California. The silver firs, spruces, and the colossal arbor vitae or white cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), are also found here in great beauty and perfection, the largest of these (*Picea Grandis* Loud; *Abies grandis*, Lindl) being confined mostly to the coast region, where it attains a height of three hundred feet, and a diameter of ten or twelve feet. Five or six species of pine are found in the State, the most important of which, both as to lumber and the part they play in the general wealth and beauty of the forests, are the yellow and sugar pines (*Pinus ponderosa* and *P. Lambertiana*). The yellow pine is most abundant on the eastern slopes of

the Cascades, forming there the main bulk of the forest in many places. It is also common along the borders of the open spaces in Willamette valley. In the southern portion of the State the sugar pine, which is the king of all the pines and the glory of the Sierra forests, occurs in considerable abundance in the basins of the Umpqua and Rogue Rivers, and it was in the Umpqua hills that this noble tree was first discovered by the enthusiastic botanical explorer, David Douglas, in the year 1826. This is the Douglas for whom the noble Douglas spruce is named, and many a fair blooming plant also, which will serve to keep his memory fresh and sweet as long as beautiful trees and flowers are loved. The Indians of the lower Columbia river watched him with lively curiosity as he wandered about in the woods day after day, gazing intently on the ground or at the great trees, collecting specimens of everything he saw, but, unlike all the eager fur-gathering strangers they had hitherto seen, caring nothing about trade. And when at length they came to know him better, and saw that from year to year the growing things of the woods and prairies, meadows and plains were his only object of pursuit, they called him "The Man of Grass," a title of which he was proud. He was a Scotchman, and first came to this coast in the spring of 1825, under the auspices of the London Horticultural Society, landing at the mouth of the Columbia after a long, dismal voyage of eight months and fourteen days.

During this first season he chose Fort Vancouver, belonging to the Hudson Bay Co., as his headquarters, and from there made excursions into the glorious wilderness in every direction, discovering many new species among the trees as well as among the rich underbrush and small herbaceous vegetation. It was while making a trip to Mt. Hood this year that he discovered the two largest and most beautiful firs in the world (*Picea Amabilis* and *P. Nobilis*—now called *Abies*), and from the seeds which he then collected and sent home, tall trees are now growing in Scotland. On one of his trips this summer in the lower Willamette valley, he saw in an

Indian's tobacco pouch some of the seeds and scales of a new species of pine, which he learned were gathered from a large tree that grew far to the southward. Most of the following season was spent on the upper waters of the Columbia, and it was not until September that he returned to Fort Vancouver, about the time of the setting in of the winter rains. Nevertheless, bearing in mind the great pine he had heard of, and the seeds of which he had seen, he made haste to set out on an excursion to the head waters of the Willamette in search of it; and how he fared on this excursion and what dangers and hardships he endured is best told in his own journal, part of which we quote as follows:

"October 26th, 1826. Weather dull. Cold and cloudy. When my friends in England are made acquainted with my travels I fear they will think that I have told them nothing but my miseries. * * * I quitted my camp early in the morning to survey the neighboring country, leaving my guide to take charge of the horses until my return in the evening. About an hour's walk from the camp I met an Indian, who on perceiving me instantly strung his bow, placed on his left arm a sleeve of raccoon skin and stood on the defensive. Being quite sure that his conduct was prompted by fear, and not by hostile intentions, the poor fellow having probably never seen such a being as myself before, I laid my gun at my feet on the ground and waved my hand for him to come to me, which he did slowly and with great caution. I then made him place his bow and quiver of arrows beside my gun, and striking a light gave him a smoke out of my own pipe and a present of a few beads. With my pencil I made a rough sketch of the cone and pine tree which I wanted to obtain and drew his attention to it, when he instantly pointed with his hand to the hills fifteen or twenty miles distant toward the south; and when I expressed my intention of going thither, cheerfully set about accompanying me. At midday I reached my long-wished-for pines and lost no time in examining them and endeavoring to collect specimens and seeds. New and strange things seldom

fail to make strong impressions and are therefore frequently over-rated; so that, lest I should never see my friends in England to inform them verbally of this most beautiful and immensely grand tree, I shall here state the dimensions of the largest I could find among several that had been blown down by the wind. At three feet from the ground its circumference is fifty-seven feet, nine inches; at one hundred and thirty-four feet, seventeen feet, five inches; the extreme length two hundred and forty-five feet. As it was impossible either to climb the tree or hew it down, I endeavored to knock off the cones by firing at them with ball, when the report of my gun brought eight Indians, all of them painted with red earth, armed with bows, arrows, bone-tipped spears and flint knives. They appeared anything but friendly. I explained to them what I wanted and they seemed satisfied, and sat down to smoke; but presently I saw one of them string his bow and another sharpen his flint knife with a pair of wooden pincers suspended on the wrist of his right hand. Further testimony of their intentions was unnecessary. To save myself by flight was impossible, so without hesitation I stepped back about five paces, cocked my gun, drew one of the pistols out of my belt, and holding it in my left hand and the gun in my right, showed myself determined to fight for my life.

"As much as possible I endeavored to preserve my coolness, and thus we stood looking at one another without making any movement or uttering a word for perhaps ten minutes, when one at last, who seemed to be the leader, gave a sign that they wished for some tobacco; this I signified that they should have if they fetched a quantity of cones. They went off immediately in search of them, and no sooner were they all out of sight than I picked up my three cones and some twigs of the trees and made the quickest possible retreat, hurrying back to my camp, which I reached before dusk. The Indian who last undertook to be my guide to the trees I sent off before gaining my encampment, lest he should betray me. How irksome is the darkness of night to one under such circumstances!

I cannot speak a word to my guide, nor have I a book to divert my thoughts, which are constantly occupied with a dread lest the hostile Indian should trace me hither and make an attack. I now write lying on the grass with my gun cocked beside me, and penning these lines by the light of my 'Columbia Candle,' namely, an ignited piece of rosin-wood."

Douglas named this magnificent species *Pines Lambertiana* in honor of his friend, Dr. Lambert, of London. This is the noblest pine thus far discovered in the forests of the world, surpassing all others not only in size, but in beauty and majesty. Oregon may well be proud that its discovery was made within her borders, and that, though far more abundant in California, she has the largest known specimens. In the Sierras the finest sugar pine forests lie at an elevation of about five thousand feet. In Oregon they occupy much lower ground, some of the trees being found but little above tide water. No lover of trees will ever forget his first meeting with the sugar pine.

In most coniferous trees there is a sameness of form and expression, which at length becomes wearisome to most people who travel far in the woods. But the sugar pines are as free from conventional forms as any of the oaks. No two are so much alike as to hide their individuality from any observer. Every tree is appreciated as a study in itself and proclaims in no uncertain terms the surpassing grandeur of the species. The branches, mostly near the summit, are sometimes nearly forty feet long, feathered richly all around with short, leafy branchlets, and tasseled with cones a foot and a half long. And when these superb arms are outspread, radiating in every direction, an immense crown-like mass is formed which, poised on the noble shaft and filled with sunshine, is one of the grandest forest objects conceivable. But though so wild and unconventional when full grown, the sugar pine is a remarkably regular tree in youth, a strict follower of coniferous fashions, slim, erect, tapering, symmetrical, every branch in place. At the age of fifty or sixty years this shy fashionable form begins to give

THE GREAT OREGON FORESTS

way. Special branches are thrust out away from the general outlines of the tree and bent down with cones. Henceforth it becomes more and more original and independent in style, pushes boldly aloft into the winds and sunshine, growing ever more stately and beautiful, a joy and inspiration to every beholder. Unfortunately, the sugar pine makes excellent lumber. It is too good to live, and is already passing rapidly away before the woodman's axe.

Dotting the prairies and fringing the edges of the great evergreen forests we find a considerable number of hardwood trees, such as the oak, maple, ash, alder, laurel, madrone, flowering dogwood, wild cherry and wild apple. The white oak (*Quercus Garryana*) is the most important of the Oregon oaks as a timber tree, but not nearly so beautiful as Kellogg's oak (*Q. Kelloggii*). The former is found mostly along the Columbia river, particularly about the Dalles, and a considerable quantity of useful lumber is made from it and sold sometimes for eastern white oak to wagon makers. Kellogg's oak is a magnificent tree and does much for the picturesque beauty of the Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys where it abounds. It is also found in all the Yosemite Valleys of the Sierra, and its acorns form an important part of the food of the Digger Indians. In the Siskiyou Mountains there is a live oak (*Q. Crisolidis*), wide spreading and very picturesque in form, but not very common. It extends southward along the western flank of the Sierra, and is there more abundant and much larger than in Oregon, oftentimes five to eight feet in diameter.

The maples are the same as those in Washington, but I have not seen any maple groves here equal in extent or in the size of the trees to those on the Snoqualmie river (in Washington).

The Oregon ash is not rare along the stream-banks of Western Oregon, and it grows to a good size and furnishes lumber that is for some purposes equal to the white ash of the Eastern States.

Nuttall's flowering dogwood makes a brave display with its wealth of showy involucre in the spring along cool streams. Specimens of the flowers may

be found measuring eight inches in diameter.

The wild cherry (*Prunus emarginata*, var. *Mollis*) is a small, handsome tree seldom more than a foot in diameter at the base. It makes valuable lumber, and its black, astringent fruit furnishes a rich resource as food for the birds. A smaller form is common in the Sierra, the fruit of which is eagerly eaten by the Indians and hunters in time of need.

The wild apple (*Pinus rivularis*) is a fine, hearty, handsome little tree that grows well in rich, cool soil along streams and on the edges of beaver meadows from California through Oregon and Washington to Southeastern Alaska. In Oregon it forms dense, tangled thickets, some of them almost impenetrable. The largest trunks are nearly a foot in diameter. When in bloom it makes a fine show with its abundant clusters of flowers, which are white and fragrant. The fruit is very small and savagely acid. It is wholesome, however, and is eaten by birds, bears, Indians, and many other adventurers, great and small.

Seeds of all these Oregon evergreens and many of the flowering shrubs and plants have been sent to almost every country under the sun and are now growing in carefully tended parks and gardens, and now that the ways of approach are open one would expect to find these woods and gardens full of admiring visitors revelling in their beauty like bees in a clover field. Yet few care to visit them.

A portion of the bark of one of the California trees, the mere dead skin, excited the wondering attention of thousands when it was set up in the Crystal Palace in London, as did also a few peeled spars of the shafts of mere saplings from Oregon or Washington. Could one of the great silver firs or sugar pines three hundred feet high have been transplanted entire to that exhibition, how enthusiastic would have been the praises ascribed to it! Nevertheless, the countless host waving at home beneath their own sky, beside their own noble rivers and mountains, standing on a flower-enameled carpet of mosses thousands of square miles in extent, attract but little attention. Most travelers content them-

Above the timbered mountain crest
Are varied hues of light —
The burning sun has sunk to rest
And day blends into night
New shades appear the green
And distant wood,
Fading light are seen
The banks of Mt. Hood.

Along Willamette, green
Are brilliant light
And rainbow tints
Are mirrored on
The busy day
The streets is heard,
The branches slowly sway
The zephyrs stirred
In peacefulness the day
With slow majesty
And to the earth and
Its farewell rosy tint

like this sweet evening
we but end earth's story
like our closing years
sunset days of life.



W. DENNEY

A DOUBLE DECEIT

By A. ERNEST MARSTON

IT WAS a wild night: The rain fell in drenching torrents, driving the few who were awaiting the coming of the through express, into the depot where they gathered in a shivering group around the meager fire.

Outside, walking with quick, nervous strides, back and forth upon the covered platform, was a man enveloped in a long, black mackintosh. The face was dark but handsome and had an open expression that added to its attractiveness. The eyes were deep and lustrous; the hair dark and inclined to curl. He wore no beard, but above the well formed mouth was a curling, black mustache.

The stylish hat, the cut of his coat and the distinctive air of culture about the man marked him as belonging to the upper class, while the firm, erect carriage and the very exactness of the rapid, nervous steps bespoke a military training.

The storm continued with unabated force and occasional gusts of wind swept across the platform, but the man seemed not to notice it. Now and then, he would pause in his walk and glance into the ladies' waiting room as though he were looking for some one, then turn away and continue his restless walking. He stopped under the incandescent light and hastily glanced at his watch.

"Seven thirty," he muttered. "The train is due in twenty-five minutes. I wonder if she is really going tonight."

A carriage drew up at the rear of the depot and a young lady alighted, glanced carelessly about her for a moment, then walked rapidly towards the ladies' entrance. As she came into the bright light, the man gave a start and stepped back into the shadow of the building.

"Good gracious, there she is now!" he exclaimed sotto voce. "Hope she didn't see me. If she thought I was spying upon her movements she would despise me."

He waited until she had disappeared

into the depot, then walked slowly up the platform, glancing cautiously into the waiting-room as he passed the window. The young lady was evidently engaged in purchasing a ticket, and the man noted the assurance with which she set about the matter, as though she had been accustomed to doing such things for herself which, he was confident, she had not.

"I wonder if she is going away alone," he mused. "She does not appear to be expecting any one."

The man, outside, noted every detail of her neat traveling suit, which followed every curve of her perfect figure. He noted, also, with a feeling akin to jealousy, that she was being regarded with curious interest by the men in the ticket office and by a commercial traveler, who had for some unexplained reason invaded the ladies' room. When the latter offered to assist the young lady with her coat, the watcher could hardly restrain himself.

"The presuming cur!" he said in a savage undertone. "I've a mind to call him to account for his impudence."

But events proved that the young lady was capable of looking out for herself. The polite but decisive manner in which she declined the proffered assistance, convinced the commercial man that for once he had made a mistake, and he sank back into his seat with the consciousness that his egotism had received a severe blow.

"Gad! She is all right," he muttered, watching the young lady as she swept gracefully across the room.

As she opened the door and came out upon the platform, the man outside drew back into the shadows where he watched her while she walked to the other end of the depot and back. Then he formed a sudden resolution.

"She shall not go away in this man-

ner without a word," he said with decision.

The young lady was just turning when he stepped suddenly into view, and a stifled scream escaped her as she recognized him.

"You here!" she exclaimed in surprise. "I thought you were at the hotel."

"Did you? And you were going away without a parting word?" he said reproachfully.

"What was I to do?" she asked, while an amused smile played about her mouth. "Was it my duty to look up all my gentlemen friends and wish them good-bye?"

"Certainly not," said the man with a laugh. "But you might at least have let one know that you were going away and have given him a chance to call and see you before you went."

"Why, I thought that every one knew that I was going tonight. I am sure the matter has not been kept secret. You, at least, must have known or you would not have spoken of it, just now."

"Yes, but I did not hear of it until to-day, and then not from you," he said in a tone of reproof. "I had hoped that you might think better of my offer, that you might, at least, grant me one more opportunity of pleading my suit."

"What good could come of it?" she said wearily. "I have told you that I could not accept your offer; why should we go through the unpleasant scene again?"

"Why, indeed! Do you think that a man's love can be cast aside like a broken toy? Is it possible that you are the heartless coquette that the people here say you are? Perhaps, were I Van Hutton with his millions, you would have a different answer," he went on, passionately. "But the love of a poor, struggling author—what does it matter?"

The girl's face burned red and her voice trembled with indignation as she replied, despite her efforts at self-control.

"Your language is insulting, Mr. Worden," she said. "I am surprised that you should speak in this manner. Your accusations are entirely unwarranted, for even if I were the coquette that you say I am reported to be, you certainly would

have no grounds for complaint. And as for the thought that I would look with more favor upon a wealthier suitor—you might as well have said that I would sell myself for gold! The thought is unworthy of the gentleman I believed you to be."

She had unconsciously drawn away from him and assumed a defensive attitude as she spoke in low impassioned tones that were more convincing than weightier arguments would have been to the one who listened.

"Forgive me, Miss Hurst," he said, penitently. "I deserve your contempt for thinking even for a moment that you were other than a true woman. I know now that I wronged you in the thought; but I was blind with jealousy and disappointment, and did not think what I was saying."

"I thought that it was not your true self that was speaking," she said, quietly. "I am glad to know that I was not mistaken in my opinion of you for I want to believe that I have met at least one true man this summer; and I want you to remember only my better self—not the unworthy spirit that I may have shown at times."

"I shall remember you as the best and truest of women," he said passionately. "Oh, Alice! Are you going away without a word of encouragement? See!" holding out his watch. "We have just ten minutes before the train comes. Will you not say something to give me hope in the days to come?"

The girl had averted her face that he might not see the wave of emotion which crossed it, nor the tender look in the violet eyes.

"Why should I give you any hope when it will only bring pain for both of us in the end?" she asked gently. "Why should we prolong this painful subject? Would it not be better for both to end it all now?"

"I can't see why it would be, unless you cannot love me, or—can it be there is another?"

"No, there is no one else; but, just think! We have known each other less than three months, and really know so little of one another. Then our lives have been so widely different that I fear

we are not suited for one another. I have enjoyed this summer so much," she went on before he could reply. "But now it is over; I must go back to the old life—the life that I hate—and you to your writing."

"Is it so very bad—the old life, I mean?" he asked sympathetically.

"The very worst. Oh, how I hate to go back to it!" she said passionately.

"Then, why should you? Oh, Alice, why won't you let me provide you a home? You shall have all you desire. I will—"

"Foolish man!" she interrupted. "You know little of the myriad wants of woman, or you would never make such a rash statement."

"Nor do I care," he replied. "I only know that I would make it the object of my life to make you happy."

"I wonder what time it is?" she said abruptly.

"We have but two minutes left," he said, consulting his watch.

"Rather, we have nearly fifteen," she said, quietly. "The train is late, but I had better get my traveling bag."

"Let me get it for you," he volunteered, starting toward the waiting room.

A flood of thoughts surged through the mind of the girl as she watched him disappear into the depot.

"If I only knew!" she mused. "He seems so manly and trustworthy. And yet I have worn the mask so successfully here that he cannot have an idea who I really am. No one but Mrs. Welton in this quiet little place even dreams that I am other than her paid companion, so it cannot be my fortune he is after. And how is he to know that it is the giddy round of fashionable life of which I am tired. Would it not be better to accept this true heart than to marry one of the men of society who would probably only care for my money?"

The man hurried towards her with breathless haste.

"The train will be here in a few minutes," he said earnestly. "Will you not give me something to hope for before we part?"

"Do you think it will make you any happier?" she asked, answering the question in a woman's way.

"Happier? It would make me the happiest man in the world to know that you cared for me!" he exclaimed passionately.

"But I am so unworthy," she said deprecatingly.

"Then you do care?" he said triumphantly.

"Yes, I care," she said softly. "But do you think your love is strong enough to withstand the gossip, the cutting remarks that will be made because of your marrying me—a hired companion?"

"What do I care for the gossips?" he asked, impetuously. "What difference does your position make to me? It is enough for me to know that you glorify it as you would any other."

"But you know nothing of my past life nor of my family," she objected.

"I do not care to know of your past," he said contentedly. "It is sufficient for me to know you as you are—the best and truest woman in all the world. Will you not say yes to my pleadings, now I know that you care for me?"

His passionate face was so close to hers that she could feel his breath, and she dared not trust herself to look up.

"If you really wish it," she said softly.

"If you believe I can make you happy, I—" but the rest of the speech was smothered in a sudden embrace.

"Don't, please!" she exclaimed, struggling out of his arms and looking around in a frightened way. "Some one will see us."

"I don't care if they do," he replied. "I am willing the whole world should know."

"There is the train!" she cried suddenly as a loud whistle sounded out of the gloom.

He helped her aboard and found a seat for her.

"When may I call to see you?" he asked, bending over her for a last moment.

"As soon as you wish. You'd better hurry or you can't get off."

"There's time enough," he said quietly. "I wish that I were going with you. I don't like to have you go off alone."

"Oh, I shall be all right," she said confidently. "There! the train has started."

"All right. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said, watching him until he had disappeared.

"He will know the truth before long," she mused. "I am so glad I can bring him a fortune."

Worden swung himself easily off the moving train and walked rapidly away.

"She thinks me a poor author," he was thinking. "If she but knew that fame was already mine, I wonder what she would say. Well, she deserves the best that money can bring, and I am glad I can give it to her."

He paused under an electric light and looked at the card that she had handed him at parting, and upon which she had hastily written her address. Worden whistled softly as he read it. "I never thought of her as living in that part of the city," he mused. "However, it's all one to me. She's mine—mine, and nothing else matters much."

* * *

A few days later Worden was ushered into the reception room of a mansion in upper New York. He had hardly time to note the rich appointments of the room when Miss Hurst, exquisite in soft, white drapery, parted the portiers and came toward him.

"But Alice!"—after the first greeting

—"is it really you? Why, I didn't expect—I thought—"

"You thought I was a poor girl, dependent upon my own resources for support, and I allowed you to deceive yourself, so that I might feel sure of the love you said—"

"The love for you that fills my heart, my life," he broke in, passionately.

"But, oh! I am so glad that I can bring you all this—that I can relieve you of all the cares of living. Now you can write at your leisure and produce a masterpiece—unhampered by any worry. And fame will be yours—oh, I know it!"

"Well, you see, Alice—that is, I too, have deceived you. I"—he stopped confusedly.

"Deceived me? How? What do you mean?"

"Well, the fact is, dearest, I can hardly be classed as a 'poor, struggling author.' My last book, published under a *nom de plume*, has brought me some measure of fame, as well as more substantial remuneration."

"To think of your practicing such a deception!"

"But it doesn't make any difference?"

"Nothing makes much difference now." She smiled up at him from the hollow of his arm. Besides it was a double deceit, you know."



She Dreamed of Me

She said, she dreamed of me. I used to think

All dreams were foolish things to tell about

And meant for mouth of gossip or of lout,

Mere matter for such bat-eyed ones as blink

Or silly souls that chatter, snicker, wink,

And try such simple arts as tickle trout,
Vain babblers fit to form vile Comus' rout

And far from worthy of Castaly's brink.

But now I know there are quite other dreams,

And dreams that can fill the soul with glee,

And crown the hearer's head with rosy gleams,

And fill the eager heart with ecstasy.

There's naught in life precisely what it seems,

And dreams may be all gold; she dreamed of me!

—Charles Woodward Hutson

THE MYSTERIOUS TOTEM POLES of ALASKA

By W. F. G. THACHER

AMONG the many objects of interest which excite the curiosity of the traveler in Alaska, there is, it is safe to say, no one feature that arouses more wonder than the totem poles. No sight-seeing tourist considers his trip to this Wonderland complete until he has inspected one or more of these strange images, relics of a past faith, the dignity of which is fast disappearing before the white man's ingress. Great, mute obelisks they stand—dumb witnesses of a savage grandeur, all but obliterated.

The totem is the idol of the Alaskan Indian. It symbolizes his faith, rude and

unformulated, in the Powers of darkness and of light, his belief in a hereafter, his fear of evil spirits, his supplications to his God. In fact, it is the physical representation of his religion. In this they have much in common with the "graven images" of other heathen races; but, to the Si-wash, they stand for more than this. They represent his ancestry, his pride of birth, the glory of his forbears. The totem is his ancestral tree, and, according to its height and the elaboration of its design, so is the status of the family before whose tepee it stands.

The origin of the totem is lost in an unrecorded antiquity. It is credible,

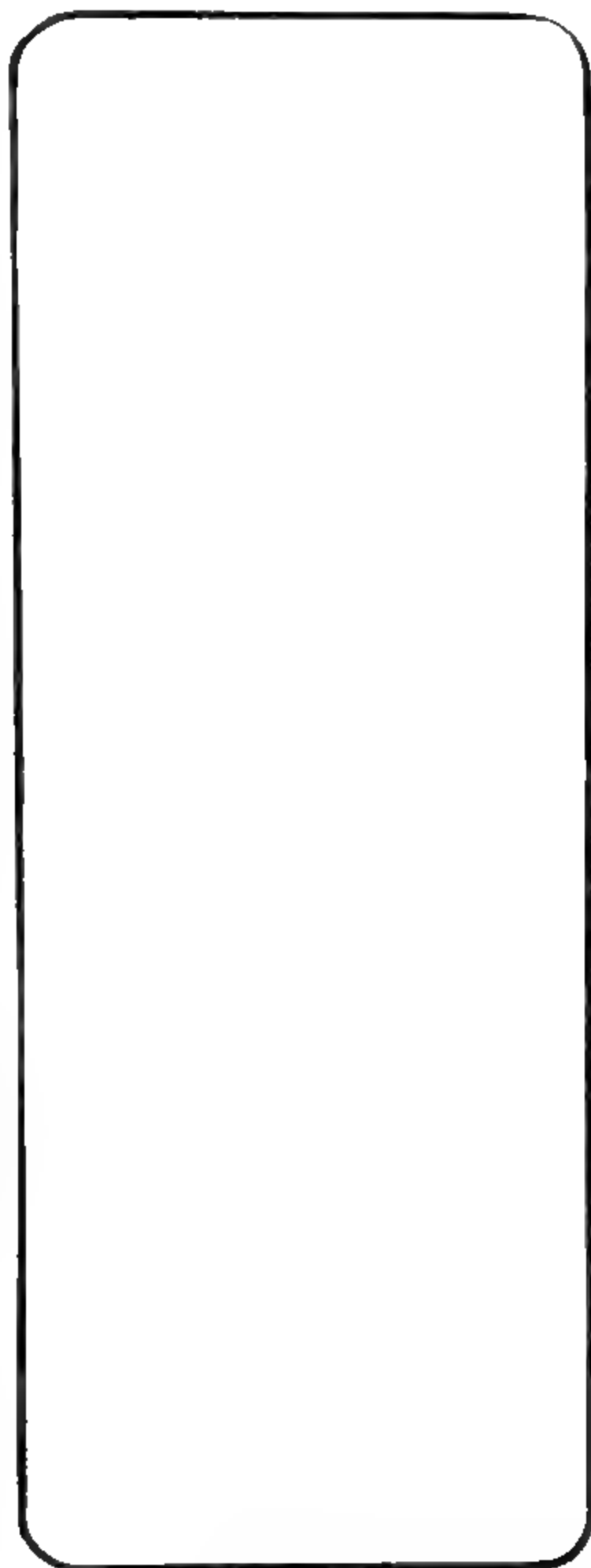
TYPES OF TOTEM POLES

however, that they grew out of a desire in the savage heart, to produce in physical aspect some representation of the groping and unvoiced belief in the great Unseen. About them grew the great forests of fir and cedar. Naturally, then, they chose the fallen timbers out of which to fashion their images. In the forests dwelt the bear, the moose, the cougar. In its widespread branches nestled the crow, the eagle. In the streams that laved its roots, the salmon and the trout found their home. These were the most important factors in the lives of these primitive people—the beast and fowl and fish, and the haunting, ever-present forest. It is not strange, then, that their first inchoate outreachings after a material expression of that life which they neither could see or comprehend should be formed from the hewn timbers of the fir and cedar, and carved into crude imitations of the animal life about them.

As an outgrowth, it became customary to designate the family by the name of the figure that crowned its totem pole. Each family of prominence chose some animal as its heraldic design, and the sculptor of the neighborhood embodied it, to the best of his ability, in a totem. Before the advent of the white man, tools made of beaver's teeth or implements of bone were employed. Months of patient labor must have been spent in hewing the tough fir fibres with such ineffectual instruments. Later they colored the images with such rude pigments as they had at their command, but with an effect that was gorgeous in the extreme.

The appearance of two or more figures upon one totem pole was the result of intermarriage. For example, if a youthful scion of the panther family became enamoured of the charms of a maiden whose father boasted a hawk upon his totem, and the twain, after due ceremony, were made one, a new totem pole must be fashioned, bearing upon it images of both panther and hawk, to grace the tepee of the happy pair.

Another office of the totem pole was to serve as a resting place for the bones of some famous Si-wash. A receptacle was hollowed out at the base of the column, and in this was reposed the body



AN INDIAN ARCHITECT

of the dead chieftain. The vaunting presentment of his valorous manhood became at last the resting place for his mouldering remains.

The pristine glory of the totem has long since departed. The white man has no veneration for these tokens of a past glory. To him they are curiosities—

nothing more—and so he lays ruthless hands upon them, and bears them away to excite the shallow wonder of pleasure seeking crowds in the parks of our cities; or to stand—a far more worthy fate—in company with the relics of the grandeur of other races, long extinct, in the halls of our great museums.

Ah, if those scared lips could but open and give voice to the sights witnessed by those lidless eyes! What tales of the past they might relate!—of the chase, the hunting of deer and bear through the deep forest recesses; of wars, waged round its base; of hecatombs and burnt offerings made to propitiate the Great Unknown for which it stood; of the death cries of prisoners slain before it to commemorate victories. Perhaps it would speak of the home over which it stood guard; of the young lives that there came into being; of the children that toddled about it; of the youths and maidens that made love in its shadow.

But the carven lips move not, nor give forth sound. No tales of the past are uttered. Its secrets are kept inviolate. The dead are left to bury their dead, and

no profane hands may pry into the forgotten past.

AN IDOL TO WHOM HUMAN SACRIFICES WERE MADE

THE COLUMBIA

By EVA EMERY DYE

FOR ages the Columbia rolled to the sea, undisturbed save by the freshets of spring or the bark of the savage. Headwaters poured into it snows of the Rockies. Great interior plains powdered it with alkali sand and dust. Walla Walla winds blew it black. The Cascades tore it into foam. The tide of the sea dyed it blue, and at last, over its crescent bar it leaped to the green Pacific.

At the north a thread of a river linked it with the Athabasca Pass. Two great arms almost touched its gigantic mate, the Missouri—Mississippi at the east. The Walla Walla whispered to it of camas meadows hid in the Blue mountains. The Willamette bore to it fragrance of the Southern Callapooias. The Cowlitz gathered dews for it on Puget Sound.

Through swamp and slough and sage brush, through ferns and forests and fragments of ancient upheavals through submerged woods and the hearts of mountains, in falls and shoots, in rapids and chasms and lakelike levels it wound its Amazonian way unheeded to the sea.

Great salmon basked in its bosom and built their pebbly nests far up in its utmost mountain streams. Herds of gentle-eyed seals dozed along its sandy beaches. Swarms of screaming sea fowl took refuge in this palisaded avenue from wintry storms, and solemn St. Helens

and Hood and Adams kept picket guard along its borders. Resplendent violet green cormorants guarded its gate cliffs by the sea. Jerky, little, flitting sandpipers foraged among its retreating waves, and for miles inland white plumaged swans sounded their musical gongs on rocky green islands. The wild deer glanced through the forest, the bear feasted on mountain berries, and with scarce moving wing the bald eagle sailed to the sun.

Unmolested, the beaver built his submarine city, the silk sea-otter slid among the reeds, and the nimble marten chased the squirrel from pine to pine, or hid itself in the feathery hemlocks.

A hundred tribes fished and fought and hunted under the dim old trees. Canoe Indians on the coast went out in their frail sea craft and harpooned the great whale. Horse Indians raced from Klikitat to the Bannocks. Fish-eaters and root-eaters starved and glutted. The living mourned the dead and destroyed their property. The dead hypnotized the living into abject superstition. Poverty, ignorance, squalor ruled all.

But one day a ship sailed over the rocky bar, one day Lewis and Clark came out of the East and the spell was broken. The long night of ages began to lift.

By William Bittle Wells

Will America Rule the World?

Mr. William T. Stead, editor of the *English Review of Reviews*, made a statement in a recent article that caused a sensation throughout the world. He believes that indications point to the ultimate supremacy of the American nation in governmental as well as in commercial affairs, and that, consequently, the United States of America will some day become the United States of the World, with its capital at Washington, and will be the only government on the earth. Mr. Stead finds a justification for this belief, he thinks, in the remarkable strides that the United States has taken in the commercial and financial world. He sees in the wonderful energy and vitality of the American people and in the potentialities that are contained in our almost illimitable resources, forces which must eventually make this nation predominant in the world. To many such a belief is visionary in the extreme. To others who have studied the trend of recent events and combinations and the tendency in government it may be only premature, but coming from such a source it is well calculated to cause alarm, if not consternation, among the monarchies and empires of Europe.



The relation between the political and the commercial world is not so remote as it was twenty or even ten years ago, and it is becoming closer and closer. A nation that is strong commercially and successful financially must assert itself politically sooner or later. The "survival of the fittest" is especially applicable to governments. It is a fear of this growing power and strength of the United States commercially and financially that is disturbing Europe, and a recognition there that if it is carried to its logical outcome Mr. Stead's prediction is within the range of probability.

It is futile to attempt to stem the mighty current of progress that is welling up ready to over-leap the banks of antiquated conservatism. We are now in the midst of great things and on the verge of still greater. The step for the control of the seas by America through the recent shipping combination is indicative of this. The London "Daily Mail" in commenting upon it, says: "The corporation will be formed mainly with American capital. It will take over the entire British shipping companies. Those companies refusing to join the combination will be compelled to fight for their existence."



Other comments, as given by the press dispatches, are equally suggestive. The *Morning Post*, dealing with the subject in the light of the danger of Great Britain losing her sea supremacy, says these things ought to have been foreseen. "If there had been, several years ago, a proper strategical department at the Admiralty, much that has been done detrimental to Great Britain would have been prevented," says the *Post*. The paper continues: "When, at last, Great Britain has been peacefully annexed to the United States, there will be rejoicing over the reunion of the English-speaking peoples and over the fact that their old home has been saved from conquest by Germany."

Henry Labouchere in "Truth," says: "Our supremacy in trade and commerce is not only threatened, but doomed. At the present crisis of our economic history which are the objects that chiefly occupy our minds? The regen-

eration of South Africa by the introduction into that accursed land of British capital and labor; the expansion of our army at the expense of the labor market; squandering time, money and energy on the empty ostentation of the coronation ceremony, which will suspend industry, dislocate trade and divert public thought from matters of pressing and evil import.

"At the moment while we are thus engaged, Mr. Morgan and his colleagues descend upon us, seeking what they may devour. Almost within an hour of the King's feast come forth the fingers of a man's hand and write upon the wall."



The warning of England was sounded a year ago in an altogether different way when Mr. Whitney's horse, "Volodyovsky," won the famous English Derby. It appears that this horse was English, but leased by Mr. Whitney. In commenting upon the matter the New York Journal says: "The latest American victory on the English turf lacks only one thing to make it complete. The winner was handled by an American trainer, ridden by an American jockey, and raced under American colors, but the horse was English. When Iroquois won we had the victory of an American horse and an English trainer and jockey. An absolutely undiluted American triumph is still to come. But in one sense this may be considered such a triumph after all. This country has grown great by disregarding the accident of birth and taking the best of all lands. Alexander Hamilton was a West Indian, Paul Jones a Scotchman, and Albert Gallatin a Genevan. Andrew Carnegie is a Scotchman and Nicola Tesla a Montenegrin, but both were created to be Americans and therefore they are Americans. Volodyovsky deserves to be an American horse, and therefore Mr. Whitney's money has made him one, just as Mr. Morgan's money has made the Leyland fleet an American line. And this sort of Americanizing is one of the things that are spreading terror through Europe. It is a case of sifting out the fittest. The best of everything, wherever it originates, becomes American; the worst is allowed to remain foreign. At this rate America will soon cease to be a geographical expression—it will be simply a term, as Mark Twain intimates Missourian is already, for the highest of everything."



Now the thought that is suggested by the foregoing is this: If a nation so young as the United States can accomplish what it has in less than one hundred years, what will happen when that nation comes into the full measure of its strength? Such a thought makes Stead's prediction seem a strong probability. Especially is this true when we take into consideration the fact that the exploitation of the natural recourses of the United States has barely commenced. On the Pacific Coast, one of the most fortunate sections of the world in this respect, we can hardly say that a beginning has been made. This Coast alone can maintain a great, enlightened race of people. Think of the whole United States, then, of its wonderful possibilities, and of its tremendous potentialities. If, as DeQuincy attempts to show in his masterly paper on Shakespere, conditions of soil and environment produce great characters,—a Shakespere, in fact,—America is destined to bring forth great minds in the future that will be capable of solving such questions of governmental and economic policy that would arise should Mr. Stead's prediction be fulfilled. However this may be, that there are great things in store for a nation so singularly fortunate as the United States there can be no doubt. The whole world is recognizing the growing power and influence of America, and the predictions and fears of Europe are not without a deep significance that involves the future of mankind. A great responsibility has been laid upon the American nation.

Hon. H. W. Corbett—President Lewis and Clark Exposition

Mr. Corbett is taking an active interest in the Lewis and Clark exposition to be held in Portland in 1905. He is President of the Exposition and Chairman ex-officio of the Executive Committee, consisting of Messrs. A. L. Mills, H. W. Scott, A. H. Devers, Chas. E. Ladd, W. D. Wheelwright, Rufus Mallory, and Fred Dresser, appointed by him recently. This committee will have a general supervision of the fair, includ-

and departments and appoint such managers thereof as they may deem necessary for the execution of such work. The committee shall report to the board at its regular monthly meeting concerning all transactions during the previous months, and at such other times as the board may direct."

* * *

Golden Rule Mayor of Toledo

The figure of a man of lowly birth, a son of toil, tried and toughened in the school of hardest experience—through sheer perseverance attaining wealth and exalted at one bound to the headship of a great commonwealth; but through it all cherishing singularly fine ideals as to man's relations and duties to man—such a figure is certainly unique and solitary.

Samuel M. Jones of Toledo is such a man, however, and one that his constituents may be proud to honor. Of Welsh extraction, his parents emigrated to America when he was but three years of age. His early years were spent on the farm, but the shift of events brought him to the oil fields of Pennsylvania, where he found work and laid the foundations for the success which, unrecognized, was awaiting him. As time passed he became one of the dominant figures in oil operations, and the invention of a successful device in pumping oil wells, brought him wealth and a measure of fame.

When he moved to Toledo, however, seven years ago, it was as a most ordinary citizen. There he established his shops and lived the quiet life of a gentleman. During these years of work and struggle, he had nurtured his ideas of the rights of man, founding his simple philosophy on the Golden Rule, and adapting it to suit the complex conditions of life. He became known as a friend of the people, with peculiar notions about the rights of the laboring classes, the duties of employer to employee, and his "model factory" was inspected with curiosity.

A deadlock in the nominating convention of the Republican party resulted in

HON. H. W. CORBETT

ing the selection of a site, a task at which it is at present engaged.

Section 2 of Articles of Incorporation of the Exposition is as follows:

"The executive committee shall take the necessary steps toward the selection of a site for the Exposition to be held by the company, and to devise a plan embracing the scope and general execution of such Exposition, but the selection of such site and the adoption of the general plan and scope of the Exposition shall be subject to the approval of the board of directors. After the adoption of the general plan, the executive committee shall have general supervision and control of the work of all committees, and shall organize such bureaus

his nomination and subsequent election to the mayoralty of Toledo. Since then he has stood in the full blaze of publicity. True to his ideals, he set about the reformation of Toledo's government, and succeeded in eliminating the elements of "graft" and "bossism." In opposing Hanna in the Presidential campaign, he incurred the antagonism of the party leaders, and was not renominated. He promptly repudiated the party and was elected overwhelmingly on an independent ticket.

Personally, Mr. Jones is a simple, genial, kindly, American gentleman—a representative of the type that forms the best elements in our population. Sturdy and independent, original, resourceful and a dangerous foe, his big-heartedness and broad altruism endear him to all. He is not a great constructive statesman, nor a crafty party leader, but he is a *man* in the best sense of the word, and one in whom America may take just pride.

* * *

Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon

The Republican party of Oregon has for many years been divided into two factions of which Senator Mitchell and

SENATOR JOHN H. MITCHELL

Senator Simon are the respective heads. This year the Mitchell faction was successful at the primaries, and now has control of the state organization.

The 59th anniversary of the declaration for American sovereignty in Oregon was celebrated at Champoege, Oregon, on May 2d, at the site of the monument erected where the historical meeting was held May 2, 1843. The exercises were under the auspices of F. X. Matthieu Cabin of Native Sons of Butteville. About 300 people participated in the picnic, which was also attended by the Newberg brass band.

Governor Geer was president of the day, and made an address eulogistic of the men who declare for the American sovereignty and the sturdy pioneers. Other addresses were made by George H. Himes of Portland; F. X. Matthieu, of Butteville; Frank Davey, E. M. Croisan, and John A. Jeffrey of Salem. A picnic dinner was served at noon by the pioneers. F. X. Matthieu, who delivered an address, was one of the 52 who voted for American sovereignty, and is the only surviving member of that important meeting of 102 persons.

* * *

James McNeil Whistler

One of the most excentric figures before the public today is that of James McNeil Whistler, artist, wit, ipigrammatist, etcher and *poseur*. As to his true individuality, no one seems to be certain, as he persistently masks under the guise of vanity and oddity. He is his own great admirer and an apostle of his own genius, minding little the criticisms or praise of friends or foes. His life has been full of romance and hardships. Educated at West Point, he failed in the final examinations—on purpose, it is claimed, as the easiest questions were those wherein he failed. He drifted to Paris where he led a life of indigent Bohemianism, and was kept afloat only by his imbedded selfbelief. In London his ill-drawn, but colorful paintings were a matter of sport for the critics; even Ruskin condescended to fling a few caustic words at him. Whistler promptly resented the attack, and, in the resultant libel suit, received damages of *one farthing*. The coin, thus curiously come by, today dangles from Whistler's watch-chain, a memento of his experience with the great critic.

Today, however, abuse and ridicule are

things of past years. His genius and individuality are justly approved, and he ranks among the foremost. But all this success has failed to modify his odd personality; he accepts it with the same whimsical attitude which characterized his days of struggle.

* * *

Noted for "Danny Deever"

Booth Tarkington, who is now at work upon a new novel which will be published within the coming year, is best known to the reading public as the author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire." To the men who were acquainted with him at Princeton, however, Mr. Tarkington is known for many things. He was the soloist on the Glee

has ever been at one of the smokers which Mr. Tarkington has attended he's more apt to say, "That's Tark; the man who sings 'Danny Deever.'"

* * *

Beerbohm Tree and Bob Hilliard

The famous English manager and actor may be—undoubtedly is—by far greater than our own popular "Bob," but that will not prevent all loyal Americans from enjoying a well-merited rebuff which the great Tree suffered, in payment for an expression of pure snobbery. The following clipping from the New York Journal tells the story:

Bob Hilliard sailed for New York to-day after a long visit, spent in studying English stage methods. He had an amusing experience with Beerbohm Tree. Some mutual friends, desirous of Hilliard appearing on the English stage, brought about a meeting.

"All my parts are filled," said Tree, condescendingly, "but I think I might possibly let you walk on in the last act in the crowd."

For a moment Hilliard thought he was joking, but soon saw the Englishman was serious.

"Mr. Tree," said Hilliard, "I really haven't heard anything quite so humorous as this since your Hamlet."

Beerbohm Tree will hesitate the next time he snubs an American, no matter how great his histrionic inferiority.

* * *

The President's Estimate of His Daughter

In speaking of his daughter Alice to a friend, President Roosevelt once said: "She does not stay in the house and fold her hands and do nothing. She can walk as far as I can, and she often takes a tramp of several miles at the pace I set for her. She can ride, drive, skee, shoot—though she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that. It isn't necessary for her health, but the outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of it."—April Ladies' Home Journal.

SENATOR JOSEPH SIMON OF OREGON

Club, he managed and drew for one college publication, wrote for others, and he wrote and took a leading part in the opera presented by the Dramatic Club, known as the "Triangle Club." Now-a-days when a tall, broad-shouldered young man drops into the Princeton Club some recent graduate may whisper to his companions, "There goes Tarkington, the 'Monsieur Beaucaire man;'" but if the young graduate



A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion, but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—Dr. James Hamilton.

The Matter of Diet

This question of diet has given rise to a deal of idle theory and inane discussion. The world has apparently run mad after fads and faiths in the matter of eating. Hardly a week passes but some investigator announces to a gullible public through the columns of the public prints that some certain article of diet has been found to be dangerous, and warns all who seek after a long life to refrain from eating it. Contradictions appear almost as often; but to follow the latest teachings would keep one guessing. An enumeration of all the schools and cliques, each one of which claims to have discovered the only regimen which can possibly be attended with health, would tax the powers of a statistician. How many of your friends are without some theory or other in regard to diet? Very few, I venture. And the most confusing part of it is that in every one of the myriad of tenets, there lurks the germ of a truth. The only fault is that every school magnifies one little factor in a health regimen into an infallible system for right living. Because figs are a wholesome fruit, must we needs subsist wholly on figs? Because we are given to over-eating, it does not follow that we must starve. Nor can we glean the elements of truth from these many fads and formulate from them a sort of a dietetic symposium which will embody all the good points and exclude the false. This would be neither possible or necessary, for a dietary that suits one stomach may be in no sense adapted for another. "What's one man's meat is another man's poison," is as true now as ever it was. As a people we are given to extremes in many things, but in nothing more so than in the matter of diet.

The true solution—or about as near it as it is possible to arrive—lies in self-knowledge and in the "golden mean." It was a wise old Grecian who first enunciated the universal command: "Know thyself." And it was the poet Horace who taught us the beauty of the "*aurea mediocritas*." If you would know what to eat, study your individual wants. Outside of a few broad rules, which are as well known as the alphabet, no system of diet can be made that will apply to more than a very limited number. You must learn for yourself what food and in what proportions is fitting. Surely you have ample opportunity for investigation. During the year you eat over a thousand meals, at every one of which you can experiment as to those foods which your stomach digests readily, and as to the proper quantity in which they should be consumed. Eliminate first one thing and then another until you hit upon such a dietary as your constitution and habits of life demand, and when you have so determined, *stick to it*. Let not the temptations of chefs or the importunities of over-kind hostesses woo you from your regimen, and the buoyant health that will vitalize your frame and gladden your life will compensate a thousand times over for the deprivation of palate-tickling viands.

Ben Franklin made many a wise rule for healthfulness. His particular faith was that in the quantity of food consumed lay the secret of a good digestion. To this end he advises to reduce the amount eaten at each meal until the least amount that will sustain life without undue hunger be determined, and then never to exceed that amount. "Always leave the table hungry," is a drastic rule, but it is a fact that a large proportion of

ills to which our flesh is heir is the result, direct or indirect, of over-eating. "Compulsory eating," some one has termed it, and that is just about what it amounts to. We eat, not to satisfy hunger, but from sheer force of habit. The food, daintily prepared and guised in tempting form, is set before us, and we are tempted to excess before we are aware.

Horace struck the key-note when he advocated moderation. Excess is sin and brings its own punishment. Learn the value of temperance and you will find it a sure guide in the matter of diet, as in most other things of this life.

* * *

The Treatment of Servants

As the servant's home is in the house where she works, the relation between her and the mistress is more close than that between clerks and their employers or workers of any other sort, writes a contributor to the Woman's Home Companion. For this reason there must be more consideration than when the situation can be called a purely business arrangement. Household service is a business arrangement, and again it is not, and those housekeepers who recognize the two-fold character of the situation are the best calculated to succeed in solving the domestic problem. In the business character of the situation, you must demand prompt, efficient labor, honesty and cleanliness; but, on the other hand, your laborer is a member of your family, and you will not secure good results if you forget her womanhood. There is a great difference in people's ideas of being kind. But a kindly manner, orders given as requests, a little attention to the bodily condition of the worker, a little friendly advice on matters of dress or similar things that concern her as a woman, supplementing a clean and comfortable room, is certainly a good type of kindness.

* * *

When Closing the House for the Summer

When closing the house for a month or more take such precautions that you may be sure of finding it sweet and healthful on your return. Have rugs cleaned and packed away the same as

other wollens. Take down, clean and put away all draperies. If you have upholstered furniture give that a good beating and brushing. Have the house thoroughly swept and dusted. Have the floors in kitchen, pantries and laundry washed with water to which a little carbolic acid has been added. Flush the plumbing with carbolic acid water; then a few hours before you leave the house flush with hot salsoda water.—Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

The Sway of the Shirt Waist

"Yes, it's all very well to talk of the brooks and ferns, the spring air, the sunny sky, says Julia D. Ward in Good Housekeeping; but what won me forever was the ravishment of finding myself outdoors in a skirt I could not step on and a waist which did not pull, press, pinch or drag at any point. I felt like a little girl!"

At first women would make such confessions as this: "Do you know, I kept on my wheel rig all day yesterday! I was ashamed, but it is so easy to run up and down stairs in, I could not bear to change."

Soon all saw its advantages and perceived that an outing get-up was feasible for even those who did not take outings, and the costume became so general that the women at the Pan-American seemed to be in a uniform of white waist and gray skirt. A few still hold out against it, but even they will doubtless fall into line this summer and "own the mighty sway" of the shirt waist.

* * *

Every garden should have a corner devoted to flowers grown for the purpose of cutting. The best flowers for this purpose are sweet peas, sweet alyssum, scabiosa, asters, ten-week stock, calliopsis, phlox, nasturtiums and Marguerite carnations.—Eben E. Rexford, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

Vex not thou the poet's mind—
I know I must be wrong,
But I cannot love Ping-pong.

I cannot sing
In praise of ping;
I have no song
For pong.

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

A Department Devoted to Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, the Pioneers, Sons and Daughters of Pioneers and Historical Data of the Northwest.

Editor's Note.—Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, members of the Historical and Pioneer Societies, and sons and daughters of Oregon pioneers, are asked to contribute to this department any facts that may be of interest to the public or to the society of which they are members. The amount of space devoted to this department will depend in a measure upon the support of this kind which is received. The Pacific Monthly is desirous, however, of making "The Native Son" its most important department, and one that will be unique and interesting to all classes of readers. Stories of pioneer life and experiences will help to attain this end, and are earnestly solicited. We wish the pioneer, the native son and daughter, to feel that this is their department, devoted to their interests and welfare, and that its editor is simply the medium through which the most fascinating part of the history and literature of Oregon may be given to the world.

The Evacuation of Quartzville--A Story of a Mining Camp of '64

By Joseph Cooke

As far back as the memory of the rising generation reacheth, gold, glittering, shining gold has been known to exist in the sands and gravel of the Santiam river, and many of the passing generation have spent much time and money in developing the mineral resources of the mountains from whence this classic river flows.

In the summers of '59 and '60, discoveries were made which for several years caused a great deal of excitement, which finally resulted in the building of Quartzville in the summers of '63 and '64.

This flourishing little mining town was located about two miles from the north branch of the south fork of the Santiam river, in what is known as Dry Gulch. This gulch runs parallel to the river for several miles, separated from it by a high and rugged mountain ridge.

Cutting this ridge at right angles are several well known quartz ledges supposed to be rich in the precious metals.

Chief among these ledges is the famous "White Bull." The "Cow," the "Calf" and the "Gray Eagle" and a half score of others are ledges of little less renown.

The road by which Quartzville was reached was only a rough and exceeding-

ly difficult pack trail over rugged and precipitous mountains, through deep and brushy canyons, and in places very difficult to follow, even in the day time; and not a few, in traveling its tortuous course, have been known to double on their track and retrace their steps for miles before discovering their error.

August, 1864, found Quartzville almost deserted. Many who had spent the early part of the summer there had left for their homes in the valley to secure a golden harvest of a different sort from that they had been seeking in the mountains, and only about forty men were left in and about that busy town.

In this almost deserted situation, one evening as these forty brave-hearted and strong-armed prospectors were returning from their work and preparing their evening meal, the town was startled by the sudden appearance in its midst of a band of "blood-thirsty savages." The band consisted of three (Indian) Tilliums and one Clutchman on a pony, from the Warm Springs Agency, just on the other side of the mountains, who were on a hunting and berrying expedition. But small as was their number, it was sufficient to strike terror to the hearts of

the brave Boston men who, imagining them to be the advance scouts of a large hostile band, staid not on the order of their going, but got up and went, leaving their homes and belongings to the invading host. A contemporaneous bard set this ludicrous event to verse, which we reproduce herewith:

The Siwash came down like a wolf on the fold;
Where Bostons were searching the mountains for gold;
And four rascal red-skins produced such a fright
That the run at "Bull Run" was no match for that flight.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
The hosts round Blanch Taurus that day had been seen.
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown,
That host ere the morrow had scattered and flown.

For the angel of fear spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the hearts of the whites as he passed.
And their courage at once went down below zero,
And they trembled in fright as Rome shook before Nero.
And they fled and left Taurus stretched over the hill,
His back unmolested by pick or by drill;
And there lay the Calf and its dam side by side,
In fetters of gold to the mountain-top tied.
But the camp was all silent, the town left alone—
The coffee left cooking, the beans nicely done,
For the pale faces, trembling with fear and dismay,
Made tracks for the valley ere dawn of the day.

The thirtieth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association will be held at Portland on the 18th of June. All persons coming to, or born in, the original Territory of Oregon prior to February 14th, 1859, without regard to where they know live, are eligible to membership.

At 2:00, on the day appointed, a procession will be formed in front of the Portland hotel, headed by the Grand Marshall, C. T. Belcher, and will march to the Exposition Building. Addresses will be made by Hon. Thomas A. McBride, 1846, and W. T. Wright, 1852, and prayer will be offered by Rev. Robert Robe, 1851. The exercises will be interspersed with appropriate music, and, at the close of the program a banquet will be served by the Pioneer Womans' Auxiliary.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Native Sons and Daughters of Oregon will be held in Portland, beginning June 13 or 16, the exact date not having been determined, at this writing. The Native Sons will meet in the Elks' Hall in the Marquam Building, and a very enthusiastic reunion is predicted.

His System Failed.

Doctor Saxton was a very learned man, with thin skin that reddened on the slightest provocation, and very light—not to say white—eyelashes. In the hard days immediately after the civil war, in the absence of other employment, the good Doctor took charge of the village school, and was soon nearly beside himself with what seemed the impossible task of getting little Willie Brewer to learn his abc's. Finally Doctor Saxton resorted to a system of mnemonics original with himself and began with what he thought were the easiest letters.

"Now, Willie," he said, "when you come to this long, straight letter just think of your eye. Remember, now, that is 'I.'"

But when Willie came back to the Doctor's knee an hour later he had forgotten.

"What is that, my son?" inquired the Doctor.

"I do' know."

"Oh, yes, you do. What is it?" encouragingly.

"I do' know," with mournful conviction.

"What do you see here?" asked the doctor, pointing his forefinger close to his own eye and involuntarily shutting and squinting up that organ as he did so.

Willie looked earnestly and much longer than seemed necessary. "I don't see nothin'," he at last whispered out, "but six little white hairs."—Woman's Home Companion.

A blessed companion is a book—a book that fitly chosen is a lifelong friend.
—Douglas Jerrold.

The Valley of Decision—

By Edith Wharton
In two volumes. Price \$2.00
Scribner's, New York

It would seem almost redundant to add anything to the floodtide of praise that has been evoked by this, unquestionably, the paramount literary performance of the time. Superlatives are treacherous, and florid adulation smacks of the insincere. Yet, the quality of this book is so unmistakable, its accent so emphatic that the well-worn expressions of admiration seem flaccid and inadequate to qualify it. It is so transcendantly superior to the rank and file of current fiction that one shrinks from a comparison. To say that it is better than popular fiction, is not sufficient. It is widely different from it—of a distinct and superior *genre*.

Mrs. Wharton has been to great pains in assembling her material, and evinces an erudition, a sweep of historic research and intimate knowledge of her subject that leaves little place for doubt. Italy, in the latter years of the eighteenth century provides a spacious canvas, and the picture that she paints thereon is marvelous in its variety, its minute detail, its splendid blaze of color, its contrasts of light and shade. It is like a piece of old arras, finely and curiously wrought, and illuminated with wondrous, striking figures—cavaliers and smiling ladies, tortured monks and romping children, forms on palfreys and hounds in leash—an endless and various procession.

Of the workmanship, too much cannot be said in praise. At every point the touch of the true artist is in evidence. Each sentence and phrase is wrought and polished to cameo-like perfection.

Structurally it is flawless. It has unity, symmetry, but, withal, variety. Its many-sidedness is one of its salient charms, and in its scope and fine spaciousness, it is almost epic. And back of it

all there lies the *idea*, giving it dignity and purpose and direction. It is full of history and the philosophy that lies behind it; and takes into full account the underlying forces of thought and feeling, that, given action, modify the trend of great events.

"The Valley of Decision" is all that has been said of it and more. And yet, when the end is reached, underneath and behind the breathless marvel at the sumptuous beauty and the technical perfectness, there lurks a feeling of dissatisfaction. For some reason or other, the story does not touch the heart. We miss the human note, the intimate, the personal. It is all too remote, too far distant—"faultily faultless, icily regular." We find little to take into our own lives, awakening there a responsive chord.

In spite of this, there is small doubt of its literary permanence. It has an undeniable claim upon the classic; and by its production, American literature is vastly enriched and exalted.

* * *

The Leopard's Spots—

By Thomas Dixon, Jr.
Doubleday, Page & Co

Through the kind offices of that school of authors who localize their stories in the South, the literary cannonization of the negro has been brought about, and accepted by the reading public without a question. It is, then, with somewhat of a shock that we behold the gauntlet thrown down by Mrs. Stowe and her successors, so boldly taken up and hurled back with stern defiance. We have become so accustomed to consider the negro in the light of Uncle Tom's Cabin, that to view him as an arch-enemy to civilization and social advancement is, at first blush, difficult. *Prima facie*, however, there are two sides to every question, and if the picture of conditions in

the South, limned by Mr. Dixon with such startling distinctness, be true, even in part, then a great wrong has prevailed and the unwelcome truth too long smothered in silence.

The author has seized upon one of the most dramatic situations in the history of our country, and has wrought of it a novel of terrific force. The South, bruised and bleeding from the awful struggle which had for four years taxed her every resource, was, at the termination of the war, threatened with a terror that menaced the very fundamentals of her racial integrity. She found herself at the mercy of an army of vengeful negroes, freed and enfranchised, drunken with their mistaken power, pliant tools of unscrupulous white demagogues, and buttressed by Northern sympathy. Ignorant, barbaric, removed but a slight degree from the bestiality of the Congo jungle, they held through their numerical predominance, the power to govern a people as patrician and race-proud as any the world has ever seen. The civil freedom of the white South was at stake. The sanctity of their homes, the purity of their blood, their very identity was jeopardized; and the stern struggle waged by them with so hideous a danger supplies the raw material for this forceful document.

The situation is viewed in every aspect; and every phase of the struggle against a negroid domination, which has lasted for a space of nearly forty years, is brought into light. Frankly a novel of purpose, its tone is militantly polemic. The author is imbued with the sense of a great wrong, and he pleads his cause with a fiery eloquence. Broadside after broadside of solid argument he hurls, and brings into play every possible means for the conviction of his auditors. There is no denial of the intense feeling that prompts it all. Its power electrifies every chapter; its passion breathes from every page. It is almost brutal in its strength. It must not be inferred, however, that the controversial stifles the narrative. Far otherwise, for but rarely is a story told that surpasses it in interest. It teems and boils with tensest excitement. Thrilling situations tread on each other's heels, and there is no pause

in stress of action until the story is brought to an effective climax. The sustained intensity of the narrative is relieved and lightened by a love story of singular beauty and tenderness.

Of the literary qualities of the book, the least said the better, and a more careful proof-reading might have improved matters. But all forms and conventions are swept away in the tremendous current of the story. In its crudity lies its strength. It is elemental, passionate, potent. Viewed dispassionately, it reveals faults of exaggeration and prejudice. Its author has given us, we are constrained to believe, but the one view of the question. Yet his deep conviction and feeling palliate many faults, and the note that he has sounded will not soon be forgotten.

* * *

Mistress Joy—

(A tale of Natchez in 1798)

By Grace McGowan Cooke and Annie Booth McKinney
The Century Co., New York

The South, in the restless days toward the close of the eighteenth century, presents inviting and comparatively unexplored territory for the eager searcher after new material for novel making. The historical element, however, does not greatly intrude itself into the chapters of *Mistress Joy*—a matter for which the surfeited reader will, no doubt, give thanks. The immediate setting of the story is in one of the colonies of "Methodies," who wrested their homes from the cane-break and there established their religion. The daughter of their good old pastor, by name Joyce Valentine, is the young woman with whose life the story is concerned; and a very attractive, many-sided character it is, as the incidents of the story bring one after another of the facets of her nature into light, although if the truth were told, she does not greatly differ from other fair heroines introduced to us through the pages of fiction. She is not the less winsome for that, however, and we follow her experiences with much interest. Reared within the narrowing confines of the Methodist colony, and having as a young girl consecrated her life to her

church, she is transported—Cinderella fashion—to the Vanity Fair of New Orleans, where her beauty and charm make her the cynosure of the eyes of the fashionable world. Tempted and tried by the fascinations of the *beau monde*, she survives the ordeal and returns to her home and people, chastened and with opened eyes, but with an amplified vision of life and a clearer understanding of the meaning of existence. There is nothing strikingly original in that, 'tis true; but an interweaving of minor incidents gives the story a glow of freshness and novelty, and the reader is not likely to yawn over-much in its perusal.

'Twere discourteous, indeed, to dispraise a book written in collaboration by two women; and, in truth, the story will more than pass muster with the rest of its class. Justice, however, compels us to say that there is much evidence of inexperienced handling and imperfect method. Inconsequent and inarticulate though it is, there is a sincerity and naivete that compensates, and the pervading spirit of joyousness is as intoxicating as the breath of new-born spring. If there is a predominance of those features which supposedly appeal peculiarly to the feminine taste—of the displays and—to us—rather bewildering descriptions of wardrobes, then, at least will it bring especial delight to its petticoated readers. And if we find more of delicacy than of power, more of nicety than of originality, then must we need deprecate the fault and place the accent upon the undoubted merits of the book—the exceeding colorfulness of its word-paintings, its effervescent gleefulness, its swing and motion and its freedom from smirch or taint.

* * *

Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions—

By Minna Thomas Antrim (Fittian)
Ornamental cloth, 50 cents
Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia

The epigram is the *sauce piquante* of

literature. Its charm is perennial; its exponents, legion. In it is the marriage of wit and wisdom; the fusion of fact and fancy; the blending of philosophy and folly.

In this the latest contribution to the *jeu d'esprits*, there is enough whimsicality to titillate the most jaded fancy. They please by their dainty cleverness, their feminine capriciousness, their quips and cranks and wanton wiles," the twist and turn that gives to an old truth a new guise. It is the obliquity of vision that is the salient factor in the epigram, and there is no missing this pungent quality in "Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions." The author finds in modern "society" rich material for the play of her fancy, and there is no phase of the "man and woman" question that escapes the lash of her wit. The satire is never acrid, however, and there is plenty of blue-sky philosophy. The inverted phrase, the trope, the *bon mot* are much in evidence, but with all the spice and raciness there is a strain of wisdom that is an effective background for the conceits of fancy.

* * *

The Phantom Caravan—

By Cordelia Powell Odenheimer
Cloth, 12mo. \$1.00
Abbey Press, New York

There is ever a class of writers who dearly delight in parting the veil that screens life and death, and reveling in the mysterious precinct beyond the grave. There is also, no doubt, a corresponding class of readers, and to those "The Phantom Caravan" will appeal. It has all the fascination of the occult, but is, besides, a very pretty and readable little sketch. The Wandering Jew, Caesar and Napoleon are principal figures, which are bound together through the medium of the transmigration of souls. The dream quality is ever present, and the ingenuity of plot construction, sufficient to insure interest.



IN POLITICS—

The Steamship Merger

The latest development in the game of Merger is the consolidation of all the great trans-Atlantic steamship companies—with three exceptions—under one head and management. The object is that of all trusts—to reduce expense, preclude the possibility of rate wars and increase facility and economy. The question of conflicting schedules will also be solved.

A novel feature in the transaction arises from the fact that some of the lines concerned are sailing under the British flag; and as the combine is financed by Americans, it is contended that foreign concerns would be thriving at the expense of American capital. Moreover, in the event of a war, England could withdraw these vessels to use against us as cruisers. It remains, however, that amicable relations are fortified by such a move, and the industrial community between the two countries vastly strengthened.

* * *

The Truth About the "Water-Cure"

There seems to be no reasonable grounds for discrediting the various reports that have been circulated relative to methods of torture practiced by our soldiers upon Filipinos. The accounts are too many, and from too authentic sources to be either denied or hushed up. The ugly fact stares us in the face that privates and officers repeatedly resorted to this inhuman method of forcing information from the natives. There is slight consolation in the President's vigorous action in demanding, through Secretary Root, the full truth in regard to these rumors, "no man being for any reason shielded or favored." Nor does it appear that the offences were the acts of irresponsible

privates, but an accepted method, sanctioned by higher officers. Other tortures even more atrocious than the water-cure were inflicted, and the treatment of the natives by the soldiers has been such as to implant the seeds of a perpetual revolution. Only the most rigorous punishment of offenders will satisfy the American people, and even this can by no means palliate the harm that has been done.

* * *

The Christmas Allegations

The Congressional investigation of the charges preferred by Capt. Christmas of foul play in the cession of the Danish Islands, has shown them to be a batch of lies and inflated absurdities. Captain Christmas came to this country with the avowed purpose of promoting the sale of the islands, but without authorization from the Danish Government. He met a few well known men, did a lot of talking and lobbying and now comes out with the charge of intrigue and bribery on the part of certain Congressmen. The whole affair—which is nothing more or less than a farce—grew out of a plan hatched by Christmas to force the Danish Government to re-establish him in the Navy, his commission having been taken from him for some reason which does not appear. The entire paltry business is somewhat hazy, but sufficiently clear to make it obvious that Christmas is an adventurer and his charges the unhappy inventions of a perverted mind.

* * *

Chinese Exclusion

The Chinese Exclusion bill, which has been passed by the House, is now before the Senate, where it is receiving some rather rough usage at the hands of Senator Cullom and others. The terms of the bill are very sweeping, excluding

all Chinamen except diplomatic agents and students. The latter are required to leave the country as soon as their education is completed. It is argued by opponents of the bill that the exclusion of Chinese merchants will be a serious impediment to the extension of our trade with the Celestial Empire.

* * *

**President
Roosevelt at
Charleston**

The visit of the President to the exposition at Charleston should remove the last vestige of doubt from the minds of those who look with incredulity at the re-establishment of amicable relations between the North and South. The whole affair was characterized by such genuine good-will and cordiality, that every trace of sectional antagonism was suppressed. In his speech, Roosevelt touched upon several questions of importance. He emphasized his position regarding Cuba, maintaining that our treatment of Cuba must be guided by a "spirit of large generosity." Referring to combinations of capital, he said that in many ways they have worked for good, but "after combinations have reached a certain stage, it is indispensable to the general welfare that the nation should exercise over them, cautiously and with self-restraint, but firmly, the power of supervision and regulation."

* * *

**Peace
Negotiations**

After several conferences between Lord Kitchener and the Boer delegates at Pretoria, it has been made possible for the Boer leaders to submit the question of terms to the various commandos, this being in accordance with the Boer law. It is believed that the demands made by the Boers, in return for their loss of independence, will include a general amnesty; the withdrawal of Kitchener's banishment proclamation; and the establishment of a representative form of government within the shortest possible time. It will also be required of Great Britain to assume the liabilities of the two republics and to restock the farms and place them in working condition. There seems to be nothing un-

reasonable in these terms, and it is hoped that Great Britain will accede to them. Although peace prospects are unusually bright, the forces of the opposing armies continue to clash at every opportunity.

* * *

**Continued Unrest
in Russia**

The evidences of revolt in Russia against the tyranny of over-government, become more and more sinister is their significance. Three high officials have been shot at, the attempts proving fatal in two instances. One of the victims was the Minister of the Interior; another, the Secretary at Minx; the third—whose wounds were not severe—the Governor General of Warsaw. In all three cases, the assassins were students. In Southwest Russia, alarming demonstrations of unrest have been made, and mobs have committed violence and destroyed property.

Russia is too vast, and the system of governmental control too perfect to permit of a revolutionary organization, such as would be necessary to accomplish anything; but the intense and widespread feeling of discontent is growing, and its portent is only too plain.

* * *

IN SCIENCE—

**The New
Paper Money**

C. W. Post of Battle Creek, Mich., has devised a new sort of paper specie, and a bill is now before Congress providing for its introduction. The new money is known as "Post Checks" and is printed in bills of \$5.00, \$2.00, \$1.00 and the ordinary fractions of a dollar. Its superiority over the present specie is that the application of an ordinary postage stamp will transform it into a P. O. order, collectable only by the person to whom it is sent, whose name is written upon its face. In this respect it is a vast improvement over the present cumbersome and inadequate system of money orders. Should Congress pass the bill—and there is no apparent reason why it should not—the post-check will be eagerly welcomed by the great world of bus-

iness men, and by all who are compelled to send money through the mails.

* * *

**A New Cure
for Small-Pox**

One of the most startling of the numerous discoveries with which explorers in medical science are constantly astounding the public, is that which effects a cure of small-pox, merely by excluding from the patient all light but red light. This is accomplished by the simple expedient of keeping the sufferer in a red room, light being admitted only through red glass windows.

It has long been known that light was injurious to small-pox patients, but it remained for Dr. Finsen to discover, after long investigation, that it was only the chemical action of blue and violet rays that were inimical, and that red light was innocent of any baneful effect.

Of the hundreds of patients subjected to the red-room treatment, not one has died, nor been disfigured. It remains for some further investigator to generalize this discovery and develop the pathological effects of light.

* * *

**Alcohol
Motors**

A total of \$4,500 in three prizes, has been offered by the German Government, at the instance of Emperor Wilhelm, to inventors of the best "motor wagons" for military purposes. It is specified that the motors be provided with alcohol explosion engines. Also, they must be made in Germany, must not exceed eight tons in weight and must be able to draw a load of sixteen tons on good roads. It is required, also, that they be capable of crossing plowed fields—unloaded—and streams of water eighteen inches deep.

* * *

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ersed is only 17 miles, but the achievement is still a remarkable one. The train is an extremely heavy one, due, in part to the enormous weight of the motors; but the high rate of speed is attained, apparently, with perfect ease, although requiring a "triphase" current of 10,000 volts.

* * *

Alaskan Diamonds

Miners washing out gold in the Golovin Bay districts have discovered diamonds weighing from one-half carat to a carat. It is believed that these are genuine specimens; and, if so, a new source of wealth in Alaska has been discovered. Heretofore, returning miners have reported the finding of small transparent stones in placer deposits, and some have been brought to the States as curios. It now appears that the pebbles are genuine diamonds of no inconsiderable value.

* * *

IN LITERATURE—

The Danish West Indies in Literature

If Mr. Jacob A. Riis is to be appointed Governor of our new possessions in the Danish West Indies, the President could hardly have chosen a better man for the task of making known to our new Danish fellow citizens the advantages of citizenship in the United States. A Dane himself, he has shown us in his latest book *The Making of an American*, just what kind of advice he would give to the young Dane, and the old one for that matter, who will have to be brought in line with our institutions. It is not without interest also, that a very first rate description of the islands themselves has recently appeared in Mrs. Atherton's spirited novel *The Conqueror*, which is based on the life of Alexander Hamilton. Her book opens with an account of Hamilton's birth and early youth in the Danish and English islands. His mother, Rachel Levine, it will be remembered, married a Dane and spent some unhappy years of her

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this Summer**

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The hotel is situated on Young's Bay, at the mouth of the Columbia River, only five miles from Astoria, and hence it is reached two hours earlier than any other coast resort. In addition to this, Hotel Flavel is reached by two trains daily and by all boat lines. This is an important consideration for business men. The Western Union Telegraph Co. and Pacific States Telephone Co. have offices in the hotel.

In other words, Hotel Flavel is as complete a summer resort as is to be found anywhere, and it boasts of the finest bathing grounds on the Pacific Beaches. The temperature of the river takes the chill off the ocean and there is no undertow. Excellent fishing can be had within three hundred feet of the hotel, and Old Fort Stevens is only a mile distant. In connection with the hotel there are tennis courts, double bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables, and dark rooms for photographers.

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life in Copenhagen with her husband, whom she despised, returning to the islands to meet and fall in love with the brilliant Scotchman who became the father of Alexander Hamilton.

* * *

It is said that Richard Harding Davis's hero, "Captain Macklin" (now published serially in Scribner's), was suggested to him by a man who handed him a business card on which was inscribed, "Promoter of Revolutions." Mr. Davis considers him one of the most interesting characters he ever met. The Captain Macklin of the story is a young West Pointer, and in the May number he reaches the army of revolutionists who are the beginning of his marvelous adventures.

* * *

Jeremiah Curtin, the well known authorized translator of Siŋkiewicz's works, has discovered another great Polish writer. He has completed the work of translating and the American edition will be published late in the spring or early in the summer.

* * *

**Frank R.
Stockton**

The news of the death of Frank R. Stockton came as a shock to the myriad

of readers who have delighted in his whimsical tales. Although sixty-nine years of age, he seemed much younger, and the pictures of him last published reflected the face of a man in the prime of life, although rather delicate. But few writers have been more read or appreciated. From the time of the production of "Rudder Grange," twenty-four years ago, his ingenious stories have appeared with regular frequency, and have always been hailed with delight. His odd conceits, his fantastic situations, his nondescript characters were all invested with an aura of probability that made them delightfully appealing, and the genial humor and cleanliness of his stories, coupled with the unflinching novelty of the plots, have given them a vogue that depended upon

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no publisher's advertisement. Beyond all, they were distinctly American—as much so as Mark Twain's Mississippi sketches or the Southern stories of Joel C. Harris, and their creator will be missed as few other contemporaneous writers.

* * *

IN ART—

**American Art—
An Advance
Step** In the twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists, held recently in New York, the critics have found much encouragement. It represents, they aver, a decided advance in many ways upon preceeding exhibits. The catalogue contains 318 numbers, with some score of pieces of sculpture and half as many miniatures. Among the best known names represented are those of Whistler, Sargent, Abbey, and Wiles. Five prizes were bestowed, only one going to a woman, Mrs. MacMonnies, for her "Blossoming Time in Normandy." The Carnegie prize of \$500 was awarded to Mr. Murphy, for his "October Fog," the remaining three going to Mr. Ochtman, Mr. Bolton Jones and Mr. Walcott. Among the portraits, Sargent's offering was scored somewhat harshly, and compared with Chase's portrait of Mr. Louis Windmuller to the advantage of the latter. The portrait of Mrs. J. Phelps Stokes by Cecilia Beaux excited much admiration.

The greatest progress, according to the critics, appeared in the line of landscape work, those especially commended being "Northeaster," by Winslow Homer and Walter Nettleton's "Imprisoned Brook."

* * *

**A Famous
Painting** Raphael's "Madonna of St. Anthony of Padua," purchased recently by J. Pierpont Morgan, at the price of \$500,000, has a most interesting and varied history. It was painted by the great

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Master for the Convent of St. Anthony, and remained in their possession for nearly two centuries. Its sale was for the purpose of liquidating the debts of the institution, the picture passing into the hands of the Colonna family, who retained it for 125 years. After that its fortunes were varied, it being in the possession of several royal houses, and suffering the misfortunes of war and banishment. Finally it came to the King of Naples, in private life the Duke of Castro; and it was from his heirs that Mr. Morgan succeeded in purchasing the wonderful painting.

* * *

Portrait of Governor Nash Henry Mosler has just completed his portrait of Governor Nash, of Ohio, which will hang in the State House in company with illustrious predecessors. It is an admirable likeness, in the artist's best vein, and will do much to augment his fame.

* * *

IN EDUCATION—

The National Educational Association The preparations for the reception of the National Educational Association to convene in Minneapolis, Minn., July 7th to 11th, give promise of unusual completeness. It is understood that the correspondence of the committees forecasts the largest attendance in the history of the association. The vast auditorium of the Exposition building will be supplemented by ample space in the same edifice for exhibits as well as parlor, dining hall and rest rooms. For department gatherings the near-by and commodious buildings of the State University will be utilized. The teachers and citizens of Minneapolis are deeply interested in the convention and ready to co-operate heartily and intelligently in whatever is needed to insure for the convention a thoroughly enjoyable and successful session.

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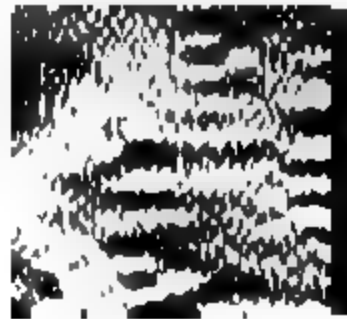


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**Dr. Butler's
Installation**

The official assumption by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of the headship of Columbia University, was made the occasion of an impressive ceremony. A number of distinguished men were present, including President Theodore Roosevelt. Congratulatory addresses were made by the Presidents of the foremost Universities, and much academic pomp was indulged in. The keys of the University were handed over to the new President as he took the oath of office, and the inauguration was accorded the dignity and ceremony it deserved.

* * *

**Some Southern
School Statistics**

Some significant and startling deductions may be drawn from these educational statistics, compiled for Worlds Work:

The average value of school houses and equipment in North Carolina is \$180, in South Carolina, \$178; in Georgia, \$523, and in Alabama, \$212. The average salary of a teacher in North Carolina is \$23.36; in South Carolina, \$23.20; in Georgia, \$27, and in Alabama, \$27.50. The average number of days school taught is—in North Carolina, 70 in the year, in South Carolina, 88; in Georgia, 112, and in Alabama, 78. The average expenditure per pupil in average attendance is—in North Carolina, \$4.34; in South Carolina, \$4.44; in Georgia, \$6.64, and in Alabama, \$3.10 per annum. In other words, in these States in school houses costing an average of \$276 each, under teachers receiving an average salary of \$25 a month, we are giving the children in actual attendance five cents' worth of education a day for only eighty-seven days in the year.

* * *

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—**T. DeWitt
Talmage**

The death of the noted divine, who has for many years stood among the first in the roll of the world's great pul-

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Albert H. Tanner

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Here is the biggest bargain ever known. A handsome mantle clock with a bronze ornament on top, for \$3.00. This clock is sold at that price, as we are selling out our Christmas stock of clocks, watches, rings, etc. This clock stands nine inches high and the case is black, with two pillars in front, which are finished in gold. The ornament is a hand-ome bronze dog. It is fitted with an American make, and is GUARANTEED to keep for years. One of these clocks will be sent, carefully packed, to any part of the Continent, express prepaid, on receipt of \$3.00. AGENTS WANTED. WILL GIVE SPECIALLY LOW RATES TO AGENTS ORDERING TWO OR MORE. DON'T DELAY. WRITE TODAY OR YOU MAY BE TOO LATE. THE LAWRENCE MFG. CO., 320 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

piteers, has evoked no little discussion as to the man's true personality and the justification of his methods. Certain of the public prints denounce him in unqualified terms as "a mountebank, a mere verbal trickster." That he was sensational, none deny—given to spectacular gestures and florid oratory. *Per contra*, there is no evading the fact that he wielded a power for good, greater, perhaps, than that of any one man, and in this indisputable fact lies a sufficient excuse for his sensationalism. It is computed that his sermons were read by 30,000,000 persons each week, and the evidence of such an influence is not to be questioned. Amiable, he was, kindly and brilliant, with the faults of a *poseur*, but a tremendous force for better living and purer thinking. His death leaves but one—Dr. Theodore Cuyler—of the old school of pulpit orators, whose mighty voices echoed around the globe, and whose dominant personalities were potential for Christianity and the betterment of humanity.

* * *

Church Membership and Children

The decline in church membership—or rather, the lack of a satisfactory increase in church membership—was the topic of discussion at a meeting of pastors of Congregational churches held recently in Massachusetts. After investigating the various causes leading to this unwelcome condition, it was advanced that the means of combating it which extends the best promise of success lies in the efforts made to retain the children. The old-fashioned revival, as a means for recruiting the membership of a church, is deemed a relic of the past, but the impressment of children, especially those between the ages of ten and fourteen, when the young mind is sensitive to instruction, is a legitimate and effectual method of maintaining the numerical strength of the church.

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The Methodist Thank-Offering Some two years ago, a movement was inaugurated in the Methodist Church to raise a special fund of \$20,000,000, as a thank-offering for the favor with which God has blessed the denomination. One-half the sum, it was planned, should be devoted to the various denominational institutions of learning, and the other half to hospitals, homes for orphans and the aged, and other charities. The prospects for the successful consummation of the effort are extremely bright, a fraction exceeding three-fourths of the entire sum having been pledged.

Other churches have recognized the appropriateness of the thank-offering idea, and vigorous money-raising campaigns have been prosecuted, with every success.

* * *

The Spread of Mormonism The secretaries of ten of the evangelical missionary societies have issued a joint statement calling the attention of the Christian public to the growth of Mormonism. In it is recited the dangers and menaces of the system, with a view to urging the press, pulpit and public to unite in combating the evil. The people at large, so it reads, are unacquainted with the vitality shown by the sect, not only in Utah, but throughout the whole land. It exists today, practically as it did under Brigham Young, and its tenacity of life is a menace to good morals and the gospel of Christ.

* * *

ON THE STAGE—

Maude Adam's Success

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inclined to ask the "why and wherefore" of so much success. Surely it is not the product of physical beauty, for her most ardent admirers cannot justly term her beautiful in face or figure, except in so far as a delicate spiritual winsomeness may be so called. Few women of her profession, in truth, ever labored under so great physical disadvantage—limitations that forever circumscribe and hamper the range and freedom of her interpretations.

To say that her success is due to magnetism is to say but little. Unfortunately, however, no better term is at hand to convey the idea of that illusive but unmistakable *aura* with which she invests her work. It is in no sense a physical magnetism like that of Maxine Elliot or Julia Marlowe, but rather a *spiritual* magnetism that pervades her dramatic expression. It is the outward and visible projection of an individuality that is exceedingly fine and ethereal. Her scope of characterization is confined within the triad of tender pathos, dainty humor and delicate charm. Within this province her art is plastic, and every shade of delicate meaning is conveyed. These are her gifts, her fortes, and she ought by all means, to maintain these limitations, for within them she reigns supreme. It behooves her then to eschew all scorching passion and broad humor; all romping hoydenism, and tragic heroics. Not that failure would be consequential. Indeed, it is far from probable, for were she to essay *Carmen* or *Topsy*, a dotting public would rise up and call her the "greatest ever"—so rock-founded is her popularity.

* * *

Opera in Beyreuth

Lillian Bell, in the Woman's Home Companion, describes thus interestingly her sensations on hearing Parsifal at Beyreuth.

I am sorry that it is fashionable to like Wagner, for I really should like to explain the feelings of perfect delight which tingled in my blood as I realized that I was in the home of German opera—in the city where the master musician lived and wrote, and where his widow and son still maintain their unswerving faithfulness toward his glorious music.

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Parsifal—that sacred opera, the greatest of all Wagner's creations—I was to see it at last! People tell me now that we were there on an "off day." By that they mean that no singers with great names took part. How like Americans to think of that! Germans go to the opera for the music; Americans go to hear and see the operatic stars. Happily, unvexed by my ignorance, I heard a perfect Parsifal without knowing that from an American point of view I ought not to have been so delighted. The orchestra was conducted by Siegfried Wagner, and Madame Wagner sat in full view from even our eyrie. And then the opera! I believed then that not even the Passion Play could hold my spirit so in leash with its symbolism, its deep devotion and its enthralling charm. The day on which I saw Parsifal at Beyreuth was a day to be marked with a white stone.

* * *

The House an Opera Built

"'The Orchard'—so called because it was originally an apple orchard—at New Rochelle, New York, is the summer home of Francis Wilson, the comic opera star," writes Franklin B. Wiley, in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "The ground was bought and a modest house started when the run of 'The Merry Monarch' began. As the profits of that opera increased, the original plans were enlarged in one way and another, until about a third of the returns from the opera had been expended. The house is of stone and stands on a terraced knoll. From the upper windows there is a twenty-mile view of Long Island Sound; and among the furnishings are a set of dining-room chairs and a settle made from the elaborately carved pew doors once in Christ Church at Stratford-on-Avon, and a chair given to Sir Edwin Landseer by Sir Walter Scott from his library at Abbotsford."

* * *

The Vintage.

"Love brewed me drink in the cup o' life
At the tavern of the years,
Love bade me drink to the dregs thereof
And oh! I found that the brew of Love
Was but the wine of tears!—Ainslee's.

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Where wild things screamed, with winds for
company;
Its mile-stones were the bones of pioneers.
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst
a-moan,
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward
the sea;
An epic quest it was of elder years,
For fabled gardens or for good, red gold,
The trail men strove in iron days of old.

Today the steam-god thunders through the
vast,
While dominant Saxons from the hurtling
trains
Smile at the aliens, Mexic, Indian,
Who offer wares, keen-colored, like their
past;
Dread dramas of immitigable plains
Rebuke the softness of the modern man;
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand;
Still westward lies a green and golden land.

For, at the magic touch of water, blooms
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke
Tortured the tollers into dateless tombs,
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.
—The Century.

* * *

Ditched the Bishop

"I remember once driving across the country with Bishop ———," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady of "A Missionary in the Great West," in the August Ladies' Home Journal, "while discussing the nature of the soul. That is, the Bishop was discussing; I was only prompting by a question now and then. We were on the rear seat of a wagon, with the driver on the front seat. It was a very dark night. In the middle of the Bishop's exposition the wagon took a wild plunge, there was a crash, and over we went into the muddy ditch. 'I beg your pardon, gents!' said the driver, who had retained control of the horses, as we scrambled to our feet, 'I was so interested in hearin' the little man discussin' my immortal soul, which I hardly ever knowed that I had one before, that I clean forgot where we was, and drove you plump into the ditch.'"

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See yonder bride, a vision of delight,
Beneath the picture of a blooming tree,
Besides the margin of the turquoise sea,
Watching the blue gull in its circling flight.

He that imagines he can read aright
Her airy thoughts and solve the mystery
Of all her joy would never, never be
A bit the wiser if from morn till night

He should mark well those features that be-
tray

No inkling of the golden vision that
Illumes her spirit as she gently nods
And sings: "I furnished all complete today,
For ten per moon, our love-nest of a flat,
At Garrison's Golconda of the Gods."

—Scribner's.

* * *

A Good Anatomist

A doctor once presented himself at the Golden Gates for admission, and after passing a fair examination as to his conduct, St. Peter agreed to permanently admit him if he could pick out Adam and Eve from the assembled angels. The doctor looked around and soon found his progenitors. Peter asked him how in the name of the golden harps he had managed to recognize them. "Oh!" said the doctor, "that is easy; they are the only ones without an umbilicus."

* * *

"Those Plagued Matches!"

Ralph Waldo Emerson is made the chief actor in an anecdote—appearing in the Cosmopolitan—that, we think has been told of other less distinguished men. It is a good story, however, and runs as follows:

Mr. Emerson got up in the middle of the night, and after falling over the family rocking-chair and knocking a plaster-of-Paris cast off the mantel, was accosted by his good wife thus: "Are you ill, Waldo?"

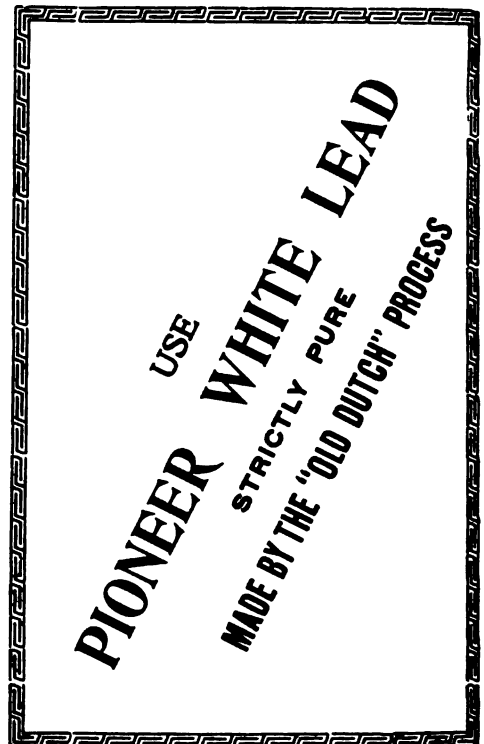
And there was no answer—save the scratching of matches on wall, floor, bureau and chairs. This was in the day when matches came in sticks and you broke them off.

The lady heard the matches split off and then she heard the scrape and scratch. "Are you ill, Waldo?" again she called in alarm. "Ill! Ill nothing—why don't you say sick?—there is no one listening. No, I am not ill. I have an idea and wanted to write it down, but these confounded cheap matches you bought of that Connecticut peddler will not light—plague take everything that comes from Connecticut, say I."

Then there was a final scratch on the wall, and philosophy came to Mr. Compensation's rescue, as he said, "Well, well, it wasn't much of an idea anyway; besides that, I've really forgotten what it was."

And he crawled back into bed.

In the morning Mrs. Emerson discovered that every tooth had been broken out of her high-back comb.



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Up-To-Date Business Maxims

George Ade contributes to the Century's "Year of American Humor" a "Modern Fable of the Old Fox and the Young Fox," printed in the March number. Here is some of the former's sage advice:

"Get acquainted with the Heads of Departments and permit the Subordinates to become acquainted with you.

"Always be easily familiar with those who are termed Great in the Public Prints. They are so accustomed to Deference and Humility, it is a positive Relief to meet a jaunty Equal.

"The first Sign of Extravagance is to buy Trousers that one does not need. Every Young Man on a Salary should beware of the Trousers Habit.

"Do not give Alms promiscuously. Select the Unworthy Poor and make them but to help the Improvident Drinking Class is clear Generosity, so that the Donor has a Right to be warmed by a Selfish Pride and Happy. To give to the Deserving is a Duty, count on a most flattering Obituary.

"Never try to get into society, so called. Those who Try seldom get in, and if they do edge through the Portals they always feel Clammy and Unworthy when under the Scrutiny of the Elect. Sit outside and appear Indifferent, and after a while they may Send for you. If not, it will be Money in your Pocket.

"Never Write when you can Telegraph, and in Wiring always use more than Ten Words. This is the Short Cut to being regarded as a Napoleon. The Extra Words cost only a few Cents, but they make a Profound Impression on the Recipient, and give the Sender a Standing which could not be obtained by an Expenditure of Four Dollars for a Birthday Gift. A man never feels more important than when he receives a Telegram containing more than Ten Words."

* * *

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* * *

A Doubting Thomas.

H. B. Fletcher, Butte, Mont., Oct. 20, 1899, says: "Like many other people, I have been troubled for years with dandruff, and within the last few months, my hair came out so badly that I was compelled to have what I had left clipped very close. A friend recommended Newbro's Herpicide. I confess that I doubted his story; but I gave Herpicide a trial; now my hair is as thick as ever, and entirely free from dandruff." "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." At druggists, \$1.00. Herpicide is a delightful hair dressing for regular use.

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Second Burglar—"Tain't!"

First Burglar—Naw. I tell yer, Jimmy, if yer wanten make a first-class success in dis business yer got to know somethin' about art!—Puck.

A Poem of Passion.

Along the banks of a purling stream

We walked with our hands fast locked together!

Our souls were as mellow as Jersey cream,

Our hearts united by love's strong tether!

The words he whispered were sweet and low

As ever were brought to a maid's attention—

The same old story of long ago,

Sufficiently aged to draw a pension,

Yet ever precious and ever dear

To a hoodooed maiden's attentive ear!

He talked of a heart like a captive bird,

That beat at the bars of its short-rib prison,

And would know no rest till it hear the word

From my own ripe lips that would make me his'n!

He told of a future of joy supreme,

How of love's sweet nectar we'd get a jag on!

Of blisses sweet as the richest cream

My mother got from the red milk wagon,

And never a pest-ring care would come

To jar the soul of his sugar plum!

One strong arm girdled my slender waist,

And his words on the breeze as bubbles floated,

As he begged for a little sample taste

Of the lips that he knew were sugar-coated.

I told him nay—or, mayhap, 'twas nit—

But he wouldn't stand for a mild rebuffal,

And when he'd tasted he wouldn't quit

'Till his breath was lost in the blissful shuffle,

And he spake me thanks for a feast he said Was fit for the gods of whom he'd read.

But why go into details when

The soul that is prompting this tender story,

And even the point of my pulseless pen

Is eager to tell the resultant glory!

He said he had longed to corral a wife,

But never before was he fully suited,

And asked me if I would share his life,

And I told him yes, till the bugle tooted.

And he spake of his rapture in words of fire

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—Marguerita Angelia Hamm, Denver Post.

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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EASTERN OREGON INDIANS

The Pacific Monthly

Volume VIII

JULY, 1902

Number 1

Clark.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition.

in Three Parts.
by P. W. Gillette.

ON THE 18th day of June, 1803, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, sent to Congress his somewhat celebrated "Confidential Message," recommending the appropriation of money to explore the Missouri river to its source, thence over the "Stony" (Rocky) Mountains, westerly by the waters of the Columbia, Oregon, Colorado, or any river affording the most practicable route to the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Jefferson was the first American statesman of importance to take any interest in the great West beyond the Missouri, and on to the Pacific Ocean. As early as 1792, he tried to induce the American Philosophical Society to join him in an effort to raise by subscription a sum of money sufficiently large to explore the Missouri river and a route to the Pacific Ocean, but was unsuccessful. Congress, however, at once responded to the request of the President by appropriating \$2500.00 for that purpose, a sum that would now seem ridiculously small for the accomplishing of so great an undertaking. That amount of money lacks \$700.00 of being enough to pay the mileage one way to Washington, allowed by law, to the Oregon Congressional delegation, consisting of only four members. Yet that was sufficient to defray the expense of that great exploring expedition extending over three years. In those days the affairs of the government were managed with far more prudence, care and economy, than in these days of abun-

dance and extravagance. Every man felt that it was his country and his government. Then there was much true patriotism in the country. Now patriotism is almost overwhelmed by selfishness and speculation—is sneered at as being old-fashioned and out of date. Then men served the country as carefully and faithfully as though working for themselves. Now they too often serve it only for the pay in sight and the opportunities ahead.

Lewis and Clark

President Jefferson selected Captain Meriwether Lewis to take command of this important expedition. Captain Lewis was of a fine old Virginia family, and a man of sterling character. President Jefferson said of him: "Having been my private secretary for two years, I had opportunities of knowing him intimately. Of courage, undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction, careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; honest, disinterested, liberal; of sound understanding and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves—with all these qualifications as if selected and implanted in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him."

The President also appointed Mr.

William Clark as assistant and successor in case of the death or disability of Captain Lewis. He was a man of great industry and firmness of purpose and was in every way well qualified for the place. President Jefferson at once sent him a commission as Captain of the United States Army. Captain Lewis was instructed to make up a complete list of such articles and supplies as would be needed for the expedition, with the cost thereof, which was as follows:

Camp equipage	\$255 00
Mathematical instruments	217 00
Arms and accoutrements extraordinary	81 00
Medicine and packing same...	55 00

Clark, were most comprehensive and particular, covering everything they could possibly learn of the country, its rivers, mountains, climate and soil, its productions, vegetable, animal and mineral, the different tribes of Indians they found, their names, numbers, habits and customs; their laws, language, religion and morals; their relations to each other, the extent of their domain, and the possibility, amount and character of trade that might be established with them. They were to take astronomical observations at the mouths of all rivers and other important points, to ascertain their latitude and longitude, and so describe and mark them that others besides them-

ROUTE FOLLOWED BY LEWIS AND CLARK—BISMARCK TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

Means of transportation.....	430 00
Indian presents	696 00
Provisions extraordinary	224 00
Material for and making into portable packages the various articles	55 00
To pay hunters, guides and interpreters	300 00
To transportation of men from Nashville, Tenn., to the last white settlement on the Missouri, in silver coin.....	100 00
Contingencies	87 00
Total	\$2500 00

The instructions, written by the President himself and given to Lewis and

selves could find them. They were instructed to treat the Indians in the most kind and friendly manner, and to use every reasonable endeavor to cultivate their friendship and confidence.

Conditions at the Time As the history of the Lewis and Clark exploration has never been very extensively published, or generally read, a brief review of it may interest many readers. Few people of this day know how small and poor our country was at that time. In population the United States numbered less than five and a half millions. Ohio was the only State west of the Ohio river, and she had enjoyed statehood but

BISON DANCE OF THE MANDANS

one year. Indiana had but recently been organized into a Territory, and was the most westerly Territory. The wheels of a steamboat had never disturbed any of the waters of America, and not until four years later, did the "Clearmont," Fulton's first steamboat, make her maiden trip on the Hudson. A railroad, with steam engines drawing their mighty loads of freight across the country had never entered the thought of man, and it did not come into existence for twenty-five years. The wildest dreamer had never imagined the telegraph flashing words and thoughts over the country with the speed of light, or the electric light, electric power, the telephone, or of the hundreds of thousands of useful and important inventions which have since been made.

At that time all of the small grain of the world was harvested with a sickle, and the most visionary farmer had never hoped for the great reaper and thresher of today. Then every housewife in America cooked her meals by the open fireplace, in the "dutch oven," the pot and the frying pan, because the cooking stove was yet among the things unknown. She had to light her fires by the flint and steel, or the tinder box, as friction matches were not invented until twenty-six years later. Gas and coal oil were unknown for lighting purposes, candles and fish-oil lamps being almost universally used by our people.

Such was the condition of the country at that time, and very few of this age

can realize the great change that has taken place—the vast difference between then and now.

Lewis and Clark, with their men, met at Louisville, Ky., on the 5th day of July, 1803. After procuring suitable boats, they set out on their wonderful voyage, proceeding down the Ohio to its mouth, thence up the Mississippi, passing St. Louis—then only a village of shanties, inhabited by Canadian French, In-

dians and half-breeds—reaching Wood (De Bore) river in December. There they encamped for the winter. After building log huts in which to live, they spent their time in drilling the men and preparing to start in the spring, as soon as the river was free from ice. The party contained 45 men, all of whom were enlisted in the United States army, excepting a black man, York, a slave who belonged to Captain Clark.

On the 14th day of May, 1804, the company embarked in their boats, one of which was a "keel boat" 55 feet long, rigged with a large square sail and 22 oars, and two pirogues, one having five and the other six oars. They were provided with two horses, which were led along the bank of the river to be used for carrying the game which the hunters might kill. Their progress up the Missouri was necessarily slow against the stubborn current of the mighty river. When it was possible, they used the sail, and often made good progress by its use, but when the wind was adverse or during a calm, the oars and the setting pole or towline were brought into play. At the mouth of each tributary river of any considerable size, they stopped, took observations, and explored it for some miles to learn the course, depth and width.

Abundance of Game

Hunters were kept out most of the time, who found it an easy task to supply the camp with meat. From the mouth to the

head of the Missouri, those boundless plains of unsurpassed fertility were dotted with herds of buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, while beaver, bear, geese, brant, duck, wild turkeys, quail and pheasants were exceedingly plentiful. The buffalo were innumerable. They frequently saw herds containing 10,000 or more, and throughout the length of that river they were seldom out of sight of them. All over that vast empire from St. Louis to the summit of the Rocky mountains,

extinct. The survival of the fittest prevailed. Now man tills the soil that gave them food. Their drinking places are now steamboat landings and mill sites. Their pastures are farms and fields, dotted with dwellings, towns, cities and striped with railroads.

They Secure The expedition had not proceeded far until they met a party of traders from the Sioux nation, on rafts, laden with buffalo hides, furs and buffalo tallow. Among

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their deeply trodden trails, made by their regulation single-file mode of traveling. All of those trails led by the most direct route to water. It seems to have been their habit to graze until they were very thirsty and then go on a sweeping run, single-file, to the nearest water. It is less than 100 years since Lewis and Clark saw them in such innumerable multitudes, yet the buffalo has disappeared from the face of the earth—is practically

ROUTE FOLLOWED BY LEWIS AND CLARK ST. LOUIS TO BISMARCK

Winning When Lewis and Clark entered the domain of a new tribe or nation, they halted to make their acquaintance, and learn all they could of their habits and surroundings. They had with them a large number of men's coats, made of bright red cloth and trimmed with gaudy tinsel. They called together the chiefs and principal men, and after smoking with them

"the pipe of peace" presented each chief with a coat, and some of the principal men with smaller presents, informing them that they were sent to them by the "Great Father," the President of the United States, and that he would send his people out to trade with them, and buy their furs and hides and all they had to sell. They also had many United States flags and large silver medals, which they distributed among the different tribes.

TOP CUT—THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS, MISSOURI RIVER LOWER CUT—ROCKS MENTIONED BY LEWIS AND CLARK AT THE SOUTH END OF THE GATE OF THE MOUNTAINS

The medals bore on one side the bust of the President, Jefferson, President of the U. S. A., A. D. 1801." On the other side was a battle

ax and pipe of peace crossing each other at oblique angles, under which were two hands clasped in friendly greeting, with the inscription, "Peace and Friendship." Several of these medals have been found about old Indian encampments in recent years.

Trouble with the Sioux

Lewis and Clark came very near having serious trouble with the fierce and treacherous Sioux. Two of their chiefs had been invited on board the keel boat,

and were treated in the most friendly manner, shown all the curiosities, given many presents, and finally treated to a small drink of whiskey "of which they seemed very fond." They were so well pleased with their visit that it was hard to get them to go away, but after much maneuvering, Captain Clark succeeded in getting them started, by accompanying them himself. No sooner had the pirogue touched the shore than the cable was seized by several warriors, and one of the chiefs, who affected intoxication, insultingly informed Captain Clark that he had not given them enough presents, and therefore his party could not proceed any farther through his country. Captain Clark said, "We will not be prevented from going. We are warriors, not squaws." The Chief replied: "We, too, are warriors," and was about to offer violence to Captain Cook, who drew his sword and signaled the boats to prepare for action. The warriors surrounded him and had already taken arrows from their quivers and were bending their bows, when the "swivel," small cannon, on the large boat was turned upon them, and a dozen resolute men jumped into a pirogue to join Captain Clark. Seeing the swift determination of the white men to defend themselves, the Chief at once ordered the young men to desist. The Indians, realizing that they had fearless, resolute men to deal with, men who could not be bullied or frightened, suddenly became very friendly and peaceable, and they had no more trouble with those cunning, cowardly savages.

**A Helpful
Shoshone
Woman**

Dorion, the interpreter, having completed his contract, remained with the Sioux, and Lewis and Clark had to proceed as far as the Mandan Nation without an interpreter. Among the Mandans they found one "Toussant Claboneau," another Canadian Frenchman, who had long lived with the Min-ne-ta-ros, and took him into service as an interpreter. His wife, Sac-a-ja-wea (the bird woman) was a Shoshone Indian woman he had purchased from the Mandans for a wife, though he already had two other wives. Six years previously she had been cap-

tured from the Shoshones in a battle, in which four Shoshone men were killed and all the women and girls taken into captivity, and made slaves. Sac-a-ja-wea became very serviceable to the expedition not only because of her knowledge of the Shoshone language, and so much of the country throughout which they had to pass, but also on account of her capability and willingness to render them substantial aid. Although Sac-a-ja-wea had a babe but three months old, yet Captain Lewis said of her: "She contributed a full man's share to the service of the expedition, besides taking care of her baby." She was very fond of the white people and tried to adapt herself to their manners and make herself as useful to them as possible.

Winter of 1804 and 1805

On the 30th day of November, they selected their winter encampment on the bank of the Missouri, near a Mandan village, and commenced building log cabins in which to live. The weather had grown so cold that the river was liable to be closed with ice any day. Since the 14th day of May, they had traveled 1600 miles against the almost irresistible current of the Missouri, besides spending much time in exploring tributary rivers, and making the acquaintance of so many tribes of Indians.

As soon as the houses were completed, the goods, arms, ammunition, etc., were removed from the boats, and the boats secured against damage from ice. The Mandans were a numerous and friendly people and were of much benefit to their

white visitors. As soon as the party were settled in their houses, they chopped wood and built and burned a "pit of charcoal" to be used in blacksmithing. One, Fields, an ingenious man, set up a shop and did a brisk business all winter in making battle axes, tomahawks and spears, and in repairing their guns, tools, etc.

He took corn for his work, and in this way earned enough corn to supply the whole party all winter, besides considerable to carry with them. Other members of the party were busy; some hunting and killing game and carrying in the meat, others drying meat, dressing skins and making them into clothing and moccasins, and others building canoes to carry the load of the keel boat, which was to be sent back to St. Louis in the Spring. They spent a very busy winter, yet one not entirely without amusements. The different chiefs often invited them to witness their national war dances, while Lewis and Clark in turn invited the Indians to see their men dance, accompanied by a fiddle in the hands of one of their men, who was expert with that instrument. On the 7th day of May, 1805, after a sojourn of four months and four days, the whole party embarked in their boats. Thirteen, in the keel boat, taking the official report of the expedition and many presents and curios for President Jefferson, started back for St. Louis. The remaining thirty-two men, with Sac-a-ja-wea and her infant, started in six canoes and two pirogues to continue their journey up the Missouri and on into the great unknown wilderness.

(To be Continued)

CUPID AND THE THUNDER-GOD

By W. F. G. THACHER

IT WAS a little early for the in-rush of summer folk that annually taxed to their uttermost the none too liberal accommodations of Smiley's. In fact, but one boarder had, as yet, put in an appearance.

Mrs. Smiley, who, besides her formidable routine of cooking, washing and miscellaneous housework, and, in addition, a goodly portion of out-of-door chores, found time to interest herself in the biographies of her boarders, could have told you that his name was Mr. Gilbert Wairing, "a young doctor-feller from one o' them big hospitals in th' city."

Wairing, sprawled at ease in one of the big, red "rockers" on the front veranda, was drinking his fill of the glorious scene spread out before him. From the farm-house, nestled snugly in the lap of the cool, green hills, he could see mile after mile of billowing tilth, checkered into more or less rectangular fields, whose color varied according to the crops they bore; the tawny of ripening wheat, the paler yellow of the oats, the deep green of the pasture land, where cattle browsed contentedly. His eye followed the windings of the aimless, wilful little stream that rollicked down the valley, finally to lose itself in the lake, whose silken sheen was visible, dimpling under the caress of gentle breezes.

His ear caught a faint, yet regular sound, which, coming nearer, he recognized as the clatter of the buck-board, the sole means of intercourse between Smiley's and the outer world. As the noisy vehicle came into view, he caught a glimpse of unmistakable feminine apparel. Surely, it was a woman, a girl, on the front seat beside Jake, the hired man. For an instant he felt a glow of quickening interest. Then he recalled the mention of a niece of Smiley's who was coming to spend the summer with

them. Some apple-cheeked Miss in short skirts and braids, he decided, and his interest waned.

The buck-board was hidden behind a bit of hedge-row for a moment, then swung into the yard with as much of a flourish as was in the power of that ancient vehicle and the jolting farm-horse that was in the thills. On the instant, Wairing realized that his forecast as to the appearance of the new-comer was somewhat wide of the mark. Here, indeed, was no freckled rustic, but a most proper young person in a white shirt-waist, a dark skirt of faultless cut, a dainty Panama, veil, gloves and other feminine accoutrements. In the back of the buck-board were piled various articles of baggage, including a banjo case.

"The summer-girl has arrived," groaned Wairing. "Even Smiley's is no longer immune."

Nevertheless, he watched with curiosity, through the morning-glory vines, as the young lady jumped lightly from the wheel, to be taken to the capacious bosom of Mrs. Smiley, who, in response to Jake's, "Miss' Smiley, here's Debby come," had rushed out from her washing, wiping her arms upon her apron.

"Ah!—name, Deborah. Point one," Wairing mused. "Not bad looking, either, as far as I can judge. Well put up. Dresses in perfect taste. By Jove, it begins to look promising. But I can't be seen in these old knickerbockers. I'll run up and change."

But when, a few minutes later, he came down, attired in immaculate flannels, no Deborah was to be seen. Nor did she appear in the dining-room that night, although he heard her voice in the kitchen, where the Smileys and Jake took their meals.

"Evidently wants to avoid my company," growled Wairing. "Never mind

—two people can't stay here very long without running into each other."

On the two succeeding days he caught many glimpses of her as she flitted brightly about the place. He watched her covertly from his window or the vine-veiled recesses of the veranda, as she helped Mrs. Smiley "shuck" the corn for the crowding, foolish hens, or water the geraniums. In the evenings he heard the thrum of her banjo, and a clear mezzo singing "Mandalay."

"'Er arm was on my shoulder,
'An' 'er cheek agin' my cheek—"

Small wonder that Wairing's curiosity was aroused to the bursting point.

He had augmented his catalogue of her charms as opportunity offered. Her eyes, he concluded, were a deep, satiny blue, remarkable, not so much for their size, as for their depth and quality. A wide, clear forehead was surmounted by a crown of brownish hair, the kind that blows and fluffs, and reveals golden lights when the sun strikes into it. There were fine values of cheek and chin, and a mouth, generously red, that broke into dimpling curves when the ready laughter welled up. Altogether, he found her quite satisfactory; and his inability to meet her—despite several carefully laid plans, which were frustrated with easy unconcern—piqued his vanity.

On the third morning after her arrival, Wairing was awakened by the early twittering of sparrows. Yawning desperately, he propped himself up on his elbow that he might look out of the window at the earth, bright and dripping from its morning bath of dew. His eyes caught a bit of red moving along the fields. Gazing intently, he concluded it to be the red golf jacket that Deborah wore. "So that's your game, young lady," he thought. "By Jove, it's my opportunity. So here goes."

Ten minutes later he sprang down the steps of the house, out into the glad, free morning.

"Jove, it's quite worth while!" he cried, filling his lungs with the crisp, morning air, tonic with ozone. He struck out at a tremendous pace, and felt the blood stir in his veins, and his heart

was glad within him. Soon he caught sight of Deborah's red jacket. She was standing near the edge of a little stream, her skirts gathered tight in one hand. With the other she held a long stick, with which she was poking at something near her feet. So intent was she that his approach was unnoticed until he was quite near. Then she turned to him impetuously.

"Oh, please—won't you help me? Do you see, the poor little creature has got caught in this cruel trap, and I don't know how to get him out. To tell the truth, I guess I—I'm a little afraid."

Inwardly thanking his lucky stars, Wairing came up, and saw that the "poor little creature" was a large grey-squirrel, one leg caught in a huge trap, set for larger game. By dint of some effort, he pried the jaws apart, and extricated the animal, which lay palpitating in his hand, its bead-like eyes dim with pain.

"Poor little chap! He's done for, all right. His leg is broken. Better kill him, I guess, and end his suffering."

"Oh, no! How could you?" Her voice was vibrant with pity. "Can't we do something for it?"

"Well, we can try. I'm something of a bone-setter; but I've never had much practice with four-footed things. Just hold him, please, while I see what can be done."

She took the quivering, hot little body in her cool palms, while Wairing made splints and tore his handkerchief into bandages. He straightened the little limb, and bound it tightly into place, the girl helping with deft fingers. As they worked, side by side on the ground, their heads were very near together, and hands very often came into contact. Under Wairing's skillful manipulation, the bone was soon set, and the little sufferer was made as right as possible.

"And now," he said, straightening up, "Miss—pardon! I—"

"Carter," she supplied, coolly, although the red in her cheeks deepened perceptibly.

"Thank you. I really forgot we hadn't met. My name is Wairing. I'm staying at Smiley's. I suppose—that is,

—“SWINGING THE GATE BACK AND FORTH”

Drawn by Rita Bell

may we consider ourselves acquainted, Miss Carter, or—”

Well, under the circumstances, don't you think a further introduction would be a little—superfluous?”

And the ready laugh peeled out. Wairing joined, and the moment's em-

barrassment was successfully gotten over.

“What I started to say was, that I'm beastly hungry, so let's get back to the house—shall we? I'll just slip my patient into my pocket.”

And so, after cleansing their hands

in the stream, they returned swiftly through the lush meadows, rather silent, with the feeling—unexpressed even to themselves—that something of moment, out of all ratio to the trivial incident of the hurt squirrel, had come into their lives.

The acquaintance, so happily made, ripened amazingly—and small marvel. They were together almost constantly, reveling in the sunshine, the freedom, the joy of youth and companionship. Like two children they climbed the musty old loft in search of eggs. They drove the cows up from the back pasture. They rode in the rattling buckboard to the village after Mrs. Smiley's groceries. In the evenings they sang together to the accompaniment of the banjo. Most of all, they enjoyed the long walks through the mysterious forest, glorying in their nearness to nature, in the absence of conventional barriers. It was all very idyllic, very Arcadian.

On the girl's part, there was, to all appearance, no touch of sentiment. She was ever gay, impersonal and companionable.

With Wairing it was different. From the first, his heart had been touched, and he found himself, day by day, falling more completely under the sway of a passion he had no wish to repress. Every hour he spent in the girl's company seemed to reveal some new and winsome phase of her various nature. A creature of light she was to him, all joy and song, and gladness. Yet he felt the undercurrent of tenderness that flowed beneath her light-heartedness.

No laggard in love, he plied her with all the arts at his command—but to no avail. He could not pierce the armor of her gaiety. Yet he could not feel that he was distasteful to her. Indeed, in a hundred little ways she gave proof of her regard. The unveiled delight that she took in his companionship, the frank admission that she gave him to the spotless chambers of her inner nature, all evidenced her liking. Only when he approached the danger-ground of sentiment did he feel himself rebuffed.

One evening, after a day of exceptional pleasure, they were sitting side by side on the steps, drinking in the perva-

sive beauty of the night. A cool breeze stirred the leaves of the morning-glory vines. Up from the marshes in the valley below came the rhythmic chorus of peepers and insect life—softened and blended by the distance. The sky was thickly spattered with stars, and a half-moon glowed wanly. The soft air was heavy with fragrance, and an indefinable glamor pervaded everything.

The man, under the spell of the night, and surcharged with the sweetness of the girl's nearness, broke a long silence.

"Do you know what it means—all this—the fragrance, the murmurous air, the warm earth, the star-lit sky? Do you hear its message?"

She was taken off her guard. "No," she said, softly. "Tell it to me."

He leaned towards her. "It is Nature's voice, and the message it bears is 'Love.' 'Love,' it cries in myriad voices. And by the same token, I love you. Do you hear, Deborah? I love you! All the love of the great, sweet world seems to have come into my heart, and it is all for you, dear—all for you." His voice broke with emotion.

"Have you no answer for me?—not a word?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she replied, brokenly. "Why did you do it? It's all spoiled now—all our lovely times. Oh, why couldn't you wait!" There was a sob in her voice.

"Deborah, look at me." There was no mistaking the authoritative fiber of his tone, and she turned obediently. "Do you love me, or not? Tell me—you must."

For an instant she wavered. Her eyes brimmed with tears and her mouth quivered. Then she rallied to her self-defense. "How dare you say I must? I shan't—there!" And she fled up the steps and into the house.

Sick and sore at heart, Wairing went to his room to pass a night of tossing and broken slumber. In the morning when he came down, Deborah was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Smiley looked at him sympathetically. She had evidently divined the situation.

"Bless me, you look real bad, Mr. Wairing. Set right down an' I'll bile ye

a fresh cup o' coffee, and make you some toast."

"You're very kind—but just the coffee, please," he answered.

Mrs. Smiley was filling a basket with articles of food and other comforts.

"Debby's goin' over to Jade Slocum's," she vouchsafed. "Jade's poor as can be. Had lots o' hard luck, an' now his wife's took with the newmony. I feel real sorry for Jade. It's eight mile by the road; but there's a short cut by a path through the back pasture and over the hill that ain't more'n three an' a half."

Unable to eat, Wairing went out on the porch and lit his pipe. He had determined to leave, but the only south-bound train left at 5 P. M.

Before long Deborah appeared, clad in freshest dimity. On her arm she carried the basket that Mrs. Smiley had been filling.

"Good morning," she ventured, rather faintly.

Wairing, distrusting his voice, bowed stiffly.

"I'm going for a walk," tentatively.

No reply.

"It's a long ways—through the woods"—very humbly. Wairing, unable to keep silent, mumbled something about hoping she'd enjoy it.

She paled a trifle, went down the steps and opened the gate. Then she halted, swinging the gate back and forth, and casting pitiful little glances at the grim figure. Then she went slowly down the path, until her figure was lost in the shadows of the woods.

He followed her with hungry eyes, then seized his hat and started in the opposite direction, determined to wear out his mood. But there was no banishing Deborah from his mind. The blue of the sky was the blue of her eyes. The sunlight seemed the gold in her hair. Even the lilting stream mimicked her fresh laughter. The ozone was a potent love draught, and sylvan Cupids perched on every bough and tipped their arrows with pine needles. Exhausted, he threw himself on a mossy bank and surrendered to himself to day-dreams, woven of hopes and vain imaginings. Gradu-

ally his ideas grew more and more vague, until, soon, he was dreaming in earnest.

A distant mutter of thunder awakened him. The sky was blotted out by angry, tawny clouds, hurrying together. The heat was terrific, an awe-filled silence hushed the noises of the woods. Leaping to his feet, he started back swiftly. The evidences of the approaching storm were unmistakable, and Deborah was, in all probability, somewhere out in the mountains. With apprehension gnawing at his heart, he reached the farmhouse, only to find his fears realized—she had not returned. Turning, he started down the ill-defined path by which he knew she must return. The storm burst in an access of violence. The blackness of the sky was gashed with great splinters of light. The thunder cracked and boomed, then clattered and rattled away in tremendous diminutives. Within the forest, it was far more terrible. The wind shrieked and howled, filling the air with limbs and leaves. Wairing plunged on, desperately. He soon lost the path, but, guided by instinct, he forged on, struggling blindly. During every flash he peered intently, and took advantage of every lull to shout her name.

Finally, he heard a faint cry, and a moment later a vivid flash revealed her trembling figure, shrinking under the protection of a mighty pine. With a great shout, he sprang toward her, and in an instant she was in his arms, sobbing with thankfulness and repeating his name, over and over.

With the soft arms clinging about his neck, he realized her surrender, and felt a mighty sureness in her love. Stooping, he kissed the wet little face that turned so trustingly to his; then, one arm about her, he started to retrace his way to the house.

But the storm had passed the climax, and abated swiftly. The thunder still rumbled distantly, and the rain fell in torrents, but with decreasing force. As they emerged from the woods, and hand in hand, crossed the soaked, steaming meadows, a glorious sun came out and kissed away the tears from the earth's wet face.

AN OUTING IN OREGON

By A. SYLVESTER

*When summer's sun has scorched the town,
And even waving fields are brown,
From office window gazing out,
O'er dusty street and sweating crowds,
'Neath burning skies and fleecy clouds,
My fancy lightly turns to trout—
And "flies" and "rods" and shady streams,
And mountain trails and idle dreams.*

AND I consider myself fortunate indeed when I can close my desk, throw business to the dogs and "take to the woods."

Do you love the solemn stillness of the forest, the roar of the dashing river, the silvery sound of the babbling brook? Would you tramp all day over mountain trails, where the moss-covered ground prevents the eloquent stillness of the forest from being broken even by the sound of your footfalls; or follow along a winding stream where the ceaseless sound of the rushing water seems to silence all other sounds? Would you rather lie down at night under the majestic fir trees, "with the moan of the billows in their branches," with nothing but the ground beneath you and nothing but the skies above you, than try to court sleep upon a "downy couch" in the city? Does it make your blood tingle with enthusiasm to think of the moment when a big trout has just started off with your hook, making your reel hum with a joyful tune? If so, this story may interest you, for it is a fish story; but it not for the fellow who wants to sit on a log with a pocket full of "angle worms" and drop a line with a sinker on it into a deep hole, and then calmly wait till some foolish fish happens to swallow the hook in his sleep; nor yet for the individual who is looking for a place where the fish will bite at a red rag dangling from a "pole." Let such go forth and kill their fish with a club, or buy them in the market. None save the "elect"—those who

love the wilderness and know the meaning of the word "sport"—are invited to gather around our camp-fire.

The little town of Detroit, in the "Cascade Reserve" in Oregon, is situated on the bank of the Santiam river about one mile above the mouth of the Brightenbush river, and is the terminus of the O. C. & E. Railway; but there is no street or wagon road in it or nearer than fifteen or twenty miles. On every side are mountains and the wilderness—undescended by ax or saw, except that cabins have been built at intervals along the streams by "squatters" who came into this unsurveyed region with the hope of holding the magnificent timber, but vanished again when the "reserve" went into effect. Here in the grove of balsam-fir on the bank of the Santiam, near a beautiful spring of ice-cold water, we rented a small house and established our headquarters, where the womenfolk were made comfortable. Two minutes' walk took us out of sight and sound of civilization, and into the most magnificent forest on the face of the globe. Giant firs and cedars almost obscure the light of day, and the deep moss under our feet preserves the solemn silence of the wilderness. The ground, the fallen trees, and even the rocks are covered several inches deep with this beautiful carpet fresh from the loom of nature. A mile back from Detroit flows the Brightenbush, and into it and the Santiam flow numerous smaller streams, all clear as crystal and as cold as the melting snows

THE BEAUTIFUL, TRANSPARENT RIVERS AND LAKES

of Mt. Jefferson can make them. These streams bear such suggestive names as Tumble Creek, Boulder Creek, Blow-out Creek, etc., and these, as well as sev-

eral small lakes, are well stocked with Rainbow, Dolly Varden and Mountain trout.

Our first excursion was to Pamela

lake, about twenty miles up the river and just below the snow line at the foot of Mt. Jefferson. We secured an old trapper and his "hoss" to "pack the grub" and camp outfit, and started out on foot one July morning, just as the sun was peeping over the tree tops.

Our spirits were somewhat dampened on this trip by a drizzling rain, a very unusual thing in this section, where rains are almost unknown through the months of July and August, and we availed ourselves on the first night of the friendly shelter of a deserted cabin about two miles from the lake. By removing a portion of the roof in one corner and building a roaring fire under the opening, we soon made ourselves comfortable; and securing from a small stream near the cabin sufficient trout for our supper, the discomforts of the journey were forgotten in anticipation of the sport that awaited us on the morrow. The next morning proved to be as unpromising as the previous day, but we started for the lake bright and early and had constructed two rafts of logs and were ready for "business" by the time the sun made its appearance over Mt. Jefferson, by which time the clouds had begun to break.

Pamelia Lake is situated just below the timber line, right at the foot of Mt. Jefferson, whose perpetual snows reach almost to the water's edge. An avalanche has denuded of timber the side of the mountain next the lake, leaving the view from that quarter unobstructed. The sight that greeted our eyes when the sun burst forth just above the mountain, surpasses all efforts at description. The beautiful transparent lake, in which was mirrored a second Mt. Jefferson, with its majestic snows, seemed to double the magnitude of the spectacle. No words can paint the scene. Only he who has stood in the midst of a great wilderness, among the giants of the forest, at the foot of a great snow-en-shrouded mountain, as the sun bursts forth with ten-fold brightness over its glistening, glittering immensity, can conjure up the awe-inspiring moment. For the time, even the fishing was forgotten, and we silently bemoaned the fact that we had neglected to bring the camera,

and could carry away only the impression engraved upon our memories. Even this grand scene could not long divert our attention, and we were soon engaged in slaughtering trout—for it was little else—in a way I have never seen equalled. We had been warned by our owner of the "hoss" that the trout in this lake would not take a fly. He had been there several years before, and he knew whereof he discoursed. We had determined, however, that they would take a fly or remain in the lake, and during our stay we never used anything but an artificial fly. There were three of us engaged in fishing, and the first day we captured over five hundred trout, and each succeeding day we did a little better. We stayed three days and then concluded it was *wicked* to catch any more. We poled our rafts out into the middle of the lake and the fish did the rest. They would actually jump out of the water after the hook. They seemed bound to be caught, and I was disgusted to find that the most inexperienced man in the party could catch almost as many as I could. They were of the variety known as "Mountain trout," weighing from one-half pound to a pound, and of the most delicious flavor. We did not see a "Rainbow" or a "Dolly Varden," and there seemed to be no large ones among them. Did you ever see a man eat after he has been fishing all day at an altitude of about 6000 feet? If not, you are at liberty to discredit this story; but at supper the first day we ate nearly a hundred trout—more than twenty apiece. Our "man" rolled them in flour and fried them in bacon grease over a camp fire on the shore of the lake. You never know what a trout is like unless you eat him within a few feet of the place where he is caught. The trout that you buy in the market are mere imitations. He must be cooked as above, and you must eat him as you sit on a log near a blazing camp-fire, holding him in your fingers. And how we did sleep! I had scarcely closed my eyes, it seemed to me, before our guide was frying fish for breakfast. But I will not say any more about this trip for I want to tell you about another one. Trout that will bite at every hook that comes their way are uninteresting.

Suffice it to say that we saved as many fish as the horse could "pack" and left many more behind that we would gladly have restored to life.

Our next trip was up the Brightenbush. We started out with the intention of being gone four days. All our outfit we carried on our backs in "pack-straps." A pair of blankets for each man, a frying pan, plenty of flour, a little bacon and some salt; that is all that is necessary. You can sleep on the soft moss under a tree anywhere, and there are no insects of any kind to torment you. We left Detroit in the morning and went straight across to the Brightenbush, a mile or so, over a level plateau between the rivers, covered with giant firs and cedars and clear of underbrush. From the time we reached the Brightenbush, as long as we chose to ascend the river, we passed through the most beautiful mountain scenery. Giant trees cover all the mountains, while gorgeous rhododendrons and graceful vine-maples fringe the streams and canyons. The trail led us sometimes along the water's edge, sometimes back into the forest and sometimes along the precipitous side of a mountain hundreds of feet above the turbulent river. Here and there we came upon a deserted cabin, and at frequent intervals a "foot-log" spanned the river. Here the river spreads out until it is so shallow that you may ford it, if you are sure-footed and do not mind wading in ice water up to your waist; but just over yonder it winds between towering cliffs that look to be insurmountable. A brisk scramble will bring you over the difficulty, however, and on regaining the water level, you gaze back through a slit in the mountain of rocks where the water flows deep and dark; for the sun hardly penetrates here, and although you can see every pebble at the bottom, the water is twenty feet deep.

I was tempted to drop a fly from the cliff above into one of these pools, a hundred feet below, and before it had hardly reached the water I had hooked a two-pounder. I was soon made aware of the fact that I had "caught a Tartar." I was leaning far over the cliff, with one arm and one leg around a friendly tree, and holding my rod at arm's length. My

IN A ROCKY GORGE

companions had gone on ahead and disappeared. My fish soon had all my line off the reel, but luckily he had also reached the end of the pool, and concluded to return. The moment was critical. I must let go of something, so I let go of the tree, and, clinging with only one leg, began to reel in the slack. My fish was now directly under me and fighting for his life. He tried all his arts—rushing from end to end of the pool, leaping wildly out of the water, sulking at the bottom and rubbing against boulders, but all to no purpose. He was securely hooked, and fortune favored me. After nearly breaking my back, and getting a kink in my left leg that has never entirely straightened out, he gave up the struggle and floated on his side. During the anxious moments of reeling him up he never moved again, and I finally unwound myself from the tree and flung myself upon the moss-covered rocks to gloat over my prize and rub the kinks out of my leg. He was a "Rainbow," and a beauty.

From this point up the river, the way became more difficult. Sometimes we were compelled to creep along the face of a perpendicular wall of rocks, where only the smallest toe-holes could be found to support us.

My friend John met with a slight ac-

cident in one of these "narrows," farther up. John is careless. It was a well-recognized fact among us that the day was bound to be a failure when John did not fall in the river. On the occasion a huge rock where there was no visible means of support, and, missing his footing, he was precipitated into ten feet of ice cold water. In his efforts to reach shore he lost half a basket of beautiful trout. His remarks when he crawled out upon the bank were forcible, but hardly orthodox. On being asked if he was wet, he declared that he had fallen "in a dry spot."

We camped on Humbug Flat, at the mouth of Humbug Creek. If you should search the country over you could not find a more ideal camping place. There is nothing to suggest that there is a human habitation within a thousand miles. Humbug Flat is a strip of level country several miles in extent, covered with great firs, cedar and sugar pine, any one of which would make lumber enough to build a house; but, fortunately, it is too far removed from the railroad to attract the carnal-minded saw-mill man. We prepared our banquet of fried trout and "dough-boys" on the gravelly beach at the water's edge, and spread our blankets on the moss just under a big fir, ten feet in diameter. In the morning we filled our baskets with small trout in a short time, fishing up Humbug Creek, but this was only preliminary to the real business of the day. All along the Brightenbush, from this point, up and down for several miles, is the natural home of the big "Rainbow," and it was to his capture that we now devoted our attention. The river here is a succession of waterfalls, raging rapids and deep pools. The river flows through a deep canyon—except opposite Humbug flat—and all the surroundings are wild beyond description.

The spot where I had the greatest battle of the trip is about two miles above our camping place, in a rocky gorge, whose precipitous sides rise hundreds of feet above the narrow ledge of rocks on which I stood during the fray. The river comes tumbling down a sharp declivity and plunges over several huge boulders just above, whirls through a

narrow passage that you might jump if you dared, and then widens to two hundred feet and flows quietly past for a distance of several hundred yards. The water here is at least fifteen feet deep, but I could see my fish fanning himself near the bottom on the opposite side of the river as plainly as if he had been in the frying pan. There was no chance to conceal myself, and I knew that the trout had his eye on me long before I discovered him; but he was a beauty and seemed to challenge an attack, so I determined to try him, at least. I selected my most attractive fly and prepared for the fray. My only hope was that the distance between us was so great that he would not recognize any connection between the fly and me.

My first cast was a complete success—as a cast. My fly settled down upon the water as naturally as life, just over his nose. I could imagine that he winked one eye at me, as much as to say, "I am no chicken," but otherwise he did not move. I repeated the maneuver. He winked the other eye—perhaps—but nothing more. I exhausted all my resources, tried all my flies, wore out my patience and was about to leave in disgust, when there was a flash of his rainbow sides, a commotion at the surface, a sudden tug at my rod, and my line went humming over the reel with a swiftness that took my breath away. Backward and forward he dashed, taking the line through the water with a swish that showed him to be a "whale." He was all the time in plain view, and as I had managed to keep him away from the rocks and he seemed to be securely hooked, I had determined to make a short ending to a long skirmish by landing him at once, when an unexpected thing happened. I had on a long leader with two flies attached, and just as I thought I might venture to land my fish, out from behind a rock darted another, larger than the first, and swallowed the other fly before I knew what had happened. Here, indeed, was a "sitivation for a cove as had just got a sitivation," so to say, and I began to think of the story I should have to tell when I got back to camp, of "the fish that got away." I still retained

sufficient presence of mind to keep my line taut, but I could do little else, and all hope of landing the game vanished. I could not even keep them headed up stream, and when the newcomer took a notion to sulk at the bottom I could no more raise them with my light rod than I could have raised an ox. I was not much more than an interested spectator for the next half hour; and I was not the only observer, either, for no sooner had the second fish attached itself to my string than there were a dozen others fairly tumbling over each other to get hold of something themselves. Fortunately, there were no more hooks to be swallowed. Fortunately, also, the first fish soon resigned himself to being hauled about by the second, and then my crushed hopes began to revive again. I began to get some control over my tandem team, their rushes became shorter and weaker, and foot by foot I lead them up stream towards a smooth, sloping rock that reached far out into the water, until one strong, steady pull slid them over into a convenient crevice

where they were safe at last. They were two of the finest specimens of Rainbow trout that I ever saw, and I assure you, that while fighting for their lives they seemed to weigh—more than they really did.

To relate all the thrilling incidents of this trip would take too long in the telling. We caught all the fish we could carry, and when we arrived at home, received the plaudits of the women folk to the gratification of our hearts.

The limits of this article will not permit further details, but I want to say—there is something wrong with a man who does not desire to go a-fishing. He is in need of regeneration. No man can spend a fortnight in the eloquent forest, beside the speaking river and under the shadow of the proclaiming mountains, and not believe in God, and feel his heart throb in unison with the great heart of Nature in things animate and inanimate. It is better than physic for the body, and better than preachments for the mind.



The Storm

By Muriel Gray

*The night was dark and dreary; a haunting, eldritch night;
When heart and soul a-weary, seem chained to vague
affright.*

*The clouds, storm-tossed, sped swiftly, like spectre sails
above;*

*The wind moaned through the caverns of the chambered
ocean cove—*

But over all the mighty artillery of the deep;

*With thunderous roar incessant, the breakers toss and leap
In swirling, foaming masses against the rock-ribbed shore,
Whose hollow caverns echo the sullen, ceaseless roar.*

*Impotent, I stand watching, my thoughts in mist dissolve,
Enthralled before the majesty of Infinite resolve.*

*The storm-reft clouds have opened, a glint of starlit sky—
Meseemed I heard above me the seagulls' plaintive cry!*

*White wings outstretched, storm-driven—courage, my soul
—behold,*

The seagull breasts the tempest—be brave, my soul, be bold!

THE LAW UPON DEEP WATERS

By ZENIAS TUGG

THE Ignace Island Mining Company bought for a trifle the decayed river steamer *Mascot*, boarded up her sides, filled the shallow hold with cordwood, and offered for sale two hundred tickets from Astoria to St. Michaels. Most people are aware that a stormy ocean lies between the Columbia River bar and the mouth of the Yukon, but two hundred miners from the East paid their passage money, stowed their outfits on the *Mascot*, and waited impatiently for the start.

On Sunday afternoon the tramp collier *Kaffir Chief* passed a line and stood out to sea with the *Mascot* in tow. Every one was in a cheerful mood, from the prairie-bred men in the cabin of the ramshackle river craft to the "Company"—who preferred the safer quarters on the collier.

It was summer time, and a long, gentle roll welcomed the novice *Mascot*. To her credit, she stood it for two days. Then, just as the passengers were regaining their legs and spirits after a season of seasickness, the hog chains snapped, a dollop of water plucked off the clumsy sternwheel, and she settled down in the trough of the sea with a limpness that boded ill.

An hour later the collier, after taking in the hawser, steamed around the wreck and the captain viewed the situation with highly seasoned profanity. The "Company," composed of two men, listened calmly to what he had to say.

"I thought," said the master of the *Kaffir Chief*, regaining articulateness, "that the inspectors passed that as a steamer that was seaworthy. Looks like it, doesn't she? Opened out like a dead clam, wheel gone, funnel dropped over like a trolley-pole, hog chains busted—just barely afloat, and that owing to her hold being full up with cordwood. I say, you men, what am I to do?"

"It is really distressing," said the president of the company. "We leave it to your judgment."

"But what can I do?" vociferated the captain. "What can I do with that rubbish heap? I'm no beach-comber. I can't tow it; she's coming apart every minute. She'll not hold together even to get back to the Columbia River."

The Secretary-Treasurer lit a cigar and smiled meaningly. "Do anything you like, old chap. Only don't get us mixed up with those men out there. They might blame us, when—" He paused gently.

"When what?" asked the captain with a scowl. Here the "Company" made a mistake. They did not understand that the master of the *Kaffir Chief* was both honest and had a sense of responsibility. It was the President who finished the sentence by remarking—"When it's bad seamanship that's to blame. The inspectors said the *Mascot* was fit to make the trip to St. Michaels, and you've wrecked her out here."

Captain Mears stared at them without a word of reply.

An hour later he came alongside the *Mascot* and swung himself from the small boat to her upper deck, now almost awash. He was greeted by a silence unbroken save by the noise of the state-room doors slamming as the steamer rolled.

The men sat sullenly on the piles of baggage rescued from the lower deck. Their faces were not pleasant to look upon, and their eyes, to the experienced captain, held evil. He wasted no words in preliminaries. "It lies with you what's to be done," he said, brusquely. "Speak up, somebody."

"Where's the President of the Company?" asked a voice. The captain hesitated. He meant to be loyal to his employers, but his sense of justice was

touched. "There's no use bringing them into it," he answered. "*They* won't help you."

"We want our money back!" shouted an old man.

"Save your skins first," suggested the captain.

Silence ensued once more, and he tried again. "This thing won't hold together much longer. The machinery may scrape through her bottom any minute and let that cordwood out. Then you'll drown."

"Take us on the *Kaffir Chief*," said another.

"Yes, and take us on up to St. Michaels," another put in.

There were cries of "No! Never!" and pandemonium reigned. Finally a determined looking man pushed his way up the sagging deck and the noise died away. "We've half of us lost our outfits," he began, "and all of us are out a good lot. Now what good will it do us to be landed broke without anything to eat? How are we to get into the mines? It's a tough country up north."

"Let's go back!"

"And what good will it do you to be landed in Astoria broke?" he retorted.

There was no answer, and he turned to the captain. "Now, sir, all we ask is that you take us aboard your boat, feed us at the company's expense, and when we land we'll deal with *them*."

There was a grunt of approval and the captain shifted his ground. "You'll be packed in like sardines. There's not an over-abundance of food. What I want to know is, where am I to take you?"

"To Astoria," was the reply, "and the quicker the better."

"Well, suppose a couple of you come over and talk to the company."

The self-constituted spokesman plucked a neighbor by the sleeve, received his commission from the miners, and they departed.

Late in the afternoon the impatient crowd on the *Mascot* welcomed the deputies back. With them came the President and the Secretary-Treasurer. The President did not relish his position, apparently, but he spoke loudly. "See here, men, we're sorry this has hap-

pened. Can't be helped now, you see. The *Kaffir Chief* will start back for Astoria in a couple of hours with this in tow. You're safe enough here, and three days will see you safe ashore."

He ceased and twenty men came towards him. "Stand back!" said their spokesman. "I'm representing this crowd, and I've something to say."

The "Company" supported themselves uneasily against the tilting side of the cabin, and the speaker went on. "My pardner and I have listened to a lot of this kind of talk. We haven't said anything yet, and now we're going to."

His audience kept quiet, and there were approving nods. "That ship," he continued, "is full of merchandise. These men have forty thousand dollars passage and freight money to account to us for. That belongs to us. It means only a couple of hundreds apiece, and we'll be out the cost of the trip West, our stake and our time. But it's better than nothing."

"Look here," the President broke in, "you're off there. You can look at your contract. The law protects us, and you're not entitled to a cent. If you were fools enough to put your eggs in one basket, that's your lookout, not ours. We've offered to do the square thing, and more we'll not do."

There was no answer. The setting sun shot its brilliant rays athwart the disheveled cabin, and the men blinked at the glare silently. Presently an oldish man, with the long, gnarled hands of a farmer, said (half to himself), "My wife is a-starin' into that sun and waitin' fer me. I won't see them green prairies any more. And she won't have a roof to her head." There was no note of appeal in his voice; it was a simple statement. Still the men waited.

Suddenly the spokesman lifted his hand. "How many men," he cried, "staked their last damn cent on this?" Every man shuffled forward and the tide of action was loosed. It was no longer an irresolute or irresponsible crowd, and he who aspired to lead them was satisfied.

"The first thing to do," he said, "is to take all our stuff and put it on the *Kaffir Chief*. We've got to abandon this. Go

ahead and pile it into the boats. Captain Mears has sent 'em over for that."

Within an hour the boats of the collier had transferred all that could be saved, and the men paused. Their leader, coatless, hatless and flushed with exertion, mounted a bench. "There's not much room on the *Kaffir Chief*, boys," he said, "and I move that we leave the Ignace Island Mining Company right here till they agree to our terms. They offered to tow us. We'll be polite and tow them. Now, you two thieves, when you feel like signing over your bills of exchange and lading, when you're willing to give us the cargo of the *Kaffir Chief*, we'll see if we can find room for you on a nicer boat."

Harsh laughter greeted this, and the two men cowered. "Look here, gentlemen," said the Secretary-Treasurer, "you won't talk this matter over fairly. We're simply standing on our rights according to law. We'll—"

A strong, though very calm voice breathed out over the crowd. "There ain't any law out here. We aren't talking to you any more. You set around here a couple of days. Then we'll do business with you."

Within an hour the two were quite alone, supperless and blanketless on the wallowing wreck of the *Mascot*. A quarter of a mile away they saw the gleaming lights of the *Kaffir Chief*, and the chill evening breeze bore down to them the careless laughter and hoarse song of their dupes.

When they turned their thoughts to their own position it was even worse.

Every roll slammed ghostly doors or yielded the more terrifying sound of the crash of a broken timber. The very seas peered tauntingly over the battered rail and threatened to engulf forever prison and prisoners.

What they suffered no one ever knew exactly, for they were cowards. To all their cries and hails there was no response, though the *Kaffir Chief* swung carelessly by, filled, as every sense told them, with cheer and plenty.

On the morning of the third day a committee of three put out from the collier and came up to the *Mascot*. Even to a landsman's eye the wreck had but little more time before the final breaking up. Yet there was no sympathy, no emotion of any sort on the leader's face as he greeted the gaunt captives.

"Well?" he asked quietly.

Both men threw themselves forward, trying to speak. "Oh, it's all right, is it? Come aboard the *Kaffir Chief*. Of course," continued the miner, gently, "we'll bring you back if you give us any more trouble."

The "Company" looked at each other.

"No," continued their master, "we're not going back to Astoria. We've concluded that with your kind financial assistance we can make it through to the Yukon. Glad of your company, of course. Coming?"

And with alacrity they came. Two hours later the collier *Kaffir Chief* was hull down to the northward, and all that remained of the Ignace Island Mining Company was the battered, sinking wreck of what had been the *Mascot*.

By William Bittle Wells

The Republic of Cuba "By Grace of the United States"

The past month has witnessed a unique spectacle in the political history of mankind. It has seen brought to a triumphant climax the long struggles of a people to be free. A new nation has been born in the world and its flag unfurled to the breeze. The birth of a new nation has not been a very unusual event in history, however. The unique in the history of Cuba and in the final establishment of its government during the past month lies in the fact that a great and powerful nation has been fighting its battles. Cuba, by the grace of America, now becomes an established republic. History has witnessed many strange incidents in political progress, but none more striking, more impressive, or more significant than this. When the United States, some four years ago, declared that its motives in assisting the people of Cuba to their freedom were disinterested, the world laughed the statement to scorn. It is fair to say, perhaps, that no one in Europe believed or expected that we would carry out our promises. They had the right to judge us by their own standards, and they made liberal use of it. That a nation like the United States, whose self-interests called so loudly for the acquisition of Cuban territory, should send out its armies and permit its strongest and most promising young men to shed their blood that Cuba might be free, was preposterous; the declaration of humanitarian motives, ridiculous. Self-interest, desire for territorial aggrandizement had heretofore characterized the national policy of every nation. It was an unheard-of thing that one government should deliberately seek to bring about the establishment of another government not subject to it in any way. The proposition made kings and emperors gasp in astonishment. Certainly it was a novel idea. But the United States went its way, though it was threatened at one time by the strongest combination that Europe could muster. It fought the battles of Cuba with success. It now says to Cuba, "Go your way, we will be your protector." This is the unique in the history of Cuba. It is this that has surprised the world and created a new outpost in political progress. For the first time in the history of the world a nation has arisen and said, "I am my brother's keeper."



The work that the United States started in to do, however, has not been entirely completed. It is true that our promises have been nobly carried out. But we cannot afford to stand idly by and see the new government wrecked upon the shoals of financial difficulties, especially when those difficulties are the result of the high tariffs that we impose upon Cuba's products. It is stated that a reduction of twenty-five per cent. on sugar and a liberal treaty of trade reciprocity would ensure business prosperity and political calm for Cuba, but there is considerable opposition to such reduction in Congress. It is hardly probable, however, that this opposition will be able to maintain itself against what it is clearly our plain duty to do. Cuba has sufficient natural resources to place her, after a few years of peace, in a flourishing condition. But her success or failure in this respect, if not indeed as regards the stability of the government itself, is almost entirely dependent upon us. America's record in her treatment of Cuba has been too generous, too brilliant to be now besmirched by the sordid considerations of trust politicians.

John Muir

The eminent naturalist, author and scientist whose paper on the forests of Oregon in last month's *Pacific* attracted no little attention, is naturally associated with John Burroughs as the foremost naturalists of the United States. Although a native of Scotland, he has spent by far the greater part of his life in this country, his father emigrating when the son was but twelve

to exploration and research, as a result of which contributions of incalculable value have been made to natural history. The establishment of the Yosemite National Park was due largely to his exploitation of the scenic beauty of that section. In 1879 he went to Alaska on a tour of exploration, discovering the famous glacier which was christened with his name.

As an author, he will be remembered for his book, "The Mountains of California," and for many briefer articles. One often loses sight of the scientific value of his works in an admiration that is constantly evoked by the poetic quality with which his work is invested.

Mr. Muir is now 64 years of age, but time has hardly touched his vigorous frame, and has served only to mellow and sweeten his rare and lovable nature.

* * *

Bret Harte

In the death of Bret Harte, the ranks of American men of letters have suffered an irreparable loss. In his own field, he was unique and unapproachable; and the short story owes much of its present vogue and form to his inimitable work. In the turbulent life of the mines and plains in the early days, he found a rare opportunity—material as fresh and unconventional and full of romance as ever appealed to the novelist. A keen observer, he grasped the possibilities of romance, and, with an art that is well-nigh perfect, produced the short stories, verses and novels that have made him famous.

Born in the East in 1839, his family migrated to California when young Harte was fifteen years of age. As a boy, he tried his hand at gold-digging, school-teaching and type-setting, but his ability with his pen finally won him an editorial position. It was, however, as

JOHN MUIR

years old. He settled in the Wisconsin wilderness, and the boy was reared in closest contact with nature in her manifold aspects. As a young man he pursued a scientific course in the University of Wisconsin, then started on a long botanizing tour of three years' duration. He finally made his home in California, in the Yosemite district.

His life since then has been devoted

the author of "The Luck of the Roaring Camp" that he leaped into national popularity. Editor for two years of the Overland Monthly, he soon left the scene of his great triumphs for the East, connecting himself with the "Atlantic" and the "Saturday Evening Post."

After some years of consistent productivity, he received a consular appointment to Crefeld, and soon after was transferred to Glasgow, where he remained until 1885. His long residence abroad seems to have expatriated him, as, on losing his appointment, he removed to London, where he lived until his death.

Bret Harte was an accomplished and brilliant author, whose work will remain a distinctive and abiding contribution to American literature.

* * *

Hon. Geo. H. Williams

Hon. George H. Williams has had a busy and distinguished public career. He was born in Columbia County, New York, March 23, 1823, and soon after being admitted to the bar he emigrated to Iowa, and was elected judge of the First Judicial District of that state in

HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS

1847. In 1852 he was a presidential elector. In 1853 President Pierce appointed him Chief Justice of the Territory of Oregon. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and was

elected United States Senator in 1864. In 1871 President Grant made him Attorney-General, and in 1874 he was nominated to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, but was not confirmed. He served on the commission that framed the treaty with England and settled the Alabama claims. Since his retirement from office of Attorney-General, Judge Williams has practiced law in Portland as the senior member of the firm of Williams, Wood & Linthicum. The city of Portland has just done itself the honor of electing him Mayor. Judge Williams has been a frequent contributor to the Columns of the Pacific Monthly.

* * *

Senator Alex. Sweek

Senator Alexander Sweek, of Portland, was elected President of the Ore-

SENATOR ALEX. SWECK

gon Native Sons at the annual meeting of the Grand Cabin, which met in Portland in June. Senator Sweek is a prominent Democrat, and was formerly municipal judge of Portland. He came within a very few votes of being re-elected to that position at the expiration of his term, and was elected two years ago joint Senator from Multnomah and Washington and Columbia Counties. He has been identified prominently with the Native Son organization, and the recognition that has just been accorded him is well deserved.

J. Pierpont Morgan on the Stand

The agitation incident to the formation of combinations like the Northern Securities Company continues unabated. Speaking of J. Pierpont Morgan's testimony as recently given, the New York Evening Post calls it "The authoritative exposition of the purpose underlying the present extensive corporation mergers." It says: "Mr. Morgan holds that stable control is the prime requisite for the welfare of modern corporations; that it can be guaranteed only by fixing the share capital at so large a figure that no outsider can buy up a majority; and that a capital of \$400,000,000, such as the Northern Securities possesses, is sufficiently large to insure that result." Discussing Mr. Morgan's testimony, the Post asks three questions which appear to us both pertinent and suggestive: "First, is or is not stability of control an advantage in itself? Second, how is beneficent or wise management to be guaranteed by such stability? Third, what proof is there that future 'contests for control' will be averted, even with a capital of \$500,000,000?"

"Mr. Morgan's proposition provides absolutely no remedy for a possibly incompetent or dishonest management." * *

* "This is the dilemma—either the company's shareholders have no real protection against mismanagement, or else the assumption of absolute stability of control is incorrect."

"We do not go into the question," continues that writer, "whether the public will consent indefinitely to the perpetual control of this mass of capital by people who do not actually own even a majority of it, and who in no real sense represent the body of investors. But the fact is not to be ignored that, with the extinction of private ownership, in the old-fashioned meaning of the term, the plan of Government ownership necessarily gets a lift." * * *

"What absolute guarantee have we that firms which can raise, on short notice, nearly a hundred millions capital to-day, may not be able, two or three years hence, to raise two or three hundred millions?"

How thankful ought our people to be for an untrammelled and unpurchasable press, in these days of unprecedented corporate combinations. It is in just such able and fearless questions and suggestions as the foregoing which lay bare the selfish fallacies of the merger theory, that we behold rising out of the threatening night the day star of hope.

—Geo. M. Gage

* * *

Practical Politics—The "Boss"

How to gain and keep the ascendancy in politics is a subject of supreme importance to political managers. Perhaps no two "Bosses" employ the same methods of conducting an election. The term "Boss" is used as a common expression to indicate the one individual, or the small combination of persons who direct the affairs of each political party within its particular territory during any general election. Each political party having a ticket in the field has its own manager, or managers. The usual organization of a party comprises a State Central Committee, made up of members from the different counties of a State, usually one member from each county. This committee has a chairman and a secretary. Its particular business is to look after the interests of the party in the entire State, conduct particularly the campaign for the State officers up for election, and keep intact the State organization as a permanent affair. Each county, too, has its central committee, made up from the several precincts of the county in like manner. This committee is the official representative of the party in each county. Its duty is to arrange the primaries and conventions, and

take care of the county ticket up for election. The chairman of the county committee usually receives the credit for success at the polls or has to stand the odium of defeat. Sometimes the county chairman is the "Boss" of his party in his particular county. Usually, however, he is not the "Boss." The dominating element, the controlling mind, the watchful, sagacious, persistent, capable person to whom the various elements of a party usually look for guidance in a political campaign, does not as a rule occupy the position of chairman. He is far too astute for that.

Chairmen succeed one another ordinarily once a year, but the "Boss" is succeeded usually by another who has shown greater capacity in handling the forces of a party, and his reign lasts while he can control, better than any other man, the several elements within his own party, and secure the greatest measure of success at the polls. Sometimes overwhelming defeat occurs to a ticket, and then it is very useful to the "Boss" not to be the official head of his party. Such instances frequently occur, and the unlucky chairman in such a year is usually glad to retire from any further responsibility as a leader. The "Boss," however, remains in the background, watchful as ever, noting the causes for defeat, putting out defences to guard against any future catastrophe for similar reasons, and in due time promoting to the chairmanship some man calculated to insure the greatest measure of harmony in the party for the next election.

Necessity for Organization

Under our form of government, it seems that political parties, while having little, if any, legal existence, are an established necessity. Representative government could scarcely be maintained without political parties to formulate policies, and present advocates to uphold them. So, in lesser degree, has come about a custom of "Boss" rule. Within each successful political party there will be found one or more persons so interested, for patriotic or pecuniary reasons, in its success, that their main business will be promoting the ascend-

ency of their party. This is looked upon by many persons as a bad, utterly bad, state of affairs. But is such a view entirely just? I make no plea for the "Boss." He knows how to take care of himself, and his party, too. But is he not, in some sense, a necessity in his particular sphere, just as truly as the political party is a necessity in its particular field of usefulness?

•

The Boss's Difficult Position

Political "bosses" do not usually enjoy a very high reputation for truth and veracity. Sometimes their honesty is also questioned, so that it has come to be a custom to regard a "Boss" as the embodiment of all that is wicked and objectionable in the eyes of many persons. Particularly in the eyes of the opponents of his party. The more successful the "Boss," the more wicked and sinful his operations.

The "Boss," in his private relations with men, is trusted and respected. Whereas, in his political conduct he is very much distrusted and disliked often-times by many who value his friendship in private matters. This is a paradox difficult to comprehend.

Persons interested in ethical movements frequently encounter expressions of sentiment against "machine politics," "Boss rule," and the like. Such movements usually make for the purification of politics. But after any considerable measure of success of such movements it invariably occurs that the dominant party eventually settles down to business in the same old way. About one good, old-fashioned contest with a practical "Boss" eliminates what of sentiment any length of success has left, and its aftermath is the usual "practical" methods which have been found opposing the sentimentalists. This is usually excused on the grounds that one must fight His Satanic Majesty with fire, or, more politely, "The ends justify the means."

This is the way it is done in Oregon, as elsewhere, and it is probable that the time is far distant when Oregon will be behind in a knowledge of affairs political.

—J. H. Wilson

—The prosperity of a nation depends upon the health and morals of its citizens, and the health and morals of people depend mainly upon the food they eat and the houses they live in. The time has come when we must have a science of domestic economy, and it must be worked out in the homes of our educated women. A knowledge of the elements of chemistry and physics must be applied to the daily living.—Ellen Richards.

The Cosy Corner

The cosy corner has become so popular as to be quite indispensable. No home is so humble that it cannot afford a cushioned nook; and it does not detract from its comfort that it is made plainly and inexpensively. Indeed, it is often the case that the elaborate and costly "cosy-corners" are such by name only, and not nearly so comfortable and inviting as the less pretentious affairs. The cosy corner which was so popular a few years ago, and is still seen in many homes, with its imitation studio effects, its clanking armor, its grotesque heads and heavy draperies, has lost its vogue. It was stuffy and hot, and one always felt as if the hangings and armor were about to tumble about one's head.

The cosy corner of today is an eminently sensible affair, comfortable and attractive. The seat must be low and deep, and, if possible, near a window. If not in a corner, one or both ends should have high "arms" to prevent the pillows from falling off. Whether it be upholstered or not depends largely on location. The one in the living-room or bedroom is better if it has removable cushions of leather, corduroy, velours or denim, and stuffed with hair, felted cotton or palmetto fibre. But the seat in the hall, dining-room or veranda is preferably left in the natural wood, or painted to harmonize with the decorations of the room.

Back of the seat or divan should be placed hangings of color and material to suit the surroundings. They may be the same as the upholstering, or of tapestry, denim, or any of the many appropriate fabrics. Rings may be fastened to the

wall through which they may be draped; or, if burlap, leather or matting is employed, it may be tacked smoothly to the wall with brass brads. Where the seat is built in—and this is by far the best kind—a set of shelves at one end, and high enough up so that there is no danger of bumping one's head, is an addition. On the shelves, tea-things may be kept, or bric-a-brac of various kinds. For the library cosy corner a little book shelf should be near, on which the favorite books are always kept within reach. A rather low, strong screen will contribute to the idea of privacy; and a tabourette, with tobacco things, should be near, if the room be a man's den, or the chafing-dish, if it be a girl's snuggery. A small table with reading lamp, magazines, etc., is a valued accessory. In fact, the variations may be infinite, to suit conditions, taste and pocket-book.

The pillows are, it goes without saying, the conspicuous feature. They may be of all shapes, sizes, hues and materials, and "the more the merrier." Comfort, however, should be considered above beauty, and durability need not be neglected. Finally, a room equipped with a cosy corner that is worthy the name is made vastly more attractive and home-like.

G. T.

* * *

Cheerful Mothers Make Good Sons

Should a mother with a "man-child" to rear, not only for the time but for eternity, be a chronic fault-finder, complainer and uncheerful companion to her own son? writes Mariam Zieber in Good Housekeeping. Does it ever occur to

such a woman that perhaps as her boy nears his mother's house he feels a little pang of dread because of the gloomy spirit he knows he will find there? Maybe his heart longs for a whole-souled cheeriness and brightness, such as some other boy's mother he knows of possesses; maybe this same heart aches for a real home life, where his own nature could the more readily expand and bloom and flower. Oh, the dark homes throughout the land, just for want of a little self-control and thoughtfulness on the part of the mothers inhabiting them!

Think, then, of how a mother's disposition may affect a son! Yet, in the face of it, look around you and notice the greetings the mothers of sons give their offspring, those they are casting on the sea of humanity. Thousands of mothers are destroying their sons' faith in women. If men cannot find the sunshine of life in their feminine companions on the road to eternity, where are they to look for it? Not to other men, surely, for others are, like themselves, on the search for a complement to their own nature, a woman's bright, cheerful soul, ready to impart courage and comfort. When they find such a one, be she mother, sister, sweetheart or friend, they will pour out the very best of their souls at her feet. But if the first woman they meet, the mother, be an element of ever overhanging gloom, it may mean a poisoning of the masculine physical vigor at its source.

Take care, oh mothers, lest you make your home and your very personal vicinity a sphere less pleasant than the street corners, questionable places of amusement, or the gilded, optimistic halls of sin! Remember, there are no scoldings, fault-findings and indifference there; only enticings, cheerfulness, bright faces and pleasant words.

* * *

A Home Duty

Is not the presentation of a youthful appearance and youthful relationship one of the prime duties to the home? Premature infirmities of body and mind may be unavoidable on account of disease, but even when this is the case, the person who makes constant effort to cultivate

cheerfulness and avoids complaint is a true benefactor. The apparent sacrifice made for the sake of others is reflected upon the nature of the person making it, and health is really better as well as the home made fuller of comfort and light. Let the sunset glow of life be golden, luminous with the joy of a heart kept in tune with the loved ones whom you are to leave behind.

* * *

Give Your Child a Garden

It is an exceptional child who would not value flowers and a garden of its own, says the Woman's Home Companion. Boys and girls alike are delighted with the very idea of possessing a bit of ground where they can "plant things" and watch them grow. The workers in city missions know that even the most unpromising specimens of slum childhood can be won by flowers; and among children of more favored classes the moral influence of flowers is a force, though it is not recognized or extended as it might be. People living in villages or small cities usually have some grounds around their homes in which they can set apart a place for the children's garden. . . . The love of nature fostered by this garden-making will prove a constant source of pleasure through the child's life. The cultivation of habits of close observation and the knowledge of useful and of harmful plants thus gained is sure to be of future value. Let the work of planning the children's garden begin with the early days of spring.

* * *

The Value of Simplicity

I have discovered, says a writer in Good Housekeeping, what lots of other folks are also learning, that what we need in this life is simplicity. Instead of making existence increasingly complex, we should make it progressively simple. Who will tell us how to apply simplicity in our homes, our work, duties, life? For one thing, I have learned from experience to buy only what is either useful or ornamental, or both. I have quit attaching myself to a lot of useless junk, as I did formerly before I screwed up courage enough to throw this stuff out of my house.

A Department Devoted to Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, the Pioneers, Sons and Daughters of Pioneers and Historical Data of the Northwest.

The Oldest Living Pioneer

The village of Dora, Coos County, Oregon, enjoys the distinction of having as an inhabitant the oldest living pioneer. William Abernethy, whose claim to such an honor seems to be well founded, came to the Pacific Coast in 1840, two years before the first immigrant train ventured upon the long and perilous journey. His parents left their home in Illinois in '39, traveling by wagon and canal to New York, where they took ship for the journey around Cape Horn. They stopped at Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, and went as far west as Honolulu, where some of the passengers disembarked. Finally, after five months upon the seas, the boat reached Vancouver, leaving there the families who sought a home in the new and strange land.

The Abernethys settled near Oregon City, the father engaging in lumbering and farming. The old house in which they lived is still standing, and in a good state of preservation.

Mr. Abernethy, a hale and hearty man whose years have passed the three-score and ten, is engaged in farming near Coos Bay. He has watched the marvelous development of this land of promise, and has himself contributed no small share in the advancement of its interests. The burden of his age rests lightly upon him, and he gives promise of living to see the further development of the country where so many years of his life have been happily passed.

* * *

Umatilla Pioneers

A thoroughly successful reunion of the Pioneers Association of Umatilla County was held in connection with Memorial Day. The attendance was large, the ex-

ercises were well arranged, admirably executed and keenly enjoyed by the enthusiastic audience of 1500 people. The annual address was rendered by Rev. H. M. Marvin, of Walla Walla, and was in every way a masterly effort.

* * *

The Annual Meetings

The annual meetings of the Oregon Native Sons, The Pioneers and The Native Daughters are being held while this issue of The Pacific Monthly is on the press. A full account of the exercises, election of officers and other business will appear in our next number.

* * *

P. W. Gillette

P. W. Gillette was born in Lawrence County, Ohio, in 1825, and spent the early years of his life on his father's farm. He received his education at the common schools and also at Clearmont Academy. As a young man, he became interested in the possibilities of the great Northwest, then known only as a vast, pathless tract, covered by mighty forests and intersected by great rivers, and, in '52, in company with many others, made the long and difficult journey to the land of promise.

He settled a few miles from Astoria—then composed of less than a score of buildings—taking up a donation claim and clearing the land for agriculture.

Two years after his arrival, he received from his father in the East, a collection of flowers, including 25 varieties of roses, shrubbery, strawberry, seeds, etc. This was practically the first importation of small fruit and flowers, and was distributed throughout this whole section. From this stock has sprung a large proportion of the roses,

strawberries, shrubbery, and other fruits and flowers which bloom and bear in such wonderful luxuriance in Oregon and adjacent states. The express upon the three small boxes in which the stock was packed amounted to \$150.00.

Mr. Gillette served his county in important capacities, and in '62 and '64 was elected to the Legislature, where he was the author of several important measures. Chief among these were the bills framed by him which regulated pilotage at the mouth of the Columbia, resulting in the introduction of steam tugs to supersede the old schooners, and establishing equitable pilot rates. In '67, Mr. Gillette removed to Portland, engaging in the real estate business. He speaks with pardonable pride of the deals he negotiated for General Sheridan and other well known men.

But few men have been so closely allied with the development of the Northwest. Mr. Gillette's memory is a rich storehouse of facts and incidents of the early days. His intimate knowledge lends especial interest to the extensive article on the Lewis and Clark Expedition written by him and appearing serially in The Pa-

cific Monthly. He has spared no pains to make this brief history accurate and authoritative, and it should be read with interest and profit.

P. W. GILLETTE

Our Honored Pioneers

June McMillen Ordway

Our Pioneers;

*Tho' tempest tossed, they came, like strong, new ships full
freighted,*

With hopes of men, with women's sobs and tears.

No storms coul chill their strong, brave hearts,

Nor e'er their courage dim

Through all the many untold trying years.

Brave Pioneers;

Long miles ahead, they saw the stately daylight fading;

Each morn new light shone in their weary eyes.

For this new West they'd left their loved,

Hope's mirage led them on—

They heard the call that bade them wake and rise.

Dear Pioneers;

How many of our loved have found their last safe haven!

Like broken spars adrift and nearing shore,

God calls them home so fast, in ever gaining numbers,

After the storm the calm—

A new world's glories their's for evermore.

By W. F. G. Thacker

"None But the Brave"—

By Hamblin Sears.

Price, \$1.50

New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

One might well suppose that the War of the Revolution had been long since squeezed of all the juice of romance until nothing remained but the dry pulp. Yet here appears a novelist who finds sufficient unused historical matter to lend the cast of probability to his tale; and doubtless many other succeeding makers of fiction will discover still other material out of which to fashion their stories. The mine seems to be quite inexhaustible.

The action in "None but the Brave" hinges upon the treachery of Benedict Arnold, and the attempts of the hero to frustrate his foul machinations. Later in the story, New York becomes the scene of action, and the hero's desperate but unsuccessful effort to capture the traitor results in no end of thrilling adventures. One is introduced to Clinton's magnificent court, with its pomp and splendor, and then, by way of contrast, to the dark horrors of the old "sugar house" prison.

The book, however, depends not greatly upon its setting for the interest of the narrative, but has a dash and swing of its own, that carry it clear of any historical impediment. It is a stirring tale, with a restless rapidity of action that plunges from one breathless situation to another at break-neck pace. It is full of hot fighting and hard riding; and the "heart-interest," although present in full measure, is not allowed to over-run and stifle the narrative, as is so often the case. It is concrete and straightforward, and never lags for one instant.

Moreover, the author is sufficiently artful in creating and maintaining the atmosphere of reality. It is all very plausible; at least, after the first chapter,

for that compulsory marriage is a device, old and familiar though it is, that always strains our credulity. But from that point to the closing words, the illusion is quite perfect, and that is a strong argument in its favor. The characters are in no wise different from those of many other novels of the same type; yet they are sufficiently brave and beautiful and human to enlist our sympathy in their thralling adventures.

In fine, the book is a historical novel of excellent fibre, and one that need be in no whit ashamed to hold up its head with those of its kind.

* * *

The Lady Paramount—

By Henry Harland

Price, \$1.50

New York: John Lane

There may be many better books, but that there are any more perfectly charming than this exquisite little love-tale, it is difficult to believe. It is thing compounded of beauty and folly, laughter and love. An idyll, it is, delicate and fragile, yet quaintly humorous. Frankly improbable, purely imaginative, it is linked with the fairy-story, the fantasy. Its scene might better be laid in Arcadia or Elysium than in this prosaic world. It is a confection of light and fragrance, mirth and tenderness; a violet-scented dream of a summer's night; an ecstatic peep thro' the rose-tinted windows of the author's castle in Spain.

If there ever was a love story, this is one—untrammelled by any complicating history, or anything alien to the heart-affairs of the two principals. Even the slight barrier that stands in the way of the happiness of the lovers is so transparent that not for an instant does the reader lose faith in the blissful denouement. The over-sweet of too much love-making is provided against by the introduction of some quaint humor. The

hero's self-infatuated major domo is an excellent light comedian who sparkles with *bon mots* and euphuisms.

Not the least delightful features are the beautiful nature-descriptions in which the book abounds. It is vibrant with the voicings of birds and brilliant with the hues of flowers. Nature is painted in her own glowing tints, and smiles beamingly forth from the rose-gardens of England and the semi-tropic splendors of an Aegean isle.

And the heroine!—truly no fairer vision of ecstatic loveliness was ever bodied in guise of young womanhood. And she is, withal, deliciously human, with the most bewildering variety of moods (and also of frocks, it can be truthfully added.)

But the author reaches his best vein in the idyllic love passages, which are done—but not over-done—in the spirit of delicate raillery, melting into exquisite tenderness.

"The Lady Paramount" is a free, upward flight of the imagination into the unclouded realms of romance. As such, it is inimitable.

* * *

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.

By Wallace Irwin
Price, 50 cents

San Francisco: Elder & Shepard

In his "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," Mr. Irwin showed a mastery of form and a purity of humor which, even in the eyes of the critical, disinfected his unsanitary diction. And now in this new book we have him in a still more amusing mood. There is the same careful "form," the same unspoiled humor, with a quite miraculous use of sonorous sesquipedalian vocables.

Unlike most elaborate fun-making Omar Jr. is simple to the eye, not of wearisome length and unexceptionable in its allusions. Mr. Irwin's Tenth Muse is evidently not so daring as even that of Omar Senior.

Among the many features of this little book are a witty preface and most comi-

cal notes, in both of which the Bornese legend and local allusions are ingeniously explicated for the lay reader.

Mr. Irwin has also introduced to our language a good many new words. We trust that in most cases they will not progress farther than this first formality, unless an exception be made in favor of "torques," which is a most genteel appearing and lady-like verb.

We fear that Mr. Irwin's personal grievances have found poetic vent once or twice—notably in No. LXXVI. Yet let us forgive him, for it is a tender treatment compared to that which Mr. Burgess grants to the subjects he has chosen to illustrate.

Typographically, the book is a gem, quite worthy of its publishers. Which means much to those who know.

* * *

The Four-Leaf Clover—

Ella Higginson

Whatcom, Washington.

A dainty little leaflet of daintiest verse, this little collection of poems will bring pleasure to Miss Higginson's many friends and go far to swell the ranks of her admirers. Unpretentious and unassuming, her stanzas sing themselves into the very heart and touch there an answering note. While the efforts at more serious measures are not without merit, yet it is in the lighter lyrics that the poet is at her best. Fanciful, feminine, lilting and melodious, and graced with fairest imagery, these charming madrigals cannot but captivate.

The "Four-Leaf Clover," which lends its name to the collection, "The Little Girl of Violet Land," "Sleep" and "The Rose" are especially delightful; and this little verse, "September" will convey the poetic quality of the selections:

"Purple and gold and crimson,
Lavender, rose and green,
With luminous rays of opal
Trembling in between—
And gold-dust sifted over all
From heaven's curving screen."



IN POLITICS—

The Philippine Government Bill

The Senate, by a vote of 48 to 30, has passed the bill providing for a stable government of the Philippine Islands. The bill, is, for the most part, an approval of the actions of the President and the Philippine Commission. The bill of rights of the United States Constitution is extended to the Filipinos with the exception of the right to bear arms and the right to a trial by jury. Municipal and provincial governments are to be organized as rapidly as the communities are ready for them. Suitable judiciaries are to be established and taxes levied. Regulations for the control of all public lands are made, and the commission is authorized to acquire the friar lands, and to issue bonds to pay for them. A currency is provided for and many other provisions made for the rapid establishment of a government.

End of the War

The termination of the struggle in South Africa is at last an accomplished fact. The news, coming as it does on the eve of the coronation, is thrice welcome to England, and the rejoicings in London and throughout the realm were correspondingly great. The terms under which the Boers consented to lay down arms are extremely favorable to the Transvaalers. Their independence is, of course, sacrificed, but the greatest possible freedom in self-government is to be granted. A general amnesty is to be declared to all participating in the surrender; rifles are to be retained and no proceedings taken against the burghers. Dutch is to be taught in the schools, and every effort made to re-establish the industries of the country.

Improvement in Customs Inspection

The extreme annoyance and actual loss of time and property suffered at the hands of the customs inspectors by returning tourists have been greatly ameliorated by the regulations issued by Secretary Shaw. These contain several important provisions. Any article taken abroad as baggage is admitted free upon return. A \$100 exemption is permitted upon wearing apparel and articles of personal adornment. Non-residents (*i. e.* those having had a fixed foreign abode for a year or more) are exempt from all duty on personal effects. Circulars are distributed to outgoing and incoming passengers giving rates on articles purchased abroad and explaining the customs regulations. Moreover, the much-criticised inspectors are admonished to use all possible care, neatness and dispatch in the performance of their duties, and, as far as possible, to relieve passengers from all anxiety.

An Evidence of Good-will

On May 24th, the statue of Count Rochambeau was unveiled and dedicated, and the event was made the occasion of much friendliness between France and the United States. Rochambeau, it will be remembered, was sent to this country by King Louis during the War of the Revolution, and proved a most valuable and efficient ally. A distinguished mission of army and navy officers, including the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, was sent by President Loubet to lend dignity to the unveiling. The present Count and Countess of Rochambeau and Count and Countess de Lafayette were present, a mark of singular respect and honor. The unveiling, performed by the Countess of Rochambeau, was attended with much ceremony and many expressions of mutual esteem.

The Death of Lord Pauncefote

Lord Julian Pauncefote, of Preston, at the time of his death had for thirteen years served as Great Britain's ambassador to the United States—a period marked by a discontinuance of the strained relations theretofore existing between the two countries, and by a mutual feeling of brotherhood and unity.



Lord Pauncefote was born of a distinguished English family, and educated in England and abroad. He was intended for the army, but soon gave it up for the law, where he won many honors. He served his government in many important capacities before he was sent to this country. On both sides of the Atlantic his death is deeply mourned.

Relief for the Sufferers

The appalling calamities which resulted from the eruptions of volcanoes at Martinique and St. Vincent have been so extensively reported as to need no further recountal. At present writing the craters are still spurting smoke and flame and there is every apprehension of renewed outburst. The only feature that relieves the gloom of the terrible tragedy exists in the vigorous and effective measures taken for the relief of the survivors whose homes have been devastated and whose livelihood cut off. The United States was a leader in the movement with a prompt appropriation of \$200,000. The popular subscription exceeds \$100,000, not to mention the food, clothing and other necessities dispatched to the islands.

Cuba Libre!

At 12 o'clock May 20th, General Wood, representing the United States, transferred the government of Cuba to Palma, President of the Republic, and a new nation came into being. The ceremonies were simple, but deeply impressive. General Wood read the document enunciating the pledges of the new government to immediately proclaim the constitution and to fulfill all obligations assumed by the United States for Cuba, in accordance with the Treaty of Paris. The transfer was then given expression by the lowering of the Amer-

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Prof. Charles Marchand, 39 Prince St., New York

ican flag and the raising of the standard of Cuba. The appearance of the bunting was greeted by a salvo of salutes from foreign war ships in the harbor and hailed by a tremendous cheer from the vast concourse of people assembled to witness the momentous event. Dispatches of congratulation were received by Palma from President Roosevelt, and many were the expressions of good-will and gratitude to the United States. The birth of the republic could not have occurred under more favorable auspices.

Elections in Oregon

The State elections held in Oregon resulted in the complete success of the Republican ticket with the notable exception of the governorship. Mr. Chamberlain, Democrat, was elected Governor by a small majority. The Republican candidates for Congress were elected and the Legislature is strongly Republican.

* * *

IN INDUSTRY—

The Beef Trust Injunction

On the application of the federal government, an order was granted by the court at Chicago enjoining the persons and corporations composing the beef trust, so-called, from any action the purpose or effect of which will be a restraint of trade in fresh meats. The injunction is comprehensive, enumerating all the methods and devices in operation by the trust. It remains to be seen whether or not the measure will prove effectual in reducing the prices of meats. It is, however, a vigorous and fearless blow at the unjust and illegitimate operations of those in control of the output of beef and other meats.

The Miner's Strike

As a result of the convention of delegates representing the anthracite miners, a strike involving 130,000 men were ordered, by a vote of 461 to 349. The demands are, in brief, a reduction of time from 9 to 8 hours labor for those employees who work by the day, and an increase of twenty per cent in the wages of those working on contracts. The mine-owners refuse any

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concessions and, also, will not consent to arbitration. The strikers threaten to call out the engineers and pump operators, in which event an appalling loss of property would inevitably result from the flooding of the mines. If the magnates still remain firm, a sympathetic strike of 300,000 bituminous coal miners will probably ensue, with a tremendous loss to the world of industry. The owners give no signs of yielding and serious trouble is anticipated.

* * *

IN SCIENCE—

A New System of Wireless Telegraphy That Marconi is not alone entitled to the honor of inventing a means of wireless communication is evidenced by the report of the experiments conducted by the Navy Equipment Bureau. These have been along the line of testing the device of Prof. Fessenden, and have proved entirely successful. The new system has several points of superiority over Marconi's. The most notable is the improved method of receiving—the "coherer," Marconi's device, being replaced by a "wave-deflector," an instrument far more sensitive, reliable and requiring a current of much less intensity. By this method, a message was transmitted a distance of fifty miles at the rate of twenty-five words a minute. The inventor modestly says that the work is by no means perfected, and looks for far more satisfactory results from continued investigation.

Meanwhile, the "Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Company of America" has been compelled to adopt a new system of tuning and receiving, perfected by Prof. Pupin, necessary to prevent disturbance by foreign instruments. They announce that they will be ready for business in ninety days.

The Metric System A bill is now before Congress the passage of which will authorize the adoption of the metric system by the departments of the United States government. Years ago the system was sanctioned by the government,

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but the old Anglo Saxon units have prevailed. The vast extension of our international business, however, renders the adoption of a common system quite indispensable. Besides, the metric system is much more logical and accurate than the older one, and its employment will facilitate measurements in countless ways,

An Armored War-car

A practical war-car has been invented by F. R. Simms, and constructed by an English armament manufacturing house. It is described as a "mobile conning tower," in length, 17 feet; in width, 6 feet. It is propelled by a motor of 16 horse-power, the fuel being either gasoline or kerosene. It will carry twelve tons maximum weight and attain a speed of 9 or 10 miles per hour. The unique feature is the armor, the entire frame-work being enclosed in a steel sheath, with ram-shaped bow and stern. It is impervious to small arms, and is constructed to be proof against boarding. Its armament consists of two pompons and two rapid-firing Maxims, mounted upon disappearing platforms. The car can be operated by three or four men, but can carry twenty if necessary. It should prove a most formidable engine of war.

A Herculean Feat

An engineering *tour de force* that paralyzes credibility was that performed in New Jersey recently. A railroad bridge consisting of six spans, 900 feet long, and weighing 1,800 tons was to be moved downstream fifteen feet to make way for a new masonry bridge. It was desired to interrupt traffic as little as possible. As a matter of fact, the time that elapsed between the passage of the last train over the bridge in its old position and that of the first to cross it after its transposition was just fourteen minutes. The actual moving of the bridge required less than three minutes. So much for the daring, the resources, the precision of modern engineering.

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"The Breakers" is a hotel that is unsurpassed anywhere on the Pacific Coast, north of the famous California beach resorts. The building has an ocean front of 100 feet, is seventy-six feet wide and four stories high, or seventy-three feet from the ground floor to the top of observatory. It has handsomely furnished rooms for 250 guests. The house is lighted by electricity, and heated by steam and spacious tiled fireplaces. Its electric lights make it one of the most brilliant beacons on the entire coast to the "ships that pass in the night." The office is large and tasteful, the dining-room seats 200 guests at once, and the kitchen is equipped with every modern culinary convenience. There are hot and cold seawater baths in the house, and well-furnished pool and billiard rooms. The waves of the ocean at high tide roll within 200 feet of the house, and the beach in front is superb for surf-bathing. The observatory commands a view of the ocean, Shoalwater Bay and the whole peninsula, and there is scarcely a room in the hotel that does not open out upon an ocean scene. In the sixty-acre park surrounding the hotel are natural groves, velvet lawns, and two small freshwater lakes, clear as crystal. On the grounds are bowling alleys, golf-links and tennis-courts; on the lakes, a fleet of sail and rowboats, and on Shoalwater Bay, just east of the lakes, a gasoline launch for parties of fishermen, picnickers, or those who prefer the warm-still-water bathing to the tumbling of the surf. In the mountain forests across the bay, bear, deer, grouse and other game abound. Altogether, it is an ideal summering-place.

For further information, rates, etc., write

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WASH.**

IN LITERATURE—

**Cyrano de
Bergerac a
Plagiarism**

The claim of Samuel E. Gross, a stock-broker of Chicago, that Edmund Rostand, in the writing of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, was guilty of plagiarism, has been substantiated. Judge Kohlsaat, from the bench of the United States court, issued an injunction against the production of the play as the work of Rostand. The evidence developed that Gross, some years previously, had written a play entitled "The Merchant Prince of Corneville," and that Rostand's famous drama was so parallel in plot, construction, characters, situations and dialogue as to render the plagiarism indisputable. Hereafter the royalties will be deflected into the pockets of Gross, who, it is said, has spent an enormous sum in proving his claim to originality.

**The Out-of-Door
Fiction**

Now that we are in the full tide of the Spring, books on Out-of-Doors seem to take a new lease of life. It will be remembered that *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* followed closely on the heels of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and *The Benefactress*, and ran through edition after edition within a few months of its issue, and that it is not a book of a season only is proved by its already having run into two editions this Spring. As the English book by the anonymous German authoress was so warmly appreciated in America, so this *Garden of a Commuter's Wife*, American in its title, and by an anonymous American woman, has found an equally appreciative audience in England. Still another edition is just on the press for immediate publication, and it will not be uninteresting news to many readers to hear that the early Autumn will probably see another book by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*.

**Lucy M.
Thurston**

Lucy M. Thurston, the author of "Mistress Brent," has been a student of history since her school days, and at one time taught that branch of study in a large school in

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Baltimore, her home. She has made a special study of the early colonial life of Maryland, and her first novel, written during a long holiday up in the mountains of Virginia, has been pronounced historically accurate.

* * *

IN EDUCATION—

Educational Conference At Cleveland, Ohio, there was held recently a largely attended and profitable meeting of the "North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools." Plans for unit courses of instruction were discussed and measures taken regarding the uniformity of college entrance requirements. President Draper of Illinois University read a forceful paper advocating the legal adoption of definitions of the terms university, college, etc., dwelling upon the abuses of these names by individuals and corporations.

The Future of Andover Seminary The report is in circulation that Andover, the oldest of the four Congregational seminaries in New England, is either to be moved to Cambridge or merged with Chicago Seminary. It would appear that the denomination is unable to support so many institutions. Two of its most distinguished professors have recently transferred themselves to Harvard, and now, it seems, the institution itself is to take refuge near the same haven.

In the South The symptoms of an educational renaissance in the South are unmistakable. The organization of the Southern Educational Board is a vigorous move in the right direction, and the leaders of education seem to have united upon a vigorous campaign for improved educational methods and ideals.

Cecil Rhodes' Will The parts of the will of Cecil Rhodes relative to education have excited a vast deal of

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comment. He provides for twenty scholarships tenable at Oxford for three years each, with an annual value of 300 pounds. These are distributed throughout the colonies of Great Britain. Also, he appropriates two scholarships of like value to each State and Territory in the United States of America.

Summer School in Portland

During the months of July and August a special session of school will be held at the Hill Military Academy, for general instruction and private coaching. It will be open to day and boarding pupils, boys of all ages being admitted. A summer school is somewhat of an innovation, but, considering the many advantages under which it is inaugurated, should prove a great success.

* * *

IN ART—

Restoration of Athenian Architecture

It is, perhaps, not widely known that the work of restoring the Parthenon at Athens was begun some years ago. Certain portions of this famous pile had become so infirm that they were in perpetual danger of falling, thus further advancing its ruin. Measures were taken to prevent this catastrophe, and were so successful that some of the fallen columns were set in place and friezes restored to their original position. A movement is now on foot to restore other of the grand old monuments on the Acropolis, notably the Propylaea and Erecheion. Only a small expenditure of money would be requisite for the restoration, as far as possible, for these works, which, otherwise, will be lost to the future.

The Rochambeau Statue

The statue of Count Rochambeau—the dedication of which is mentioned in another column—is, from an artistic standpoint, a beautiful and impressive work. It is in bronze and of heroic size. The figure of Rochambeau stands upon a massive base, one hand extended, the other holding the plans for the siege of Yorktown. Against the base is set the figure of Liberty, in

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one hand the Stars and Stripes and the tricolor, in the other an unsheathed sword. On one side is engraved an extract from a letter written by George Washington to Rochambeau: "We have been contemporaries and fellow-laborers in the cause of liberty and we have lived together as brothers should do, in harmonious friendship."

The statue, is should be mentioned, is a replica of one erected in Vendome, the native city of Rochambeau. The sculptor is M. Fernand Hamar. \$22,500 were appropriated by Congress for the purchase of the statue and pedestal, and nearly as much more for the purpose of entertaining the distinguished visitors who came to lend honor to the unveiling.

The Salon The exhibition of paintings at the Paris Salon is, as ever, the premier event in the artistic calendar. This year interest centers in the portraits, which are unusually fine. It is noteworthy that two popular ones are the exquisite portraits of Mrs. Roosevelt and Alice Roosevelt, by M. Chartran. Madame Loubet is represented, also the poet Rostand. Jules Lefebvre's principal offering is "The Sleeping Vestal," characterized by "noble sentiment wedded to faultless execution." The work of M. Detaille, who has a whole room to himself, is described as one of the foremost features of the exhibition.

* * *

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

A Bureau of Missions One of the beneficial results of the Ecumenical Conference is the organization of an incorporated Bureau of Missions to serve as a sort of "clearing house" for the various missionary organizations. Its three departments, a Museum, Library and Bureau of Information all have the same general object: the collection and distribution of information regarding missions, their needs, operations and results.

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"Finally, in the end, at last," and as the result of years of discussion and recrimination, the Presbyterian denomination, through its general assembly, has adopted a code of amendments to the creed. It needs now only the ratification by a two-thirds vote of the various presbyteries to become authoritative. The amendments are rather in the way of stating the accepted truths in clearer and less objectionable language. The vexed doctrine of "infant damnation" is explained away, and that of predestination is so expressed as to be free from exceptionable features. The new statement has been received with general approbation, and a feeling of relief is in evidence at the satisfactory settlement of so difficult a problem.

• • •

Those Small Annoyances.

The Slave at the Desk had just signed a note to "Old Subscriber," politely but firmly declining a 2000-word communication on "Why the Lewis and Clark Exposition Should be Located at the Southwest Corner of Seventy steenth street and Hot Air avenue."

He reached for his one and only blotting pad. It was not in its accustomed pigeon hole. Then he:—

Looked under 27 piles of MSS. which were on his desk,

Upset an ink well,

And grew red in the face;

Looked between the sheets of 17 lots of assorted local copy,

Peered into all the open pigeon holes of his desk,

Dropped a fountain pen into the paste pot,

And exclaimed;

Hurriedly ran through a stack of letters,

Looked under a pile of newspapers on top of his desk,

And called the office boy, who was looking on, a rubbering galoot;

Opened all the closed pigeon holes of his desk,

And all the drawers,

And knocked over his portable telephone with his elbow,

And uttered a silent prayer;

Then searched through a pile of debris on the floor,

And crawled under his desk to look htere,

And bumped his head;

Then he climbed up again and found his blotter on top of the letter he had signed.

—The Telegram, Portland.

HOTEL FLAVEL

If you contemplate
"Going to the Coast"
this Summer

you should bear in mind the unparalleled advantages that the Hotel Flavel offers over all other Coast resorts. This hotel was erected at a cost of over \$100,000.00. Every room is electric lighted, steam heated, with electric call bells and the finest carpets and furniture money could buy. Every suite of rooms has private bathroom, stationary wash-stands with hot and cold water, and toilet.

The hotel is situated on Young's Bay, at the mouth of the Columbia River, only five miles from Astoria, and hence it is reached two hours earlier than any other coast resort. In addition to this, Hotel Flavel is reached by two trains daily and by all boat lines. This is an important consideration for business men. The Western Union Telegraph Co. and Pacific States Telephone Co. have offices in the hotel.

In other words, Hotel Flavel is as complete a summer resort as is to be found anywhere, and it boasts of the finest bathing grounds on the Pacific Beaches. The temperature of the river takes the chill off the ocean and there is no undertow. Excellent fishing can be had within three hundred feet of the hotel, and Old Fort Stevens is only a mile distant. In connection with the hotel there are tennis courts, double bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables, and dark rooms for photographers.

The rates are \$7, \$10, \$12 and \$15 per week. For further information address

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Two Men.

Dr. Mitchell tells this little story in the Century:

A pale young man sat down on a bench in the park behind the reservoir on Forty-second street. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, red-faced man came behind him. He stooped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned, and said in a slow, tired way: "Drop that. It ain't worth stealing."

The ruddy man said: "Not if you're lookin'."

The pale man set the bag at his feet, and said:

"It's a poor business you're in."

"You don't look as if yours was any better." He sat down. "What's your callin'?"

"I'm a iron worker; bridge-work."

"Don't look strong enough."

"That's so. I'm just out of Bellevue Hospital; got hurt three months ago."

"I'm just out of hospital, too," he grinned.

"What hospital?"

"Sing Sing."

"What? Jail?"

"Yes; not bad in winter, either. There's a society helps a fellow after you quit that hospital. Gives you good clothes, too."

"Clothes? Is that so?"

"Gets you work—"

"Work—good God! I wish they'd get me some."

"You ain't had enough. Go and grab somethin'. Get a short sentence; first crime. Come out, and get looked after by nice ladies."

"My God!"

"Didn't they do nothin' for you when you got out of that hospital?"

"No! Why the devil should they? I'm only an honest mechanic. Are you goin'?" He felt his loneliness.

"Yes; I've got to go after that job. It'll give me time to look about me. Gosh! but you look bad! Good-by."

The ruddy man rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated, and walked away whistling.

The pale man sat still on the bench, staring down at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.

* * *

A Comparative Superlative.

Mrs. Newlywed—"Now that I am your's are you superlatively happy?"

Mr. Newlywed—"Well, yes—comparatively so."—Judge.

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 Got stuck
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 Frost!
 Lost.
 Wrote a play.
 The people turned their heads away.
 Rented a waterfall.
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 Stocks were rising. Up he shinned.
 Got skinned.
 Patented a lightning rod.
 Lost his wad.
 Started a magazine.
 Sheriff took it, clean.
 Tried gas.
 Out of his class.
 Trust crushed him,
 Then hushed him.
 Tried preaching.
 Music teaching.
 No go.
 Too slow.
 Wrote book reviews
 The editor couldn't use.
 Kept hotel
 Like—well!
 Went into art.
 Fizzed at the start.
 Opened school of journalism.
 Cataclysm.
 Then in despair
 He tore his hair.
 And wrote a vile, unwholesome book.
 It took!

—Chicago Tribune.

* * *
Advice About Letter-Writing.

I would say that the most striking thing about an ideal letter is its flavor of the personality of the writer. A letter should convey, as nearly as possible, the same effect as would a talk between the writer and her correspondent. What is a good letter to your mother or sister perhaps would be worthless to any one else. Always remember to whom you are writing, and write to and for that one person.

* * *

Lady—"Well, but judging by your face I would hardly say you were a person I should care to give alms to."

Beggar—"Excuse me, lady, you're laborin' hunder a delusion. What you're takin' notice of is due to these ere cheap soaps we pore people is obliged to use."—Punch.

* * *

Ice will stay up.—Housekeeper—Ice will be very cheap next summer, won't it? Ice Man—Well, I don't know, mum. You see, we've got a good deal of dear ice left over from the year before, and we'll have to sell that first, because it might spoil, you know, and I'm afraid by the time the old stock is gone the cheap ice will all be melted.—New York Weekly.

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Rock-a-By for By-em-By.

Go to sleep, ma pickaninny,
Shet yo' mouf an' shet yo' eye;
Dar will be a good time comin'
When yo' gwo' up by-em-by.

Yo' pa's libin' in de city
Wha de houses stan' so high;
He say dat he hit a gold mine—
Dat he tek us, by-em-by.

Say he wuckin' fo' de trus'-man,
Dat he'll be it 'fo' he die,
An' dat we'll hab clams ter feed on
Sometime in dat by-em-by.

Den yo'll be a re'l fine lady,
An' de folks will say, "Oh, my!
See dat coon dat cum fum Dixie."
Honey, sleep twell by-em-by.—Judge.

Ping-Pong

Ping-pong is an ideal indoor game. It is suitable for winter, and it is a happy solution of how to spend the time on those dull, rainy days at summer resorts, when everybody wanders aimlessly about and wishes it would clear up. One of its merits is that the outfit for the game requires only a small outlay of money. Sets are made by dealers for from five dollars to ten dollars. Second, it is very simple. It is lawn-tennis with such modifications as suit the different conditions. It may be played on an ordinary dining-room table. In the center a net is stretched, supported on either side by movable uprights, which are made to clamp onto the edges of the table. This net is about six inches in height, and the ball is batted back and forth across it. Of course, the height of the net may vary; the lower it is the more difficult the strokes may be to return. The server has greater opportunity to send a low, swift ball. The best proportions for a Ping-pong table are nine feet long by five wide, but a table of any proportions may be made to serve one's pleasure. The space on either side of the net is not subdivided, as in lawn-tennis. There is one large court. The rackets are of two sorts. They are considerable smaller and lighter than ordinary tennis-rackets, and, like these, are strung with gut or are formed from single pieces of vellum stretched tightly over a frame like a drumhead. The ball used is of light celluloid, and is hollow. It is very lively and is as elastic as the best rubber; moreover, it is so light that it does not endanger glass. When struck this tiny globe gives out a musical ping-pong sound; hence the rather fetching name that our English cousins bestowed upon the game. —March Woman's Home Companion.

"Now, Edward, the best portions of the fowl are for the guests; so what are you going to say when I ask you what you will have?"

"Just a few of the feathers, please."

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The Girl Who Laughs.

The girl who laughs—God, bless her!—
Thrice blesses herself the while;
No music of earth
Has nobler worth
Than that which voices a smile.

The girl who laughs—life needs her;
There is never an hour so sad
But wakes and thrills
To the rippling trills
Of the laugh of a lass who's glad.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

Volume VIII

July, 1902



December, 1902

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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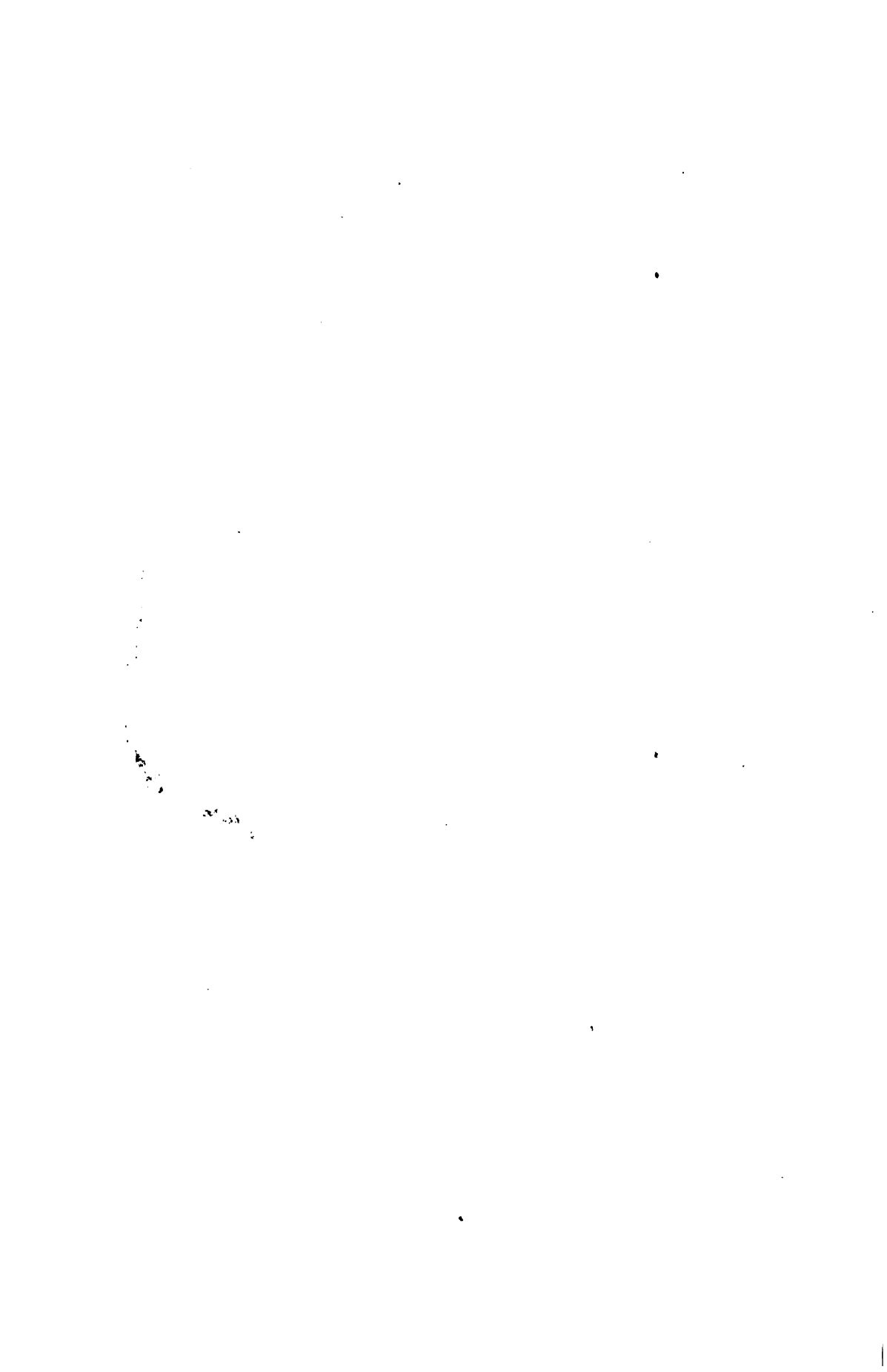
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DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN

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The Pacific Monthly

Volume VIII

AUGUST, 1902

Number 2

Clark.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition.

in Three Parts.
by P. W. Gillette.

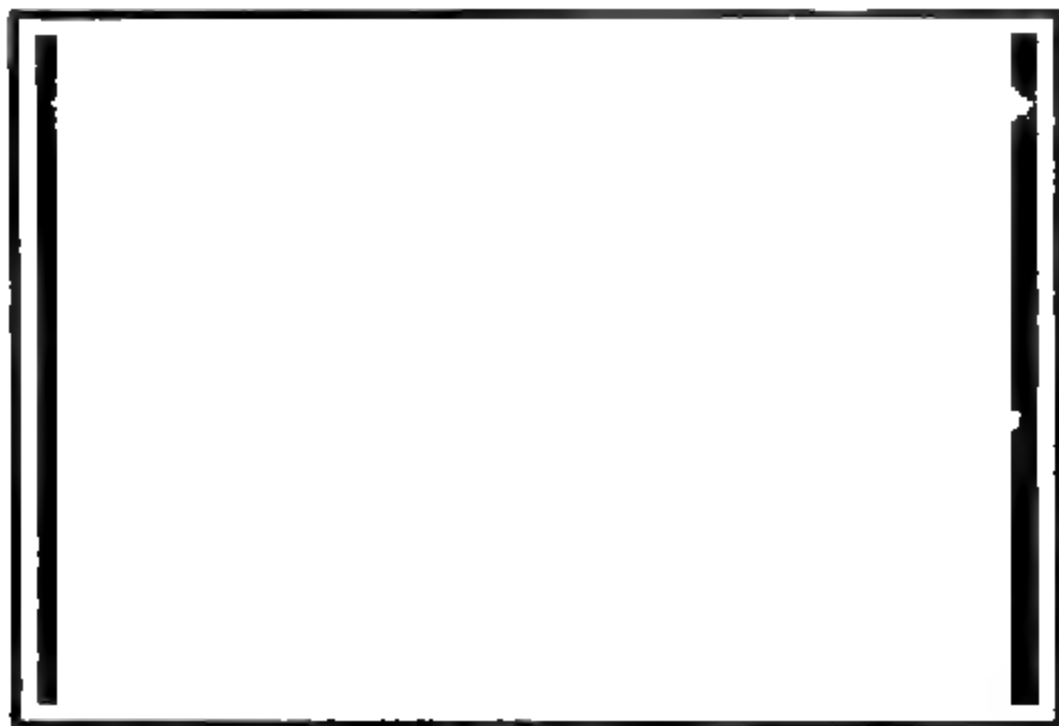
PART II

THEY had many adventures and escapes hunting bear. On one occasion Captain Lewis and a hunter found two grizzly bears and fired at the same time, wounding both bears, one of which fled. The other attacked them, but was so badly wounded that Captain Lewis had time to reload his gun as he ran, when he turned and shot again, killing the animal, which weighed 300 pounds. At another time, while Captain Lewis was approaching a band of buffalo to get a shot, he observed a large grizzly following him. He quickened his pace a little, when the bear broke into a run after him, open-mouthed. Knowing the danger of a wounded bear in the open prairie, Captain Lewis struck for the river near by, which he reached only a few feet ahead of the infuriated beast. He rushed into the water waist deep, then whirled about and looked his pursuer square in the eye. The bear halted and gazed for a moment at him, then turned and fled, panic stricken, as if he had met a foe tenfold more dreadful than himself. Not long after that Captain Lewis and three others attacked a huge grizzly bear, each one shooting him. The maddened beast turned and pursued one of the men so closely that he dropped his gun and jumped over a high cliff into the river. The bear was finally killed, seven bullets having passed

through his body. He weighed 600 pounds.

They had many such adventures, often narrowly escaping with their lives. In their reports they say that the buffalo were so tame they could go up very close to a herd without disturbing them. Sometimes the bulls would step out and approach quite near to them, and after taking a careful look, would go to grazing again without manifesting any fear.

They tell how, by a cunning trick, the Indians often killed a great many buffalo at one time. The most fleet and active young man was chosen, who disguised himself in a buffalo skin in such a manner as to resemble a live buffalo. He then concealed himself between the herd and some precipitous river bank. His companions, in the meantime, got in the rear of the herd, and at a given signal showed themselves and rushed upon them, when they instantly took the alarm and fled towards the disguised Indian, who led them on at full speed towards the precipice, then suddenly hid in some crevice, before selected, leaving the leaders of the herd on the brink of the cliff. It was useless for the buffaloes in front to attempt to retreat, or even to stop, as they were pressed on furiously by the frightened ones behind, until all were precipitated over the cliff and killed. Lewis and Clark counted 100



GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI—KOCK POINT AT THE RIGHT BELOW THE FALLS
WHERE CAPTAIN LEWIS WROTE HIS DESCRIPTION

dead buffalo at the foot of one of these cliffs, besides what the Indians had taken and what had been carried away by the current of the river.

Great Falls of the Missouri

About June 6th, 1805, the expedition reached and discovered the great falls of the Missouri. Now a city stands there, teeming with busy trade; with schools, churches, newspapers, railroads and great manufacturies. They had to construct tracks on which to haul their canoes and heavy goods, all of which had to be taken 17 miles around the falls, a part of which distance was over very hilly land. It took them 16 days to make the portage.

Game there was exceedingly abundant. Grizzly bear were so numerous and fierce that several of the men came near losing their lives, and it was almost impossible to keep them from robbing their camp at night. At the falls, they cached the cannon and some of the ammunition and goods.

Early in August, 1805, they reached the head of navigation and there halted, because the canoes could be taken no farther. There they cached a lot more of their supplies; but while the main party were thus occupied, Captain Lewis, with two men, went on to explore the route across the great divide, and to find Indians from whom they might purchase horses and get information and assistance. They traveled on foot 90 miles, when they found a large encamp-

ment of Shoshone Indians, of which Ca-me-ah-wait was chief. After much smoking, palaver and sign-talk—for they had no interpreter with them—they made an agreement with Ca-me-ah-wait for horses and aid. The chief and some of his people with the horses accompanied Captain Lewis to the encampment on the Missouri.

Soon after their arrival "a woman was seen making her way

through the crowd towards Sac-a-ja-wea, and, recognizing each other, they embraced with the most tender affection. The meeting between these two young women had in it something peculiarly touching, not only from the ardent manner in which their feelings were expressed, but also from the real interest of their situation. They had been companions in childhood, and in the war with the Minnetarus they had both been taken prisoners in the same battle."

When the bustle caused by the meeting of the two large parties had subsided, Sac-a-ja-wea was called to interpret the language of the Shoshone chief. Not until she had begun to interpret the words of Captain Lewis did she discover that she was talking to her own brother. "She instantly jumped up, ran and embraced him, throwing her blanket over him and weeping profusely. The chief himself was moved, but not in the same degree."

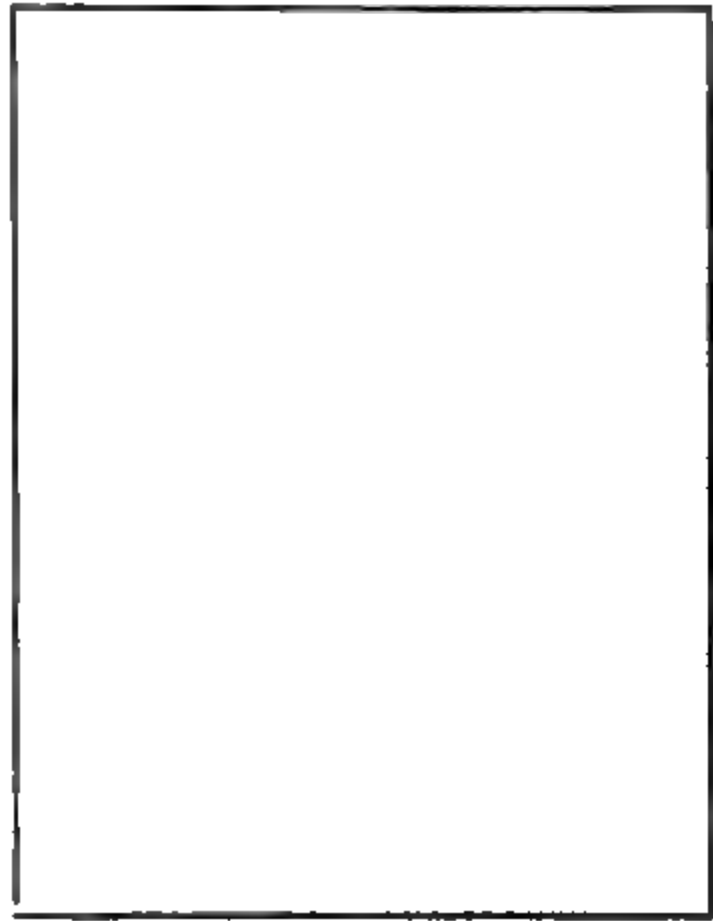
The Indians did not bring enough horses to carry all of the goods, but the remainder was carried by the men of the expedition and by a number of Shoshone squaws, who took great loads on their backs. When the Shoshone village was reached, a lively trade in horses at once began, and while the Captain was buying horses the men were busy making pack-saddles and arranging the goods in convenient packages to be carried on horseback.

Learning of the arrival of Sac-a-ja-

wea, a young Shoshone warrior, who had been betrothed to her before her capture, came to claim her; but learning that she was the wife of another and a mother, he said he did not want her. Sac-a-ja-wea's influence with the Shoshones was of great service to the expedition.

Lewis and Clark found the Shoshone Indians to be the most honest, trustworthy and obliging of any Indians they found on their whole journey. They were among them many days, but did not detect a single case of thieving or any attempt to pilfer. They were very poor, but always divided their food with the whites, even in cases where they were themselves almost starving.

When I crossed the plains, 50 years ago, on my way to Oregon, we camped at noon on the bank of the Snake and drove our oxen to the river for water; but, without stopping to drink, they all plunged in and swam across to a green willow thicket on the opposite shore, supposing it to be green grass. The river was wide and deep, and we had no boat, nor was it possible to get one. While we were discussing our helpless condition, two Shoshone Indian men came to our camp. We at once asked them by signs if they could drive our



THE CLEARWATER RIVER, IDAHO

driven our stock into the mountains that bordered the north side of the river where we could never have recovered them. We were so overjoyed by the faithful performance of their agreement that we loaded them down with shirts, food and other presents. I mention this circumstance to show that the Shoshones, 46 years after Lewis and

LEWIS AND CLARK ROUTE—MOUTH YELLOWSTONE RIVER—GREAT FALLS

oxen back. They said that for two blue shirts, such as some of us wore, they would bring them back. The offer was at once accepted.

All the dress they had on was a small breech-cloth, so without having to disrobe, they swam the river and in less than one and a half hours our oxen were all safely driven back to us. Had they been so disposed they could have

Clark were among them, yet maintained their estimable qualities.

Pronunciation of Shoshone I cannot refrain from speaking here of the spelling and pronunciation of Shoshone. In Lewis and Clark's book it is often spelled *Shoshone*, as it should be. Again, it is often spelled *Shosh-o-nce*, and sometimes

SHOSHONE FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO
ALMOST A RIVAL OF NIAGARA IN GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY

Photo by Myers, Boise, Idaho

Shosh-o-ney, which, I think, must be mistakes of publishers, because no one who has ever heard a Shoshone Indian pronounce the name could possibly be in doubt. They make it a two-syllable word, with the accent on the last syllable. It is universally conceded that every nation or people knows the correct pronunciation of its own name. When I came through the Shoshone nation 50 years ago, I often heard them speak the word, and it was always unmistakably and absolutely *Sho-shone* and *Sho-shones* for the plural. If one should go into the Shoshone country and inquire for the Shosh-o-nee Indians or the Shosh-o-nee falls, he would not be understood, and would fail to find them without some other explanation.

In Polk county, Oregon, there is a large mill stream known as "Rickreall." Its true name is "La Creole" from the

Creole who first settled on its bank. But the untutored Missourian came and settled there and, misunderstanding the word, called it Rickreall, and Rickreall it will always be. Rogue River, in Southern Oregon, was named *Rouge* river, from its red clay banks, but the ignorant frontiersman who first settled there thought that "Rouge" spelled "Rogue," and so called the river, which is now, and ever will be, Rogue river.

The blunders of ignorance may be overlooked, but the unpardonable barbarism of "Shosh-o-nee" has been committed by the educated, and is as ridiculous as it is inexcusable.

**Over the
Bitter Root
Mountains**

Having purchased 20 horses from the Shoshones, on the 30th day of August they set out, accompanied by an old Shoshone guide, to make

their way over the Bitter Root Mountains. This they found to be the most difficult part of the journey. The mountains were high, steep and rocky, with numerous deep and almost impassable ravines. Game and food were so scarce that they suffered greatly from hunger, and were obliged to kill some of their horses for food. They did not reach the navigable waters of the Koos-Koos-Kee (Clearwater river) until the 27th day of September, and when they arrived there nearly all of them were sick from eating some roots purchased from the Indians, together with the change of climate from the cool mountain air to the heat of the river valley. There they found good timber from which they made canoes enough to carry the party and all their luggage. As soon as they were completed, they made arrangements with an Indian chief to keep their horses until their return, and again resumed their voyage by water.

Down the Columbia to the Goal

From the time they left the Missouri river until they reached the Columbia, they found food and game very scarce, and the Indians poor and destitute. On the Clearwater and Snake rivers they had to pass over many dangerous rapids, but met with no important losses. Down the Columbia to its mouth they found food plentiful, and met a great many Indians, who were far more friendly and peaceable than those east of the Rocky Mountains, and, excepting occasional pilferings, gave them no trouble. They stopped at all of the Indian villages, explained the object of their visit, smoked with the chiefs, and gave them presents.

At the Dalles, or "Long Narrows," as Lewis and Clark called it, as well as the Cascades of the Columbia, they had

to drag and carry their canoes and baggage around those obstructions. A short distance above the Cascades, in the great gorge of the Columbia, where the mountains are 4,000 feet high on either side of the river, they say, "The river is now three-quarters of a mile wide, with a current so gentle that it does not exceed a mile and a half an hour, but its course is obstructed by the projection of large rocks, which seem to have fallen promiscuously from the

ALONG THE MISSOURI BETWEEN "GATE OF THE MOUNTAINS" AND "THREE FORKS"

mountain into the bed of the river. What, however, is most singular, is that there are stumps of pine (fir) trees scattered for some distance in the river, which has the appearance of being dammed below and forced to encroach on the shore. These obstructions continue to a distance of twelve miles."

Those fir stumps mentioned by Lewis and Clark are a part of what is now called the "Sunken forest." When the river is very clear, in the fall or winter, hundreds of trees, petrified to solid stone, may be seen standing erect on the bottom of the river in its deep water, just as they grew. When the river is very low, late in the Fall, those same stumps that Lewis and Clark saw, may yet be seen. They are under water nearly all of the year, and cannot decay.

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a great fight, spitting fire, smoke and flame, and hurling rocks at each other so furiously that it shook down the "Bridge of the Gods." This made the Falls or Cascades of the Columbia, and dammed the river, submerging the forests on the low bottom land for many miles above.

At the Cascades, everything one sees indicates that at no very remote period a part of the mountain has fallen or slid into the river.

About 20 years ago, the government brought suit to condemn the land on the south side of the Cascades for a canal, which it has since built. Judge M. P. Deady, of the U. S. court of this district, tried the case and went to the Cascades with the jury, of which I was a member, to view the property and determine the amount of damage the owner of the property should receive. We walked on the south side of the river from the Lower Cascades up to the site of the canal, on the old portage railroad bed, which was all twisted and drawn out of shape by the sliding earth. For several years after the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company built their road there, they had to keep men constantly straightening and repairing the roadbed.

I have no doubt of the truth of the old Indian legend of the "Bridge of the Gods" across the Columbia at the Cascades, excepting, of course, the small part about the mountains.

They Reach the Mouth of the Columbia

On the 7th day of September, 1805, they came to the mouth of the Pacific ocean. The great goal was reached. The major part of the enterprise had been accomplished.

They were the first white men to explore and cross the great wilderness, and theirs the first civilized footsteps to mark the Oregon trail. They were sev-

eral days going from Pillar Rock down to Cape Hancock, only 20 miles, on account of their small, heavily laden, unseaworthy canoes. The Columbia from its mouth up for many miles is four to six miles wide, and it empties directly into the ocean, consequently becomes very rough in windy weather. It is marvelous that they reached the mouth of the river in their frail craft. Lewis and Clark were astonished to see the Indians crossing the great river with perfect safety in their canoes, even in the hardest storms. But when they inspected those canoes they found them to be of superior model, and capable of riding the waves of most any storm.

Though the Indians of the coast are almost extinct, yet they have maintained the perfection of their canoes, and no craft is safer in rough weather. The coast Indians valued their canoes higher than any other property they owned, and considered one of them of equal value to a wife. In fact, such an exchange—a wife for a canoe—was often made.

Lewis and Clark found game so scarce on the north side of the mouth of the Columbia that they sent exploring parties over to the south side. There they found a suitable place for camping, sur-

rounded by good hunting grounds, on 7th day of December, 1805, they established their winter quarters, and named the west bank of the Netdle, now the Lewis and Clark river. There, on the place Fort Clatsop.

(To be Concluded)

BRIDGE OF THE GUM

Star of My Soul

By Valentine Brown

*Night is a world, and day is a world.
Time is a boundless sea;
And my soul is a boat where the twin-worlds float—
Its sails are the winds which be,
It ever beats by the night and day,
Like a ship which rolls on a rock-bound bay;
Though it longs to glide to a far away,
Where a twin-soul waits for me.*

*That soul is a star where the fairest are,
And her light is a world to me.
There is never a shoal and never a bar,
And never a stormy sea
In the pearl-cliff harbor I would rest,
Where the waves are the heavings of her breast.
Like mated birds in a well-built nest,
We would rock on the winds which be.
Her mien is the swell which will toss my boat,
Her smiles are the sheltering lee;
And what care I though the twin-worlds float
On time, the boundless sea?
I will bask in her love where the pearl-cliffs are,
Where the light of her eyes to my soul is a star,
Where is never a shoal and never a bar,
And her songs are the winds which be.*

THE LOSS of the STRANGER

By ZENAS TUGG

THE waters of the bay brimmed in silent splendor between the hills of Oregon and Washington, and across the Bar, which is the pulse of the North Pacific, the sunlight flooded in blinding glory. Will Warren had always loved this scene; its power and exuberance had stirred him from his earliest boyhood, and on all the seas that had bred and wooed and buffeted him, the memory of this had never faded. On this morning more than ever the keen sea wind stung his nostrils, and the strong light burned upon his eyes, for beside him stood the woman he loved, a woman with the poise of a summer cloud.

He took off his cap thoughtfully and brushed back his hair. "Same old bay," he said, half as a question.

"It's the same bay, Will," she answered. "You must have seen some that reminded you of it. Father says this is the most beautiful in the world."

"It is, Nan. I used to dream of Astoria bay. I wish it were home to me."

"Home?" she asked quickly. "Are you come back only to leave again?"

The young sailor put on his cap. "I was going to tell you about that," he said. "You see I got my Master's ticket last year when I was mate of the *Peru*. I quit her and tried to get a berth as captain, but the Coast trade hasn't any use for captains without money."

"Why didn't you go to father?" she interrupted. "He's got lots of ships and



steamers, and he'd give you one, I know."

"Yes, I know," he replied, with a slight smile, "but I had something else I wanted to ask him for, and—I wanted to be independent."

"I stopped you in the middle of your story," she said hastily. "What did you do?"

"Well, I rustled around in 'Frisco. No chance. I made myself the whole show in Seattle. No good. I tramped the whole water-front of Tacoma, and they didn't want me—except for deep water."

"Do you mean to say, Will, that you had a chance to go as master of a deep-water boat and didn't take it?"

"I mean just what I say, Nan," he continued.

She glanced at his weatherbeaten face a moment and dropped her eyes. "What did you do then?" she asked.

"Oh! I went up to Portland and got my papers endorsed for "Alaskan waters and Yukon river," and then I took my money—what little I had—and I bought a half interest in that steamer lying in the lower bay."

Nan Sewall put her hand on his shoulder and looked him in the eyes. "Will, you idiot, don't you know that *The Stranger* is an old, worn out tub? Why, papa told me the other day that he had sold her, and he said that if the new-comers ever got her passed by the inspectors for another year I should have a thousand dollars for my own. He said

it in fun, but it's true, Will. She'll never be allowed to go out again."

"I got her inspected day before yesterday," said the young skipper, quietly. "The papers are in my pocket."

The girl turned and gazed out at the sun, now sinking behind the clouds in the west. "Why did you do it, Will?" she said after awhile; "you'll lose all your money and maybe your life. If I'd known papa was going to sell that old tub to you, I'd have told him it was a shame. It is a shame and I'm so sorry, Will."

"She is disreputable, Nan, I'll admit. But I've got to make my way, and I'd rather be master of her and call her my own than be under obligations. You just wait till I get a nice tidy vessel of my own."

"I hope you do, Will. But why won't you get a place on one of my father's boats?"

Will Warren squared around. "Nan, I'll tell you. Don't interrupt, please. I landed here two months ago with a bit over three thousand dollars. I thought I was well off. I worked hard for it. I went to your father and I said, 'Captain Sewall, I've so much money, a good character here and abroad. You've known me since I was a lad. I love your daughter and I want your permission to ask her to marry me.' Don't interrupt—he didn't give it. He took me by the arm and marched me out on the wharf."

"D'ye see that square-rigger?" said he.

"The *Nottingham*?"

"Yes. She's mine. D'ye see the *Iradi*? D'ye see the *Stormcloud*? D'ye see that big cargo boat, *The Mascot*? All mine, and twice as many at sea."

"I kept quiet, and he went on, 'Warren, when you can show me the price of one good-sized, well-found steamer or ship, I'll welcome ye. Not before.'

"Set a price on that well-found steamer or ship,' said I.

"He thought a moment. 'Forty-five thousand,' he said. And, Nan, that's why I am going to run *The Stranger* north. Good-bye."

The young man went quickly down the steps and Nan Sewall saw him turn

down towards the wharves. She leaned over the railing of the porch and watched him till he disappeared among the warehouses. When she went in to her mother her eyes gleamed. "Mother!" she burst out, "it's a perfect shame. Papa has acted just horrid! He's gone and sold *The Stranger* to Will Warren and somebody else, and Will's going to run her to St. Michael's."

"Well?" asked her mother, gently.

"She's utterly unseaworthy and—and—I think papa might have treated an old friend better."

"I guess it was business, Nan. Your father is a little harsh in business matters."

"I don't care," replied the girl hotly, "I'll tell him when he gets back from Yokohama just what I think of him."

"Well, the *Surwonoda* ought to be in here next week, or the week after," said her mother, placidly. "I wouldn't worry about it till then."

Nan Sewall made no answer, but went to her room, where she cried bitterly.

Will Warren filled *The Stranger* up with freight, and, as rates were high, he counted on a handsome profit. He gathered a crew of men whom he had proved to be stout seamen. His mate was a grizzled whalersman, named MacClennan, his engineers young fellows with first-class certificates and small prospects.

The other owner, a retired fisherman, came aboard when all was ready to sail. The steamer was spick and span, brass work shining, decks white, and everything stowed alow and aloft.

"You're to have a free hand, Will," he said quietly. "This old hooker looks pretty decent. Do you think she'll hold together?"

"All my money is in her," replied Warren shortly.

"I guess you're all right," said the other. "Fortunate you carry no passengers. Here's luck! I shan't bear any hard feelings towards you if she is lost. Good-bye!" And with this speech of ill-omen he retired.

The Stranger stood out to sea apparently unobserved, but Will Warren as he turned for a last look at a house on the hill saw standing on its porch a

young woman with a spyglass. She waved a handkerchief and he saluted her with a hoarse blast from the whistle.

"That's right," growled his mate, "say good-bye, for this old tub is on her last trip, I think."

"What's wrong?" asked Warren with a frown.

"Wrong! I've turned over my bally stores, and about all I can discover are two first-class hawsers? What do we need of hawsers? We need paint and putty and copper and oil and—"

"Oh, shut up!" rejoined his skipper; "I told you this wasn't a yacht."

"You could buy a year's stores for the price of those hawsers."

"Exactly. They're worth their weight in gold up north. We can sell 'em any day for ten times what I gave for 'em."

"Oh! all right," responded the mate sarcastically, "if you go speculatin' on my stores I hope you'll let me in."

"Sure," said Warren in a tone that forbade reply.

Two days out from the Columbia, *The Stranger* began to meet bad weather. "The September gales are setting in early," remarked the mate.

"Yes," replied Will Warren, "but we're right in the track of the Japan steamers, so we needn't be too much afraid."

"I'm not afraid, Cap'n Warren," retorted the other angrily, "but I've seen enough of this coffin to know that she isn't a beauty. She's so old that I'm ashamed to take hold of any gear lest it fetch away in my hand. She's so weak in the bottom that the engineer has to hold his engines up by hand. Oh yes, she's safe! I wish I had those inspectors here."

Warren turned sharply on the cramped bridge and drew a wet hand across his mouth. "You're right, Mac, but she's all I've got. Nobody knows better than I do what an old scow she is. But she's fast, and she's full up with freight, and that means money for all of us. I shan't forget you, Mac; if you help me through to the river I can sell her up there and we'll run a river craft."

The mate was mollified. "I didn't mean so much as I said," he grumbled, "and I bear you no ill-will, Cap'n, for

you've treated me square. I'm with ye, and I guess we'll work her in or——!" He threw out his hand expressively.

The wind blew steadily and a sullen sea gradually rose. *The Stranger*, old as she was, had known good days and she did not dishonor them. "She's dry, and as handy a craft as ever I knew," said MacClennan to the engineer.

The latter chewed on his pipe and rubbed his hands on a bit of waste. "You ought to stand on the plates below," he said with a wink.

The morning of the fifth day rose clear and windy. The sealine grew distinct in the dawn, and Will Warren discerned a vessel rolling in the trough about three miles ahead and to windward. He watched it a long time and finally called the mate. "Can you make her out?" he asked.

The mate gazed long and earnestly. "I'm sure," he said, "that it's Cap'n Sewall's crack tea boat, the *Suwonoda*. She's in distress. Wonder what's the matter?"

"I don't know. She's deep, too deep for this weather. But old Sewall's on her himself. Went over on purpose about five weeks ago."

"It's up to us to make kindly inquiries," said the mate, with a quizzical look over the little steamer, now shabby and grimy."

"Right you are," came Warren's sharp voice. "I'll see if I can make out her signals."

Within half an hour *The Stranger* rolled a cable's length from the huge *Suwonoda*, and Warren called his mate aside. "Look here, Mac," he said with his face aglow, "I'm skipper, see? If I get a chance to tow, we tow. See?"

The mate groaned. "I see, I see," he grumbled.

"And now clear away a boat. I'm going to send you aboard."

"Why not go yourself, sir?"

"Can't leave the ship," said his superior shortly.

When the boat was away Warren made a rapid calculation. "I guess I've got 'em," he said to himself. "Now I'll make some money."

When the mate returned, the captain of *The Stranger* waited with some im-

patience for his report. It ran: "She's busted a steam pipe in the engine-room and she's disabled. The captain wants you to run back to Astoria and get a tug."

"Captain Sewall?"

"No, the master, McDowell."

"Well, you go back and tell him that we're bound for St. Michaels with miners' supplies. We're not acting as a dispatch boat. You can say that if he wants a tow to Astoria we'll do that. See?"

The mate evidently saw, and hurried away. He was gone a long time and Warren's face clouded. "It's a toss either way," he murmured to himself, "and I've my doubts."

The boat returned with another figure seated by MacClennan's side. The captain of *The Stranger* whistled softly. "I've drawn the old man himself out of his hole," he chuckled. "Now for the game."

The little boat wallowed at a safe distance and Captain Sewall shouted across, "I say, Warren, can't you go back and send a tug for us?"

Warren paid no attention to his call, but ordered the mate to get aboard. "Bring your passenger," he added.

Captain Sewall clambered aboard and went up to the skipper. "I say, Warren—" he began.

"I'm 'captain' here," he suggested.

"I'll make it worth your while to go back," continued the elder without accepting the hint.

"How much?"

"How much is this freight worth?" asked Sewall.

"It would be useless to offer me anything less than ninety thousand dollars," replied Warren.

"Ninety thousand fiddlesticks!" he roared. "You're crazy, man!"

"I'm only half owner," said Warren. "You may calculate my share."

Captain Sewall raged, but there was no alteration in the young man's tone. "You see, my dear sir, that the cargo of the *Suwonoda* is valuable. Tea, silk, opium—that must be taken into account."

"But I can get a tow by waiting."

"There is nothing due in this part of

the Pacific for ten days. You would not profit by waiting. This is a bad time of year, remember."

"But look here, Will Warren, you're not offering me a tow, you're simply trying to bleed me."

"I do offer you a tow. It's the same either way to me, for we're late now to get in before the Yukon freezes. If you pay me ninety thousand dollars I'll tow you into Astoria."

The owner cast a disdainful eye over *The Stranger*. "You couldn't tow a house-boat," he said.

"You ought to know," replied Warren quietly. "You sold her to me."

Captain Sewall stared at him a moment, then turned on his heel.

"Good-bye!" cried Warren.

"I'm going over to talk to McDowell," explained the owner of the *Suwonoda*. "I'll send you word if we decide to accept your offer."

"All right, captain, we'll stand by a couple of hours," was the response.

When Captain McDowell met his superior at the ladder, Captain Sewall took him by the arm and led him into his cabin. "Look here, Mac," he said, when the door was closed; "that young jackanapes wants to tow us to Astoria."

"Good!" said the other. "It oughtn't to take him over eight days."

"How much do you think he wants?"

"Dunno. How much?"

"Ninety thousand dollars. Did you ever hear of such doings?"

The master of the *Suwonoda* whistled. "I guess he thinks we're up against it in good fashion, but he's risking a whole lot."

"Yes, and I'll tell you my plan. It won't do us any harm to be put a few days' sail nearer the coast. I used to own that *Stranger* and if she tows us four hundred miles she'll do better than can be expected. Now we'll contract at ninety thousand for towage to the Columbia. If the old *Stranger* breaks down in the meantime, we don't owe anything, do we?"

"Only by courtesy," suggested McDowell.

"Courtesy be hanged!" growled Sewall. "I tell you the *Stranger* will last about twenty-four hours towing.

Drawn by Rita Bell

—*The captain watched the lights a moment. "Wreck or no wreck," he said presently, "we've fulfilled the contract."*

She's too far gone, and it will be a good lesson for her upstart of a skipper."

When the papers were drawn up and signed, Will Warren called his mate and engineers. "I've just contracted to tow the *Surwonoda* into Astoria," he said shortly. "If this old tub hangs together

we're all made for life. If she don't, I'm broke, see?"

The chief engineer cursed everything an inch high and a minute old, but "saw."

"Now I rely on you," continued the young captain. "Snatch her in through

thick and thin. I'll see that we make a straight course. Understand?"

So a couple of hawsers were passed, and *The Stranger* stood back to the Coast with the *Suwonoda* behind her. Twenty-four hours passed, and all went well, though a following sea made the hawsers leap and spring in heart-breaking style. The next two days witnessed three broken hawsers and as many stops to mend and repass.

At the end of the fifth day Will Warren crept wearily down to the engines. Both engineers were on watch, and the flare shone on faces white from lack of sleep. "How is she going?" asked Warren.

The chief engineer spat wearily into the crank-pit, but said nothing.

Warren turned to the assistant, but he, too, said nothing. The short-coupled engines ground heavily, and there was a very suspicious lurch in the cylinders. Warren stood and listened awhile. Then he went on deck and walked to the after-bitts. The glistening cables lay in folds around them, and the skipper's eye followed the lines out and down into the water; behind he saw the lights of the bulky teaship, and he knew that if things held forty-eight hours longer he was a rich man, rich in double portion.

On the bridge he found the mate humoring *The Stranger* with every trick and device learned in a long life. Neither said a word, but MacClennan relinquished the wheel and stretched himself before he went below. Presently he returned with a glass of grog. He held it up, nodded to Warren and over the rail at the *Suwonoda*, drained the toast and went promptly to sleep all standing.

It was late Saturday evening when the two men on the bridge of *The Stranger* caught a glimpse of a light. "North Head!" shouted the mate.

"Thank God!" responded his superior with a face twitching with nervousness. "But that means, Mac, that the toughest pull is ahead of us. What if the Bar is rough?"

Both knew what it meant. The heavy strain of towing had wracked the stern of *The Stranger* and she was leaking

six inches an hour. They heard from the bridge the cough of the pumps.

"Sixteen hours more, at best, will drown the fires," said the mate, "and then we'll be in a pretty fix."

"Well," replied the captain, "I'll just go across the Bar if its white from the Lightship to Scarborough Head. I'm not going to monkey any more with this old rattletrap."

The mate sucked in his cheeks, but said nothing. An hour before dawn *The Stranger* picked up the lightship and headed in for the buoy.

"Better anchor," suggested MacClennan. "We can't tell how rough she is in this blanket of night. All I'm sure of is: she's rough."

The skipper made no immediate reply. His mind ran swiftly over the situation. If he waited till the morning a tug would come out—if the Bar was not too rough. If it were too rough, they might have to put out again for an indefinite period. A racing sea opened out under them like a fan. The white spume foamed over the rail as *The Stranger* settled in the hollow, and the two held their breath. When the steamer rose again there was a suspicious deadness in her movement and Warren gasped, "That settles it; it's get across now or never."

"You bet," said the mate, catching his glance. "We're waterlogged and no mistake. It's five miles to any anchorage. Better cut and run?"

"The *Suwonoda* would be lost doubly. We've got to hang on now. Take the wheel."

The captain went down into the engine-room. The engineers stood on the working platform talking earnestly.

"How goes it?" asked Warren.

The chief swung over quickly. "There's a foot of water in the shaft-tunnel," he said in a high key, "and Heaven only knows how much in the hold. The stokers are up to their knees already. We must—"

The skipper raised his hand. "We're on the Bar," he responded quietly. "Our only hope is to get her over and beach the whole outfit. Keep her going."

A sickening plunge to *The Stranger* gave emphasis to his words, and the two engineers nodded. "All right, Billie

Warren," said the chief, familiarly, "you give us time to get out of here before she goes down, and we'll run her so long as our noses are out of water."

When the captain came on deck he realized the position he had got himself into. The huge combers seethed about *The Stranger*, and a bit of water that washed across his wrist left a sediment of sand. That meant that the shallow Bar was rougher than he had ever seen it. He scanned the after-bitts. They worked dangerously, and it seemed miraculous that the hawsers held. He thought of a great many things. The lives of all depended upon chance, and if both *The Stranger* and her tow were lost, as seemed inevitable to his experienced senses, the guilt was upon his own covetous heart. He had gone counter to all that he knew to be safe. Successful, nobody would say anything; lost, it would be put down to criminal disregard of human life on his part. It was not pleasant to think on, and he worked his way up to the bridge. The mate did not notice him by word or look, but ground steadily at the wheel. A long quarter of an hour passed, and with a choke the mate looked up. Ahead was smooth water. The Bar was behind them. With eager eyes they looked aft. A few dim lights marked the plunging *Suwonoda*.

"I'll bet you a dollar she's a wreck," said the mate.

The captain watched the lights a moment. "Wreck or no wreck," he said presently, "we've fulfilled the contract."

They were in the middle channel and Warren put the wheel over and ran for the nearest shore. "Signal to her to let go anchor, Mac, he ordered. "When she answers, drop the hawser. We mustn't sink in the channel."

Their signals were immediately answered by lights from the bridge of the *Suwonoda* and the two men heaved a sigh of relief. "Drop the line," said Warren laconically.

The Stranger, eased of her burden, started forward with new speed. Then the engines stopped abruptly. The dawn broke over the mountains in the east as *The Stranger* sank within the three-fathom line.

The whole crew assembled on the upper deck and watched the young captain. He strode up and down and whistled over all that was left of his craft. The bedraggled men, shivering with cold, hungry, sleepy and utterly exhausted, fell asleep, one by one, quite careless of the river waves that lapped at their feet. But Will Warren gazed at the rising sun and listened to the early bell of the Catholic Church on the hill and was contented with his lot. Nan Sewall was his.



The Inland Empire

By Claudia Pefly

Enthroned among the mountains,
Guarded by forests, grim;
Lulled by the music of mountain-
streams,
In rocky canyons, dim;
Crowned with a glittering crown of snow
With mountain lakes empearled;
Glorious, she sits in the sunset's glow,
The virgin queen of the world.

Beloved of the sunset sky is she,
And bride of the evening star;
And her voice is heard in the wind-
swung pines
On the cloud-kissed hills, afar.
Queen of a thousand snow-fed lakes,
And streams which sweep to the sea—
She sits on her throne of eternal hills
In imperial majesty.

FOUR-FOOTED FARMERS OF THE WEST

By BERNARD J. BRETHERTON

ENSCONSED in his warm bed of moss, his store-house well filled with roots and hay, running water at his very door, our little four-footed farmer of the Northwest mountain ranges defies the winter storms and sets a good example to his more intellectual, but often less provident two-footed neighbors.

This little agriculturist is known to the few settlers who come to take up their abode within his habitat as the *Mountain Boomer*, or sometimes *Mountain Beaver*; while learned men know him as *Haplodon rufus*, and have divided his wondering progeny into so many species and varieties that he no longer knows his cousin from his aunt.

The Indian tribes valued him highly, and placed him among their gods, believing that by his indefatigable industry, he dug out the valleys and built the mountains of this wondrous Western land, and to them he is known as the "Sewellel."

In appearance, he resembles a miniature beaver, minus the tail and webbed feet, for, like Bruin, he has sat down so often that he has worn away what pretensions he ever had to a caudal appendage.

Should you travel in his country, you may come across his sheaves of new-mown hay, or his tiny dams and dykes, carrying water from some spring or mountain stream to his underground dwelling, but you may travel year in and year out and himself you will never see unless it be in the cruel grip of the modern steel trap. And should this be your fortune, and his misfortune, study him well, for this little unpretentious animal has no counterpart in all creation, and is not found anywhere in the world beyond the borders of our Pacific states.

It is little, indeed, we know of the every-day life, labors and ambitions of

the animals with which we come in contact, and naturalists are often too busy dissecting their stomachs and stuffing their hides to tell us in plain language what we wish to know of the creatures that surround us; and perhaps this short narrative of the labors of this little worker in the world's great workshop may interest those who love to study Nature's children in their natural haunts.

When all nature is locked in chill Winter's embrace, the great pines stand solemn and white in their mantle of snow, and the oppressive silence of the forest is broken only by the soft sweet song of the winter wren, the little Boomer comes into the world, a tiny ball of soft brown fur, not much larger than a good-sized mouse. He is not alone in his advent, being generally accompanied by six or eight brothers and sisters; and a lazy little rascal he is at first, spending his days in sleeping and feeding, drawing his sustenance from Nature's font. But as days grow into weeks, and a month or so rolls by, he gets more active and craves more substantial food. Then with his parents he explores the ramifications of his underground home. This passage leads to a store-house well-filled with juicy lily bulbs, while a tunnel to the right brings him to a chamber filled with dried grass and tender shoots of shrubs, while still another department contains a supply of fern roots, or, perhaps, a miscellaneous collection of things, from an old button to a gaudy tomato can label.

There are other longer passages leading to the running water and to the dwellings of the other members of the colony, for the little mountaineers are a sociable company, and, like the Prairie Dogs, they live in settlements of from two to twenty families.

But as time goes on and the little Boomers make the acquaintance of their

subterranean home, the warm days announcing spring has come.

The parent then digs through the barrier of earth that blocks the entrance to his home against the unsolicited visit of the martin or weasel, and sits and blinks at the bright spring sun, from time to time sending forth a shrill whistle-like call to let the other members of his colony know the season for work and pleasure has come.

Now commences a time of great activity, and first in the order of things, as with his human neighbors, comes the great spring house-cleaning.

All the refuse of the store-rooms is gathered up and thrown out, together with what is left of the winter's stores.

The old bedding and accumulated dirt in passages and galleries, all are dumped in one miscellaneous heap in front of the main entrance. Meanwhile, Nature has provided our little farmer with a sumptuous bill of fare, consisting largely of the new shoots of small shrubs, particularly the wild rose, heather and mountain huckleberry, varied with young fern, lily and other mountain plants.

On these he feasts and fattens and grows rapidly, so that before the summer has far advanced he has chosen his mate and started to dig out a home of

his own and reap a harvest for the coming winter's use.

This is not done in any haphazard fashion, but in a methodical manner evolved by his ancestors through many generations.

First, the entrance to his burrow must be situated so that a tiny stream of running water can be led into it, whereby he can quench his thirst without danger from the death-dealing swoop of the hovering hawk above.

This habit of damming small streams and digging ditches has given him the popular name "Mountain Beaver."

Next he turns his attention to his harvest, and gathers as large bundles as he can conveniently carry of mountain grasses and lays them in a long row upon some convenient fallen log to dry in the summer sun, carefully turning them each night until they are properly cured. He then gathers a large supply of fern and moss for his nest, and by the time this is all accomplished autumn is merging into winter and our little friend has, from high living, become fat and, alas, lazy. The winter sluggishness is growing upon him, so he closes his door to the world and in his cozy little home dreams of and waits for another happy harvest-time.

By William Bittle Wells

"The Greatest Blunder of the Century"

Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, so characterizes the action of the Senate in ignoring the preponderance of argument in favor of the Nicaraguan route for an isthmian canal. Senator Mitchell has made an exhaustive study of the subject, and gives the following seventeen reasons why he believes the Nicaraguan route should be selected:

First: The commerce in which the United States is mostly interested, that between our Pacific Coast and Atlantic ports and European and American, the Nicaraguan route is shorter by 600 miles, or one full day in going and coming by steamers, and the same advantages exist between our Atlantic ports and ports of the Orient.

Second: The construction of the canal on "the Panama route" will be simply a means of communication between the two oceans, * * * and the natural features of the country through which the route passes are such that no such considerable development is likely to occur as a result of the construction and operation of the canal. While in addition to this use as a means of communication between the two oceans, a canal by the Nicaragua route would bring Nicaragua and a large portion of Costa Rica and other Central America states into close use and communication with the United States and that of Europe.

Third: The freedom from epidemics, the general condition of health, the hygienic advantages generally, are largely in favor of the Nicaragua route.

Fourth: The engineering problems on the Nicaragua route are susceptible of complete and satisfactory solution. In no particular is there is any element of doubt remaining. While those on the Panama route are clearly in the experimental region.

Fifth: The construction of the canal on the Panama route excludes sailing vessels from transisthmian navigation, while the Nicaragua would not, the reason being on account of the calms or doldrums, extending through many months for long distances on the Pacific side of the Panama route, while good sailing winds at each end of the Nicaragua route are experienced the whole year. It is demonstrated beyond any question that for many months of each year the calms or doldrums extend out on the Pacific Coast a distance of more than 400 miles from Panama, and no sailor can make any progress through these long distances of from 400 to 600 miles, and through which calms ships must necessarily go in order to enter and pass through a canal on the proposed Panama route, except by steam or other motive power than wind.

Sixth: Because of the commercial advantages of the Nicaragua route over those of the Panama route, because of the prospective local development in the production of an infinite variety of valuable products indigenous to that country, such as coffee, sugar, rice, corn, rubber, bananas, indigo, cocoa, vegetables of all kinds, hard woods, mahogany, cedar—red and white—several varieties, besides cattle.

Seventh: The military and naval advantages to the United States are very largely in favor of the Nicaragua route.

Eighth: If we cast our lot with the people of Colombia on the Panama route, we take up our abode with a revolutionary, hostile, and unfriendly people. More than 30,000 of these people are already occupying the canal belt at Pan-

ama, and they must be dealt with; they must be expelled; while within the limits of the canal concessions on the Nicaragua route there is not to exceed 2,500 people, and they are not an objectionable population.

Ninth: The opportunity afforded for the cleaning of ships' bottoms of barnacles and other accretions by going 102 miles through fresh water, averaging 200 feet in depth, of Lake Nicaragua, is a great advantage in favor of the Nicaragua route, and one not to be overlooked. On the Panama route the distance of fresh water navigation is but 12 miles, in water not forty feet in depth.

Tenth: On the Nicaragua route we encounter no trouble in securing the necessary concessions from Nicaragua and Costa Rica for our great purpose of constructing, maintaining and controlling an isthmian canal through those countries, hampered by no unreasonable conditions or restrictions; while the Colombia the very reverse of all this is true.

Eleventh: The selection of the Panama route carries with it the necessity of paying the new Panama Canal Company \$40,000,000, and by which we become involved in all the conflicting claims of the share and bond-holders of the old Panama Canal Company, as well as of the new Panama Canal Company, and we become the heir and residuary legatee of controversies from which we are not likely to become wholly extricated in the next century. And this is true, even on the assumption "that a satisfactory title to said property can be obtained."

Twelfth: The Nicaragua route is preferable for the reason that the sea approaches to Greytown, on the Atlantic, and to Brito, on the Pacific, on the Nicaragua route are infinitely more preferable, being freer from both calms and storms, than are the approaches to Colon, on the Atlantic, and Panama, on the Pacific, on the Panama route. The approach to Colon, as all agree, is liable to frequent and destructive storms, while the approach to Panama for a long distance is for many months of each year an almost perpetual calm.

Thirteenth: The Nicaragua route is preferable for the reason that, as the strength of the chain is only equal to that of its weakest link, so it is true, if on either or both of these routes there is any engineering obstacle to overcome, then the feasibility of the whole route must depend wholly upon the power of the engineer to overcome the particular obstruction. In the case of Panama, there is but a single place where the necessary dam can be constructed, if it can be constructed at all—this is at Bohio, on the Chagres river—while on the Nicaragua route there are several places where a dam might be constructed.

Fourteenth: I favor the Nicaragua route because it can be completed at an earlier date than can be the Panama route.

Fifteenth: Another very strong reason why the Senate should select the Nicaragua route because it is perfectly apparent that to fail to do so and to adopt an amendment to the House bill, either adopting the Panama route or leaving it to the President to select either route, will create an unnecessary issue between the two Houses of Congress which will at least cause unnecessary delay.

Sixteenth: But an insurmountable objection to the selection of the Panama route rests in the fact, in my judgment, and in the judgment of a majority of the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, that it is, as described by the testimony taken before your committee, absolutely impossible for the new Panama Canal Company, either with or without the consent of the Republic of Colombia, or either with or without the consent of the Old Panama Canal Company, or either with or without the consent of the French Government, or either with or without the consent of the New Panama Canal Company, to vest a title in the United States to the Panama property that will not be eternally and forever clouded by an infinitude of claims and charges, arising, if not on strictly legal grounds, upon moral and equitable grounds, upon

the part of the share and bond-holders, both of the Old and the New Panama Canal Company, to say nothing of the outstanding shares in the hands of numerous persons of about 1,100 shares in the Panama Railroad Company.

Seventeenth: Another formidable objection to the selection of the Panama route arises from the fact that a part of the property owned by the New Panama Canal Company is 68,900 shares of the 70,000 shares of the Panama Railroad Company. These shares in the Panama Railroad Company are a part of the property of the New Panama Canal Company, for which we are called upon to pay the New Panama Canal Company \$40,000,000. This Panama Railroad Company is a private corporation, organized under a special charter granted by the Legislature of the State of New York many years ago. The New Panama Canal Company is not the owner of the Panama railroad or any part of its steamships or other property. It has no power to transfer or sell this property to the United States. Certainly as to the 1,100 shares of stock—which it is admitted by all hands it does not own—it has no control whatever. The construction of the proposed canal on the Panama route, moreover, involves the necessity of change in location, a virtual destruction, of a portion of the present Panama railroad—this for quite a distance, as the route of the canal lies on the very track of the present railroad.

Will any lawyer claim for a moment that this can be done by the United States on the holding simply of the majority of the shares of the stock in the railroad company against the protests of the outstanding shareholders? Does any lawyer doubt the power of the holders of the 1,100 shares of stock in the Panama Railroad Company to prevent the United States—not directly, I admit, but indirectly—from tearing up the track of the railroad by obtaining an injunction against the men engaged in such spoliation of their property? Will the Congress of the United States assume such responsibilities as must thus necessarily come by reason of any attempt to ignore the rights of the minority shareholders in this railroad company?

But the opponents to an isthmian canal, especially those opposed to the Nicaragua route and in favor of investing \$40,000,000 in the Panama fraud, ever on the lookout for new arguments to sustain their position, imagine Providence has furnished them with a new and unanswerable argument in the terrible catastrophe that has so recently come to the people of Martinique by reason of the eruption of Mount Pelee, and this is seized upon with vigor and evident satisfaction as an argument against the construction of the canal on the Nicaragua route.

But what is the conclusive answer to all this? It is found in the well-established facts, that all the history of the past fails to furnish any evidence to justify the conclusion that the possibility of destruction from earthquakes is a factor of any importance whatever in opposition to the construction of the canal on either of the two routes; and, second, that past history shows a much larger percentage—a percentage of about 100 per cent greater—of danger from earthquakes on the Panama route than on the Nicaragua route.



Out of School

By J. H. Ackerman, State Superintendent of Public Instruction

WHAT are our boys and girls doing out of school? In the country, fortunately, they have work to do, helping father and mother on the farm and in the house. Work keeps them out of mischief, even if it sometimes is felt as too great drudgery. The isolation of country life, also, with all its evils, does prevent the great evil for children of bad company.

In the village and city all this is changed. Few boys have any considerable amount of work to do at the same time that they are going to school. Even the girls are largely released from housework by their over-indulgent mothers. After due allowance for time employed in school, and in study out of school, there remains several hours of time not occupied by any duty. What are our boys and girls doing in this time? Some of them are reading trashy novels, filling their minds with foolish ideals, which more or less unfit them for real life. Some of them are running wild on the streets, learning something of nature, but also much of low life. Mothers are often shocked by their boys using profane or vulgar language, or smoking cigarettes, or to find their daughters indulging in questionable flirtations. These are common results of the school of the street. Teachers often find their pupils suddenly become idle, impudent, unruly. It is the bad company of the street which is at the bottom of this change.

What can teachers do about it? Not always very much, but sometimes a great deal. Anything innocent which awakens the interest and fills the leisure time of the pupils will be good. But the real problem is how to awaken that interest in the very pupils who need it most. Sometimes it is a new game, sometimes a society, sometimes good

reading, sometimes an exhibition of manual work done out of school; frequently it is by shrewdly and kindly finding out an idle pupil's real taste and inducing him to do something worth while in that line. School may be stupid, and the teachers hateful to the boy or girl, but a collection of birds' eggs, or of postage stamps, or something whittled out of pine wood with a knife, or a map of the neighborhood, or a nice bit of embroidery, or a triumph in cookery may wake up the uninterested pupil, life will take on a new interest, and the school itself will seem different. General exhortation will have no effect. Give the child something to do, and the doing will regenerate his thinking.

Foul Play in the Senate

The sight of a big man attacking a little man is one that arouses the indignation of every fair-minded person.

That is simply the instinct for fair play.

When such an onslaught occurs in the Senatorial chamber, it ignites the anger of every American citizen.

That is the respect for the dignity that should prevail among our law-makers.

The utterly unwarrantable attack of Mr. Bailey, weight 200 pounds, upon Mr. Beveridge, weight 150 pounds, should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every constituent of the man who has thus shamelessly exhibited so contemptible a spirit. What, in the name of common decency, are we coming to, when the Senate of the United States is made the scene of brawls and assaults that would be suppressed in a bar-room? Are the men into whose hands are entrusted the gravest affairs of our Nation so lacking in the simplest self-respect that such inexcusable actions are to be tolerated? The entire Senate is hardly culpable for the hot-headedness of the men from Texas and South Caro-

lina; but it is reprehensible, in a way, for the existence of a condition in which such assaults are indulged. The desire of the Senate to avoid all friction is commendable; but when the dignity of that body is so outrageously violated, surely some severe disciplinary measures are justified, in mere self-defense.

There is another view-point from which this matter may be considered. It is that regarding the sentiment that justifies personal violence when a question of right or wrong is involved. Stated concretely, it means that, in case of a disagreement between two men, the one who is physically the superior, may, by might of arm and fist, justify his claim. Such a sentiment is a residuum of savagery, a pitiful anchroism, without possible excuse or defense. If there is such a thing as right in this world, surely it is a thing apart, and infinitely transcending muscular power or mere *avoirduois*. The dog in the street, the savage in the jungle have no better means for settling a dispute; but is it possible that centuries of civilization have done so little for us that we must still have recourse to blows and strangle-holds to establish right? Are we still so little removed from our brute ancestors?

In these days, the machinery of law, though still hardly infallible, is, and of necessity must be, the last recourse. If law means anything to us, it must be sovereign, and beyond it there can be no appeal. To hold otherwise is to opugn the irreducible principle of society and of civilization.

It is suggestive that the guilty participants of this and the Tillman-McLaurin affair hailed from below the Mason and Dixon line. Not that all Southern Senators or Southern gentlemen are, on these grounds, implicated—for by them the affair is deplored most keenly—nor that the North is guiltless in this respect. But the standards governing such matters in the South have ever been open to criticism. In former days the duel arbitrated all differences. Consequently, he of the greatest skill with the rapier, or whose hand traveled to hip-pocket and back with the greatest celerity, was a law unto himself and no statutes or courts of justice might say him nay. Is it possible that with the

passing of this regime, we have entered upon another wherein the blow is the arbiter? Happily, such an inference is hardly warrantable. Baileys and Tillmans are the exceptions, not the rule. And yet, every citizen who respects order and justice, and every man who loves fair play must keenly resent the exhibition of insolent brutality in which Mr. Bailey of Texas played the chief part.



How to Form the Reading Habit

Hamilton W. Mabie, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, gives this excellent advice about reading:

In order to organize odd minutes into fruitful hours one must have a consistent scheme and keep the means of carrying it out within reach. Too many people read the books which come in their way instead of putting themselves in the way of getting the right books. They buy and borrow without thought or plan because they do not understand that reading ought to be a resource as well as a recreation. Decide in advance what books you will read, and do not take up those which drift in your direction. Do not burden yourself with a scheme so extensive that it discourages you; do not, at the start, plan courses of reading so vast that you are weighed down with their magnitude. Begin in a quiet and easy way by planning to read consecutively a few books in some field which interests you.



Too Much Talk in the Senate

Senator Kearns, of Utah, was a laborer at two dollars a day some years ago. He has the open, candid manner of the people of that day. After he had been a United States Senator about a month, Senator Heitfeld, also a Westerner, asked him what he thought of the United States Senate. "Oh," replied Kearns, "they use too much language in their talk to suit me. Why don't they say what they mean, instead of bundling it all up in a lot of unnecessary words."—Leslie's.

Some Reminiscences of the College Days of John Muir—and Others

WHEN I was a student at the University of Wisconsin in the early sixties, John Muir was also a member of that institution, one or two classes in advance of me. I have never met Mr. Muir since he left college, and I doubt very much if he would remember the undersized "kid" who used to frequent his study. His room was like all the other dormitory rooms, small—say 10x12 feet—with a little cubby-hole for a bedroom; and in another little cubby-hole of a room was hung the chapel bell. It was the custom at that time, and may be yet, to allow some pupil whose means were small to ring the bell hourly in payment for his room rent; consequently, it can be seen that Mr. Muir was not over-burdened with this world's goods and chattels at that time.

His study and sitting-room was furnished in the plainest manner, but the only thing I remember particularly of it is, that against one wall was a narrow desk at which one could stand. On the top of it was a wooden rack, made by Muir, each book that he studied being placed on end in its individual compartment, and when the hour came for him to study a certain book, a clock-work apparatus, which he had contrived himself, tipped the book out from the rack onto the desk, so that he should be reminded that the hour had come for him to study it. As to his bed-room, I remember that he had a narrow, cot-like bed, and that by another one of his mechanical contrivances when the hour came for him to arise the same clock-work pulled out some prop, so the foot of the bed went down and the head up, and left Mr. Muir standing on his feet. At the State Fair, held at Madison while Mr. Muir was attending college, he exhibited a large clock which he had carved

out of wood with a jack-knife, and which not only told the seconds, minutes and hours, but—if my memory is correct—also told the day of the week, the phases of the moon, and many other things. It may be that time has exaggerated my remembrance of this clock, but to my mind it was the most ingenious piece of mechanism, and filled with innumerable wheels of all sizes.

My remembrance of John Muir's personality is that he was a tall, slim young man, with gentle mien and kindly eye, and of a most lovable disposition. My parents lived at Madison, and therefore I did not live at the college, but walked up and back twice a day (a distance of a mile) and consequently had no room to study in. Mr. Muir, who was kindness itself, offered me the privilege of occupying his room when I was not at recitation, and I remember many pleasant conversations held with him there.

I remember only three of the students attending that seat of learning at that time who have really made their mark in the world: John Muir, John C. Spooner, present U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, and Wm. L. Vilas, ex-Postmaster-General under Cleveland. The two latter were my acquaintances long before my college days, as they resided with their parents at Madison. Only one reminiscence of either of these men during my college days remains, and neither one of these is of any moment, except to show what trifles will remain in one's mind when far greater incidents vanish.

My one remembrance of Senator Spooner is of some interest as foreshadowing the forensic ability which he now displays to so much advantage in the Senate chamber. When I first entered college there were two debating societies, the Hesperian and the Athenæan. Of course, there was a great rush made by the members of each society to secure

the new scholars as they entered college for membership to one or the other society. After the usual amount of pulling and hauling, I finally decided to join the Athenean society.

One night I was put on as chief disputant, the question being: "Resolved, That the war for the perpetuation of the Union, now being waged, is right." As was but natural, in Wisconsin University at that time, nine-tenths of the boys were republicans or war-democrats, consequently strong for the Union, and it was a very easy matter to persuade the jury that the affirmative side of this question was in fact the only one. But, alas for my hopes! As I was closing my case for the affirmative, the door at the other end of the hall opened and in walked several of the leading Hesperians.

After I sat down, the president, in graceful words, noted the presence of the "distinguished members of our rival society," and called for a few remarks on the subject from Mr. Spooner. It is useless to portray the result of Spooner's eloquence. The force with which he put his ideas before the jury, the shaking of his leonine head, with its covering of tawny hair, and the knowledge that he was one of the best debaters in the college, combined to show the jury that he was right, and the side I headed wrong—for he took the negative (although, like most of us, strongly supporting the other view) simply to try his argumentative powers. The result was, of course, humiliating to me, but I am happy to say that myself and my coadjutors are not the only ones that have been placed *hors-de-combat* by the oratorical ability of Mr. Spooner.

William Allen Mears

Princeton's New President

The 155th Commencement at Princeton was made notable by the unexpected resignation of Francis Landley Patton, who has guided the affairs of Princeton through fourteen years of unexampled prosperity. During his term, and largely as a result of his wise and efficient leadership, Princeton has enjoyed such progress and growth that has filled with pride and gratitude the

loyal hearts of her many sons, and it was with poignant regret that his retirement was received. The feeling, however, was much abated by the news that Dr. Patton was to remain a member of the faculty, and resigned only that he might afford more time for study in the fields of ethics and theology. Any apprehension as to his successor was speedily dissipated by the action of the trustees, who, at the same meeting at which Dr. Patton announced his resignation, and on his expressed suggestion, elected Prof. Woodrow Wilson to the president's seat.

Dr. Wilson, of all men, seems ideally capacitated to fill the honorable place to which he has been called. Though in the full prime and vigor of his manhood, he possesses the poise, the calm dignity with which years of service and achievement have endowed him. As a scholar in the fields of history and jurisprudence, he has earned a distinctive reputation. As an educator, he has proven his value by the efficiency with which he has long filled the chair of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton. To these acquisitions he adds the accomplishments of authorship, with products of lasting value, and a gift of impressive and graceful eloquence, in which he has no superior in academic circles. A thorough student of affairs, his vigorous and thoughtful utterances on current questions command a wide audience.

Moreover, he possesses those qualities of personality and character that mark him as a trustworthy leader of young men. Magnetic, virile, masterful, he is, at the same time, sympathetic, friendly, approachable. In fine, he is super-eminently qualified for the chief position of so venerable an institution. Princeton is to be congratulated upon her new chief, no less than Dr. Wilson upon his accession to the president's office.

His Nationality.

McJones (enters street-car. Car gives jolt, and McJones is hurled into the lap of an elderly female)—"Excuse me, please."

Lady (into whose lap he has squatted)—"Excuse you! What are you—a heathen?"

McJones (apologetically)—"No; I'm a laplander."—Judge.

*'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.*

Byron, Don Juan

What to Wear When Traveling

It is a fact worth knowing, says the Woman's Home Companion, that the key-note of the perfect costume is its suitability. Especially is this true of traveling, for there comfort goes hand in hand with charm. The more appropriate the costume, the more enjoyable the journey and the more fascinating the traveler. The sense of being just right enhances beauty, brightens conversation and tends to drive off fatigue; therefore, what to wear traveling becomes a question of special significance to the woman who is contemplating a short trip or a long one during vacation time. Her clothes should be comfortable—thoroughly so—as well as appropriate and smart in effect. Materials which are dust-proof and light in weight should invariably be chosen for the traveling gown. Hats should be cool and simply trimmed, and heavy shoes and thick gloves should always be left at home.

The silk traveling-gown is all the vogue this season. If it is made of the unfinished taffeta, which is soft rather than crisp, and as it neither wrinkles nor spots it is sure to prove serviceable. Light-weight English tweed will wear well and not show the dust, and for a long journey is highly to be recommended, while for the day excursion or the short trip linen crash, Panama Java etamine or pongee are all appropriate materials.

A Home Summer Resort

While it is true that a large and ever increasing portion of Americans spend at least a portion of the summer's hot

months away from home—at the seaside, in the country or the mountains—there is yet a large fraction for whom a month at a summer resort is an impossibility. For these unfortunates, then, a few words of sympathy and suggestion.

Take cheer! Be of good heart! There are many things far more to be dreaded than a summer at home. Indeed, by exercising a little ingenuity and a good deal of imagination, a summer resort may be had at home that—as a substitute for the genuine article—will be found surprisingly satisfactory and a deal cheaper.

If you are blessed with a generous "yard," it will be an easy matter. If not, an ample veranda may serve the purpose. Having decided on a time for your outing, resolve to abolish the routine of house-living for that period. Move out of doors. Procure, if possible, a tent or canopy and conduct all the operations of meal getting and serving under its protection. Avoid the kitchen as a plague. A gasoline or coal-oil stove is quite indispensable for this purpose, and, if not already owned, may be rented at small cost.

The regular menu of hot meats and vegetables, and all dishes requiring elaborate cooking, must be dispensed with, for this is to be an outing for the housewife as well as for the rest of the family. Sandwiches, tinned foods, baker's breadstuffs and pastries, and other articles of picnic diet may be substituted and relished as a change at least.

Keep the freezer busy. Fruit ices are very cheap, and nothing is more refreshing. Fruit and vegetable salads are easily prepared, and many other

dishes, suitable to the occasion, will suggest themselves.

If a more complete change is desired, beds may be moved out of doors or onto the veranda, and a "truly camping-out" be indulged in. The children will think it great larks to sleep in a bed made on the floor, and cots and bed-springs may be pressed into service for the older ones.

If the spirit of the affair is entered into, no end of a good time will be realized. Let "make-believe" rule the day and banish reality to the back-ground of existence. The children, of course, will invent countless ways of increasing the illusion. Wonderful trout will be caught from the back porch. A hunting trip down the alley will yield marvelous results; and the finest sort of surf-bathing will be had with the aid of the garden hose. Each day some little excursion should be planned—a picnic, a car-ride, a trip to the country.

The wearied house-wife will find a blessed relief in the break in the monotony of her labors, and the wage-earners, returning at night, will appreciate the novelty and added zest of living. It is safe to say that, the allotted time for the outing coming to a close, no member of the family will return without some reluctance to the established mode of existence.

—G. T.



The Mother of Girls

Mothers, spend all the time possible with your girls, advises a writer in "Good Housekeeping." Look at life from their standpoint. Do not judge from yours when you were a girl. Times have changed. I am astonished every day at the things young girls do and the knowledge they seem to have of life. And I always leave them with the hope in my heart that their home influence is strong, kind and true. And that their mothers are keeping up with the times, and have ever a watchful eye upon their children, especially their daughters.

No matter what happens, don't turn your back upon them. Remember they are given to you to cherish, protect and guide all your life. You are responsible

to your Creator for the lives of your children. You must answer to him for the way in which you bring those children up.



The Family Medicine Cabinet

Medicines for family use should be kept in a locked cabinet hanging out of reach of children, says the "Ladies' Home Journal." Such a cabinet should be supplied with spirits of camphor, spirits of turpentine and linseed oil in pint bottles; sassafras oil and sweet oil in bottles holding at least four ounces; quinine in a tin box with a screw top (the safest form in which to buy and keep quinine); five or ten cents' worth of Epsom salts in a low glass or china jar with wide mouth (pint fruit cans do well for this purpose); a few sticks of lunar caustic, wrapped in paper and kept from the light, also in glass; and a small, wide-mouthed bottle of menthol crystals.



Training for the Home

It may not always be feasible or desirable that our women's colleges establish departments of domestic science, but they should add to their teaching of pure science, writes Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton of Chicago university in Good Housekeeping. They should recognize the dignity of the everyday problems. They should give the student of chemistry the opportunity of electing sanitary chemistry in place of more abstract phases of the subject. Household applications of much attention as industrial applications; while yeast might well take the place of some less useful micro-organisms in microscopic work. More lecture courses should be established, like that given in one of our great universities, to men and women alike, on The Citizen as Householder. The watchword of the new education is "training for citizenship." The home enters so largely into all life that this might almost be translated into "training for the home." And our colleges ought not to be behind-hand in this matter.

***A Department Devoted to Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, the Pioneers,
Sons and Daughters of Pioneers and Historical Data of the Northwest.***

Reunion of Pioneers

Fully 1,000 Oregon Pioneers participated in the procession that marched to the Exposition building on the occasion of the thirtieth reunion of the organization. In the ranks were men from every County and section of the State; men from every walk and station in life; men whose years have passed the three score and ten, and those yet in the full vigor of manhood. There were those who aided in the organization of the first government west of the Rocky Mountains, and those who today fill positions of the highest honor and trust. There were those who for half a century have lived quietly on their donation claim and those whose names have a national reputation.

The parade was formed at the Portland Hotel at 1:30 o'clock P. M., under the direction of Grand Marshal John W. Minto and his aids, C. T. Belcher, N. H. Bird, F. H. Saylor and W. H. Warren. Led by DeCaprio's band and an escort of Native Sons, the Pioneers fell in line under banners designating the years of their arrival in Oregon, and marched to the Exposition building. At the Exposition building seats were reserved for members of the Pioneer Association, and the comfort of all was provided for. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens, roses, potted plants and the National colors. Flags of other nations were displayed, indicating that Oregon was settled partly by men from European countries.

After the band had played a few patriotic airs the meeting was called to order by Vice-President J. C. Moreland, who presided in the absence of the President, Judge J. H. D. Gray, who was ill. Judge Moreland said:

Fellow Pioneers: I extend to you my hearty congratulations that so many are permitted in health and strength to meet

and mingle in this joyous reunion; to recount your trials and sufferings, and rejoice over your triumphs. For surely you have triumphed. Where you found barbarism, you now have civilization. Where you found waste and desert places, you now have smiling fields and bounteous harvests and pleasant homes. Where you found ignorance and savagery, you now have education and enlightenment. Where you knew and felt want, you now have prosperity and plenty. Where you found war and danger, you now have peace and safety.

But while we thus gather on this joyous occasion, let us pause a moment in memory of those of our friends and loved ones who endured with you the trials and sufferings of the pioneer, but being wearied with life's burdens, laid them down and passed over to join the ranks of the immortals.

Again I congratulate you and welcome you here today.

Rev. J. W. Miller, a pioneer of 1850, offered an invocation, after which Judge George H. Williams, 1853, delivered an address of welcome. Judge Williams said:

Address of Welcome.

Pioneers of Oregon: I have the honor and it affords me pleasure to extend to you the hospitalities of the City of Portland. Societies from abroad are welcomed to this city as a matter of comity, and you have a right by the services you have rendered to our state and city to the best that we can give in the nature of a welcome. These annual meetings of the Pioneers are instructive, interesting and useful. They bring before our minds the history of the growth and development of our state. They remind us of the struggles and sacrifices of the men and women who redeemed Oregon from the wilderness and made it to blossom like the rose. They reunite the old people who are separated from each other in their homes and sweeten their declining years with the pleasures of social intercourse. You are surrounded by many things that ought to give you comfort as you go down the declivity of life. The fruits of your labors are widespread and abundant. They are seen in the comfortable homes, the cultivated fields, the orchards and gardens and in all that conduces to the pros-

perity and wealth of the state. You have a right to be proud and happy over these things. They will remain as monuments to your praise when you are gone. Our lives are in the "sear and yellow leaf," but the beauties of the glorious Spring are round about us. This is the time of the singing of birds and the blooming of flowers. These are for the old as well as the young, and Nature is no respecter of persons. Our gratitude is due to the Giver of all good for the length of days and the blessings we enjoy. I hope you may have a pleasant meeting upon this occasion, and that you may live to meet and greet each other in many future meetings of the Pioneers of Oregon.

Judge Williams was followed by Hon. T. A. McBride, 1846, who delivered the annual address. He first outlined in a graphic and comprehensive manner the discoveries which gave Oregon to the world. First he mentioned the name of Monocacht Ape, the Yazoo Indian who first penetrated to this land, followed by Robert Gray, the discoverer and first navigator of the Columbia. He then spoke of Thomas Jefferson, whose clear foresight and unalterable courage made possible the expedition headed by Lewis and Clark, the men to whose skill and bravery and perseverance Oregon is so indebted.

The speaker then passed to the early history of the State, the period of the trapper, the missionary, the first daring frontiersman. Then followed the epoch of the pioneers who suffered the dangers and privations of the trip across the continent that they might find homes in the distant land of rich promise. Just and eloquent tributes were paid to Astor, to Whitman and his associates, to Dr. McLoughlin and many others, not neglecting the great body of home seekers who wrested Oregon from the clutch of the wilderness.

Reference was made to the organization of government, the first newspapers, schools and other evidences of an established society. Of the characteristics of the pioneers, emphasis was laid upon their hospitality, their firm religious belief, their determination to maintain justice and suppress vice.

After thus interestingly sketching the development of the country, Mr. McBride closed with this eloquent peroration:

"Grand old men and women! In the very nature of things your ranks must thin

and thin with each succeeding year until within a short period at best the last of you must pass away. Even among your children there are many like him who now addresses you, around whose temples appears the frost that never melts; but be assured that we, your children, appreciate the dangers you passed through, the toils you endured, the institutions which you founded, and rise up and call you blessed. And in the future, which your foresight and toil have made magnificent, we will claim no prouder descent than that of being the sons and daughters of Oregon pioneers."

A poem entitled "Our Pioneers," which appeared in last month's Pacific, written by June McMillan Ordway, was read by J. C. Moreland.

The occasional address was then delivered by W. F. Wright, 1852. Like the one preceding it, it was largely historical and reminiscent in character. He alluded to the turbulent times before the fifties, when the half-savage trappers were the dominant element.

"The year 1852," he said, "may well be assumed as an epoch-marker in the history of the United States, and especially of the half lying west of the Mississippi River, as that year and its great immigration definitely set the tide of settlement toward that half of the continent which before had been almost literally the unknown land."

He referred at some length to the conditions in the East and Middle West that gave rise to the great immigratory movement. Tribute was duly paid to the pioneer missionaries whose work in establishing schools and churches was invaluable to the young society. Others of the grand men who labored in the interests of Oregon's development were named and homage rendered to their memories.

After the addresses, the pioneers partook of the sumptuous banquet prepared by the Woman's Auxiliary, and served by fifty Native Daughters, under the direction of Mrs. C. M. Cartwright. The banquet was entirely informal. No speeches were made, but all lingered around the banquet hall to talk with old acquaintances and inquire after friends in various parts of the State.

The committees in charge of the banquet were as follows:

Woman's Auxiliary—Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman; Mrs. Thomas Moffett, secretary; Miss Mary A. Burke, assistant secretary.

Refreshment Committee—Mrs. John W. Minto, Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. D. M. McLauchlan, Mrs. D. J. Malarkey, Mrs. A. L. Pease, Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Mrs. C. W. Sherman, Mrs. Marie Marsh, Mrs. Seneca Smith, Mrs. A. A. McCully, Mrs. I. G. Davidson, Mrs. M. A. Stratton, Mrs. Watt Morton.

Decorating Committee—Miss Lorena Rodgers, Miss Clara Teal, Miss Hazel Weldler, Miss Kate Gibbs, Miss Marguerite Wiley.

General Assistants—Miss Marguerite Leasure and Miss Isabella Noltnier.

At the evening session, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—J. C. Moreland, 1852, Multnomah County.

Vice-President—William Galloway, 1852, Clackamas County.

Secretary—George H. Himes, 1853, Multnomah County.

fare with homely surroundings we are now able to appreciate and enjoy the more elaborate and abundant feast and elegant service which the progress of our state now so abundantly affords.

Second—We greatly appreciate the hospitality and kindness of the citizens of Portland in so generously providing for our comfort and entertainment at this meeting of our Association.

Third—We appreciate the generous courtesy of the transportation companies for affording us reduced fares in coming to and returning from this meeting.

Fourth—We commend the diligence and efficiency of the officers of this Association for so ably conducting the business affairs of this Association.

Fifth—We again heartily endorse the proposed Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition and will do what we can to make it a success. This century has been for Oregon one of adventure, discovery and settlement by which this great Northwest has been won from the grasp of the Spaniard, the Russian and the Briton to the United States and to freedom, and we who founded the state and made it independent and prosperous hope for it a still more glorious career in the coming hundred years.

After the conclusion of the business session, the gathering was entertained by recitations by Mabel Hoopingarner, a grand-daughter of Isaac Butler, '45. Norman Darling, '53, contributed to the general amusement by playing the bones and reciting a humorous monologue. A male double quartet, composed of gray-haired men, favored the audience with several selections. The men who sang were: S. Bullock, W. S. Powell, C. W. Tracey, R. V. Pratt, G. A. Buchanan, A. M. Cumming, H. A. Keinath and Dr. H. R. Littlefield.

The remainder of the evening was spent in social conversation, and the comparing of reminiscences, until the meeting adjourned for another year.

* * *

Meeting of Native Sons

At the annual meeting of the Grand Cabin, Native Sons of Oregon, the following officers were elected: Alex Sweek, grand president; W. N. Barrett, grand first vice-president; O. P. Coshaw, grand second vice-president; J. P. Kavanaugh, grand secretary; R. W. Hoyt, grand treasurer; B. B. Beekman, grand orator; F. H. Saylor, grand historian; E. M. Croisan, grand marshal; F. E. Osborne, grand inside sentinel; C. Mat-

GEORGE H. HIMES, '53, SECRETARY OF PIONEER ASSOCIATION

Corresponding Secretary—Silas B. Smith, 1839, Clatsop County.

Treasurer—Charles E. Laud, Multnomah County.

Directors—J. W. Welch, 1844, Clatsop County; W. T. Wright, 1852, Union County; Benton Killen, 1845, Multnomah County.

The following resolutions were presented by a committee composed of R. P. Boise, A. S. Watt and W. T. Wright, and adopted by the society:

To the Oregon Pioneer Association—Your Committee on Resolutions would report the following:

First—We extend to the kind and efficient ladies of Portland our most hearty thanks for the splendid banquet which they have so elegantly provided and served to the Pioneers of Oregon. If in the early time we were constrained to live on plain

thieu, grand outer sentinel; J. H. Snodgrass, W. V. Wiley, E. R. Drake, W. R. Scheurer, T. M. Wilkins, E. A. M. Cone and J. H. Sewell, grand trustees.

The officers were installed by Past Grand President Sol Blumauer. The society then discussed ways and means for reviving interest and increasing membership. Many plans were suggested, and it is assured that some of them will be put into execution during the coming year. The total enrollment is now about 2,000, a figure small indeed when compared to the number of those eligible to membership.

Various reasons were advanced to explain the failure of local cabins to secure more new members. Of these, the most logical was that the annual dues of the

against death, but that a sickness benefit was quite feasible.

The desirability of extending the eligibility rules so as to include all native sons of the original Oregon, embracing Washington and Idaho, was considered. The opinion was offered that such a project could not be effectuated without a fusion of the Native Sons organizations already existing in these states. It was thought by some that a consolidation of the Native Sons and Native Daughters would be a wise move in the way of enhancing interest and decreasing expense.

A resolution was adopted indorsing the Lewis and Clark Exposition and pledging the hearty support of the Grand Cabin of Native Sons to the enterprise. The Native Sons and Native Daughters will erect a large log cabin on the exposition grounds and will maintain headquarters during the time the exposition is open. The grand officers have been empowered to take such action by way of preparation as may be necessary.



Native Daughters Convene

The annual session of the Grand Cabin, Native Daughters of Oregon, was attended by delegates from Cabins in all parts of the State. The status and future of the organization were ably presented by Mrs. Kuykendall, the president, in her address of welcome. She referred to the many obstacles with which the society had to cope, the lack of interest in some quarters and the absence of satisfactory progress.

She stated the problem with which the order is confronted in these words:

"Can our Order live on its present basis? That is a question that must be answered at this session. I don't want to utter a disloyal word as to our Order, and have tried not to be disloyal to it, even in thought, but I think every one who has had its interests at heart must realize that something different or more must be done if the Native Daughters of Oregon are to fulfill the hopes of its founders.

"So far our work has been a kind of experiment. We must now proceed by the experience and lay broad plans for the future. The questions we must decide at this session are: First, Shall we follow along on the old plan; second, Shall we modify the old; third, Shall we adopt an entirely new plan?

JUDGE M. C. GEORGE, A PIONEER OF '32, PRESIDENT OF
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF OREGON PIONEERS

society were too large for a purely social order. After consideration, it was concluded that, in order to meet this objection, the expenses of the Grand Cabin should be reduced. The salary of the grand secretary was cut from \$600 to \$200 per annum, thus making it possible to reduce the per capita dues from \$1 to 25 cents.

It was further argued that the order lost ground because of the unavoidable competition with other fraternal societies which offered sickness and death benefits, while the Native Sons provides nothing of the sort. After debate the decision was reached that a society of such local scope could not offer an insurance

"No cabins have been really lost during the year. One new cabin has been organized. This was instituted at Forest Grove by Mrs. Lydia Gault, at Hillsboro, April 25, with twenty-one members. Several of the cabins have been doing good work all year. With some change in our plans and an earnest and united effort on the part of our membership, I believe our Order may yet become the pride of all native Oregonians, and measure up the fondest hopes of its founders."

At the business meeting the following officers were elected: Grand president, Mrs. W. Kuykendall, of Eugene; first vice-president, Mrs. Julia Gault, McMinnville; second vice-president, Mrs. Helen B. Manley, Roseburg; treasurer, Mrs. Edith Linton, Eugene; secretary,

subject "The Oregon Woman." Her theme was the inspiration that the young people of Oregon receive from the lives and achievements of the Oregon pioneers.



Sons and Daughters

The Association of Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers has decided to increase its charter roll during the coming year. The register roll is in possession of Judge M. C. George, in the State criminal courtroom, where those desiring to affiliate may do so by inscribing their names.

The new officers of this organization are: M. C. George, president; Mrs. M. L. Myrick, vice-president; Mrs. S. C. Pratt, secretary; Miss Henrietta Failing, treasurer. Mrs. George W. Weidler and John W. Minto are the new directors elected.

The object of the association is to co-operate with the Pioneer Association and to perpetuate Pioneer day and to keep green the memories of pioneer days. All sons and daughters of Oregon pioneers are eligible to membership.



Hilton Bonser

Among the many worthy and hospitable families of the early days of Oregon was that of Hilton Bonser, who came west with relatives in 1847, and settled in Multnomah County, near the Columbia River. Two or three years later he sold his interests in Oregon and returned to his native home in Ohio. In 1852 he again came west, and, the same year, Mr. Henry Thomas also crossed the plains with his family of seven daughters, one son and several nephews, nieces and grand children. One year later, in May, Mr. Hilton Bonser and Miss Margaret Thomas were married, and made their home in Clark County, Wash. A daughter was born to them on April 20th, 1854, and named Marissa.

After disposing of his land to a neighbor, Mr. Bonser removed to California, taking with him his wife and baby. While there, two more children were born—a boy, who died in infancy, and a girl, whom they named Luella, who was married some years ago to Mr. A. E. Ruth of Curry County.

In 1858, Mr. Bonser returned to Oregon, and, some time later, purchased a tract of land then known as the "Stephen Johnson D. L. C.," upon which the family settled permanently. After leaving California, six children were born—three boys and three girls. Of these, four are living: Mrs. Olive

MRS. ROBERT A. MILLER, WHO DELIVERED THE ADDRESS AT THE MEETING OF NATIVE DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Mary Gault Humphreys, Hillsboro; orator, Mrs. R. A. Miller, Oregon City; historian, Mrs. Belle Walker, Forest Grove; trustee, Mrs. F. A. Prim, Jacksonville.

The official reports show that there are twenty-four local cabins, of which number only one-half had representatives in the Grand Cabin. The total enrolled membership is between 400 and 500. The representatives present were quite enthusiastic over the work of the organization and expect to see it receive more general support from native daughters of Oregon as interest in Oregon history shall increase.

One of the most enjoyable events of the session was the annual address of Grand Orator Mrs. R. A. Miller, of Oregon City. Mrs. Miller took for her

Henrici, of Montavilla; Mrs. Dessie Potter, of Tacoma; Mrs. Ellen Stoops, of Tacoma, and William H. Bonser, of Southern Oregon.

Previous to 1874, Hilton Bonser was for many years postmaster at Sauvie Island, and took an active interest in school affairs and in all matters bearing upon the development and progress of the community in which he lived. He kept abreast of the times in political affairs, and always cast his vote for the candidate who, in his judgment, seemed best qualified for the office. Mr. Bonser came of an old and patriotic family. He was reared and educated by his grandfather, Major Isaac Bonser, and his grandmother, Mrs. Abigail (Burt) Bonser. While a young man, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. The ancestors of his wife were among the early settlers of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Bonser was a member of the Christian Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonser took great pleasure in entertaining the young people of their relatives and friends, as well as the older ones, and many were the pleasant days passed in boating, fishing and hunting on the premises while enjoying the hospitality of those well-remembered and respected pioneers.

Hilton Bonser was born in Ohio, May 10th, 1827, and died at Sauvie Island November 26th, 1881. Mrs. Margaret Bonser was born December 17th, 1832, and died October 28th, 1880. Both are buried in Evergreen Hill Cemetery, near the Columbia River. A son is also interred at the same place. Six of the children are living; but, as they each had homes and business interests elsewhere, the old homestead was sold when the youngest heir became of age. Descendants are now living in Portland, Southern Oregon, Tacoma, and other places.



Announcement to Pioneers and Native Sons

The consolidation of "The Oregon Native Son and Historical Magazine" with "The Pacific Monthly," which took place in April, 1901, carried with it to The Pacific Monthly Publishing Co. all the accumulated numbers in the possession of the Native Son Publishing Co. The files of the "Native Son," though incomplete, are of great value, and will be prized more highly by the Pioneers who endured the hardships incident to "crossing the plains" in the early days, and to their sons and daughters, as the years of those adventurous pilgrimages become more remote. The historical and

biographical sketches, amply and tastefully illustrated, contributed by those whose intimate knowledge of data, places and persons rendered them specially qualified for the task, make the pages of the "Native Son" of unique and permanent value, and, as the writers have passed and are passing away, they can never be reproduced. The files in the office of The Pacific Monthly (of the "Oregon Native Son") begin with volume one, number six (October, 1899), and are complete for the remainder of that volume, covering seven (7) months up to and including April, 1900. This group represents the cream of volume one, numbering among those who wrote for it F. H. Saylor, C. H. Sholes, H. S. Lyman, Sam L. Simpson, Abigail Scott Duniway, Geo. H. Himes, W. G. Steel, Thos. H. Rogers, Hon. Harvey W. Scott and many other gifted sons and daughters of "Old Oregon." In all, this group (it cannot be called a volume), covers 317 pages of early history and legend unique in character and impossible of reproduction.

The second group is from Vol. 2, and begins with the June number (2), 1900. There are five of these, comprising June, July-August, September, October and December, in all about 300 pages. Many of the same writers appear in Volume 2, enumerated as contributors of Volume 1, though we specify in addition John J. Valentine, President of Wells, Fargo & Co. Express Company; Miss Anna Whiteaker, Mary H. Coates, Rev. Myron Eells and Mr. G. A. Waggoner.

Realizing the increasing value of these numbers, they are not put upon the market for sale, but are offered, for the present, as premiums to new subscribers to The Pacific Monthly. Any one sending one dollar will be entitled to receive The Pacific Monthly one year beginning July, 1902, and a choice of either of the above named groups, which, for convenience in ordering, may be designated Group 1, Oregon Native Son; and Group 2, Oregon Native Son. Be sure to state plainly which group is desired, and order soon, that you may be sure of getting what you want.

By W. F. G. Thacher

In the Country God Forgot

By Frances Charles
Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

That the vast, pathless prairies of the West are not sterile of romantic material, is well proven in this novel of Arizona life. An immense ranch, owned by a fierce old cattle-king, and a deep mine, operated by a young New Yorker, are made the scenes of incidents as dramatic and stirring as one could wish. It is one of the rare books in which the West is taken seriously. The vast majority of the novels and short stories of Western life—written, no doubt, by authors whose acquaintance with the West is derived from a visit to Buffalo Bill's or, at best, snatched glimpses through a Pullman window—deal with it as a huge joke, a colossal burlesque, in which red-shirted miners and hell-bent cowboys vie with one another in their lurid buffonery.

But Frances Charles has read a truer meaning into the great throbbing life of the plains and mines. She has penetrated beneath the mockery of profanity and gun-play, which, in the popular conception, are the prime components of the Western novel, and has grasped the sterner forces of the great, free life, and presented them in their true values, without travesty or red-fire. A father's malignant hatred for his son and a singularly beautiful and selfless love between man and wife are the counter-forces of which the story is compounded. At times it has a tragic intensity; always, is it forcible and human.

The author draws no conclusions from the conditions she so vividly sets forth. She is no philosopher, no moralist—merely a historian, who has laid hold upon some of the salient questions and meanings of life under the pitiless sun of Arizona, and shaped them into a story of strength and conviction. It is to be re-

gretted that she has—wilfully or otherwise—chosen to defy the conventions of form and technique. The effect upon the reader is an unpleasant sense of vagueness, of crudity, of confusion. But the power, the realism of the story is undeniable; and it may be accepted as a true and graphic portrayal of life "In the Country God Forgot."

Melomaniacs

By James Huneker
Price \$1.50
Scribners: New York

The carping gentlemen who bemoan the decadence of satire will find it difficult to reconcile the "Melomaniacs" with their pessimistic theories. It is, of its kind, as clever satire as has been produced for generations, although it is disguised in modern form, and deals with a comparatively limited range of subject. At the expense of the popular ideals of musical enthusiasts, the author couches his lance, and most mercilessly does he serve them. Their most cherished idols crumple before the keen shafts of his ridicule. Their holiest of holies is not immune from the tread of his profaning feet. He is an iconoclast of the first water and none of the "heroes of tone" escapes his barbed thrusts. Wagner is pitilessly ridiculed and no phase of the Symbolist vogue is left unscathed. He even makes excursions into literature and the plastic arts in order to satirize the exponents of sentimentalism and over-culture—culture, as some one has dubbed it.

Mr. Huneker brings to bear a polished art in the writing of his sketches. Apart from their ironic quality—often so veiled as to be overlooked—they are amusing in the extreme. In his burlesques of modern Bohemia, he not only holds up the glass of ridicule, but tells some excellent short stories as well; and in the

more fantastic tales, he displays a fecundity of imagination that takes one's breath. At times he delves into the mystic and conjures up pictures that are weird beyond words. This excerpt will suggest the subtle powers of his pen: "Wicked creatures snarled crepitantly, and their crackling noises were echoed by lizard and dragon, ululating snouted birds and hissing leagues of snaky lengths."

The author displays an erudition and critique that speak emphatically, even through the medium of satire and fantasy; and the music-lover cannot fail to be fascinated, even though some of his own favorites be struck down. But the satire is never bitter. There is a kindly ring to it all that heals, even when it strikes the hardest. Indeed, we should not be greatly surprised to find Mr. Hunker burning incense, in secret, before the very idols he attacks.



The Blazed Trail

By Stewart Edward White
New York: McClure, Phillips and Co

"Strenuous" is an abused and overworked adjective these days, but it is quite the only one to fitly suggest the high pressure of the action in "The Blazed Trail." From foreword to finish there is barely a lull or breathing place in the tremendous onward rush of the story. Its dynamic energy is quite irresistible.

Harry Thorpe is a true type of the young American who "does things." His Trojan wrestlings, first with Nature's forces in the mighty forests, then with the more subtle enemy, the timber-thieves, are as heroic as one could wish. He is a splendid fellow—the kind of a man we are proud to call "American."

Perhaps it is inevitable that he should be victimized in the end by the "little, blind God," but, nevertheless, it is rather to be regretted. Not that the live element is to be pooled at—for it is sufficiently beautiful and idealistic to satisfy the most exacting. Only, Thorpe is so much more virile and heroic as the grim, omnipotent timber-king and leader of the Fighting Forty, than in the role of lover and purveyor of sentiment.

But the distinctive and most praiseworthy feature of the book is the portrayal of the life in the great woods close to the warm body of Nature. Every operation of the logging industry is vividly set forth and all the phases of that free, savage, perilous life are made to glow as in very reality. The author has a fine sense of the picturesque and the dramatic, and has hewn for his art a new "trail," straight through the forest depths of the primeval wilderness.



Songs of All the Colleges

New York: Hinds and Noble

In the make-up of this attractive and valuable collection, the compilers have shown much sense and nice discretion in selecting—of the countless many—just the songs most worthy to appear. College songs wax and wane in popularity even as other lyrics. The present-day generation of college youth knows little of the songs that found favor with their college-bred forbears. Each of the older institutions, however, cherishes a few old songs that are inwoven with the life and traditions of the place, and are quite immune from the changing touch of Time. A few of the others, too, have proved their right to live and have become classic, in a sense.

"Songs of All the Colleges" is so generous a volume that both the new and the old, the songs of local and of general popularity—all find a place. Both on account of the comprehensiveness and the high quality of its contents, it will appeal to all—college men or not.



Sage of Wa-Ha

The Mountain Gem Humorist.
By Uncle Jim
Portland, Oregon

A collection of humorous anecdotes and incidents of personal adventure, intercalated with verses on various themes. The humor is of the kind indulged in by Petroleum V. Nasby, the Danbury News man and their coevals and consists in farcial situations and broad exaggeration. Not of the highest type, perhaps, yet the fun is quite wholesome, and will provoke many a hearty laugh.

IN POLITICS—

Adjournment of Congress

Both bodies of Congress adjourned on July 1st, after a session of great activity. The closing scene in the House was marked by tremendous enthusiasm and cordial expressions of good feeling and patriotism. A resume of the most important measures enacted by Congress would include the Isthmian canal bill, consummating the efforts of half a century; the Philippine civil government bill; the Philippine tariff bill; the Chinese exclusion bill, and the irrigation bill. Other enactments of general importance are those extending the charter of national banks for twenty years; establishing a permanent census office; imposing a 10 per cent tax on oleomargarine; repealing the war revenue taxes; and providing a consular and diplomatic service for Cuba. Measures that have passed one but not both of the houses are the anti-anarchy bill; the "Omnibus Statehood bill," granting statehood to Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma; and the ship-subsidy bill. Measures defeated in one or both houses are the bill providing for the popular election of Senators; the Pacific cable bill; several financial bills; and, most important of all, the Cuban reciprocity bill.

Panama the Victor

Providing that the President is successful in securing title from the Panama Canal Company, and in acquiring the necessary territorial concessions from Columbia, the isthmian canal will be built by the Panama route. This is according to the terms of the Spooner amendment to the Hepburn bill, passed before adjournment by both Houses. In case of failure to gain right of way, the Nicaraguan route will be adopted. A canal commission is to be appointed, and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to float a loan of \$130,000,000 to meet the cost of building the canal.

The Irrigation Bill

The irrigation bill is now a law, having received majorities in both Houses. It creates a reclamation fund from the sale of public lands in the states of Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. From this fund is subtracted the amount paid to local land officers and five per cent., which under the present law is due the states for educational purposes. Any deficiency in the allowances of agricultural colleges created by this disposition of funds will be met by payments out of the Treasury. The labor of establishing and maintaining the works of irrigation will be under the control of the Department of the Interior.

Peace in the Philippines

The restoration of peace in the Philippine Islands has been formally declared by the President, and a general amnesty extended to all who have been in rebellion—excepting the Moro tribes—who will subscribe to the oath of allegiance. An order from Secretary Root relieves General Chaffee of his duties as Military Governor, the government now being vested in the Philippine Commission, in accord with the terms of the Philippine Government bill passed recently by Congress. Another proclamation issued by Secretary Root, and addressed to the U. S. army, expresses the appreciation and gratitude of the President for its work in the Philippines and Cuba.

The Coal Strike

A crisis in the coal strike is imminent. It is probable that a solution will be reached before this month's Pacific reaches the public. Although, ostensibly, both sides remain firm, there are signs of weakening on the part of the workmen which keen observers say are indications of a break-up of the strike.

The men are restless and chafe at their prolonged idleness. Many are clamoring for a return to work on the company's terms. The calling out of the pump men, engineers and firemen was of little avail, the positions being rapidly filled by others. The anticipated sympathetic strike of the bituminous miners has also come to naught. It is computed that, to date, the strike has caused a loss of \$50,000,000.

King Edward's Illness

"Perityphlitis" is the formidable appellation with which the physicians denominate King Edward's malady. As near as is determinable from the reports, it is a disease akin to appendicitis. The operation was attended with signal success and the convalescence of the royal patient very rapid. At present writing, all doubt as to his recovery has been banished. There was great gloom and disappointment at the necessity of foregoing the festivities of the coronation, but the fact is now accepted philosophically, and general gratitude for the King's recovery prevails. The losses incurred by shop-keepers, hotel-managers and others, due to the failure of the expected crowds to materialize, although large, are mostly covered by insurance. It is now probable that the ceremonies, on a curtailed scale, will take place in the early fall, or possibly at some date in August.

* * *

IN SCIENCE—

Oil as Fuel

An interesting by-product of the coal strike is the development it has brought about of the possibilities of oil as fuel. Experiments have been instituted with results entirely favorable to the use of petroleum. It has many advantages over coal, among which may be enumerated the absence of smell and smoke, simplicity of apparatus and ease of regulating the heat. The fire can be started and turned off instantaneously and the whole operation of steam generation would be facilitated by its use.

New Type of Steamer

It is claimed for a new type of steamer, the invention of Herr J. Brohan, a German engineer, that it can make the trip from Havre to New York in four days. The principal feature of the craft is that it is equipped with four propellers, two astern, one just before the rudder, the fourth forward. It is flat-bottomed, but has a short keel in the center and two false keels forward—between which the forward screw is set—to keep the hull off the bottom in case of grounding.

Expelling the Sea

Holland is laying plans to reclaim a part of the Zuyder Zee—that arm of the North Sea which, long ago, was rudely thrust into the mainland of Holland. The area to be wrested from the sea is a large part of 1400 square miles, which, in due time, will be transformed into fertile fields and thriving villages, capable of supporting thirty or forty thousands of people. A huge dam will be erected, and then acres of dry land created by pumping the water into the sea. Forty-one million eight hundred thousand dollars will be required to perform this tremendous feat.

Automobile Runs Amuck

During a speed trial for automobiles, held recently at Staten Island, the steering gear on one of the monsters, going at the rate of a mile a minute, became deranged and the machine lurched into the line of spectators, fatally injuring two and wounding others. The huge racing mechanism bears small resemblance to an automobile, but looks more like a torpedo boat on wheels. The whole frame is covered with canvas and the driver sits inside the machine and peers through a little window in the hatchway.

* * *

IN LITERATURE—

Coronation Odes

Of the several odes inspired by the expected coronation, two that were produced on opposite sides of the Atlantic

may be classed as the best. These are the products of Mr. William Watson and our own Bliss Carman. The former is largely retrospective in character, and is weighted heavily with the triumphant deeds of English history. To the future it turns, not with the confidence that might be expected, but with foreboding that England fail to maintain her lofty place. Perhaps the couplet best worth quoting is that alluding to Ireland as

—the lovely and lonely Bride
That we have wedded but have never won."

Mr. Carman's vigorous and high-sounding numbers sustain the note that Kipling has sounded. They are bold with imperial pride and the Anglo-Saxon lust of conquest. The poet looks ever to the future, and is full of the hope that heeds no failure.

Valuable Literary Curios

Twenty-three letters by Charles Lamb sold separately brought \$2018 in London recently, and eleven letters by Shelley sold in one lot brought \$805. The original manuscripts of Keats' "Unfelt, Unheard and Unseen," and the "Hymn to Apollo" sold for \$345, and that of parts of "Cap and Bells," for \$1725. Lamb's "The King and Queen of Hearts" fetched \$1200, a first edition of Keats' "Lamia, Etc.," \$355, and of his "Endymion" \$345. Pope's autograph manuscript of "The Pastorals" brought \$355 and D. G. Rossetti's manuscript of "Henry the Leper" \$280. A first edition of Pope's "The Rape of the Lock" was sold for \$305, one of the Waverley Novels \$325 and one of Charles Lever's works \$505. Gawin Douglas' "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," 1617, \$985.

Book on Westminster Abby

The Roll-Call of Westminster Abbey, by Mrs. A. Murray Smith, daughter of the Dean of Westminster, contains a mass of careful and accurate information which will complement Dean Stanley's well-known monograph, filling it out in many ways. It is not concerned with the history or architecture of the build-

ing, but deals only, as its well chosen title implies, with the population of the dead within its walls. We Americans are perhaps more interested in the Abbey and in Stratford-on-Avon than in any other places in England, and are likely to find in this volume more facts about the occupants of the various tombs than can be found in any other one book.

* * *

IN EDUCATION—

Change of Presidents at Princeton

At the meeting of the trustees of Princeton University, Dr. Patton, for fourteen years the President, resigned his position, and Woodrow Wilson, a member of the faculty, was elected to succeed him. Both men stand in the very forefront of the ranks of American educators; both are in every way qualified for the headship of the University. But Dr. Patton, desiring to find relief from the administrative labors—to which he has devoted his best energies—and in order to devote his time to special work in moral and religious philosophy, has passed the reins into younger hands. The choice of Dr. Wilson is recognized as an excellent one. He is eminently fitted to fill the place to which he has been called. (See "Men and Women.")

West Point's Centennial

The one-hundredth anniversary of the United States Military Academy was celebrated with great brilliancy, and the occasion made doubly impressive by the presence of many distinguished visitors. Among these may be mentioned the President and many Congressmen and Ministers; the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and other officers of high rank; veterans, Union and Confederate, of the Civil war; college presidents, and delegates from foreign nations. Speeches were made by President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, Ambassador Porter and by veterans of the Civil, Mexican and Spanish wars. The diplomas were presented by the President.

**Roosevelt at
Harvard**

President Roosevelt, in his speech at Harvard Commencement, eulogized the services of a number of college graduates to their country, including Governor Wood, Governor Taft and Secretary Root. "If a college education means anything," said he, "it means fitting a man to do better service than he could do without it; if it does not mean that it means nothing, and if a man does not get that out of it, he gets less than nothing out of it. No man has a right to arrogate to himself one particle of superiority because he has had a college education, but he is bound if he is in truth a man to feel that the fact of his having had a college education imposes upon him a heavier burden of responsibility; that it makes it doubly incumbent on him to do well and nobly in his life, private and public."

**Cuban Girls at
Normal Schools**

At the state normal school at New Paltz, N. Y., a number of Cuban girls, during the past year, have been pursuing a course of instruction calculated to fit them for positions as teachers in the mother land. The tuition was provided free and the Cuban government defrayed their traveling expenses and gave them an allowance for board and incidentals. The young women agreed, therefore, to teach a certain length of time in the Cuban schools. They displayed unusual brightness and intelligence and the experiment has proved successful.

* * *

IN ART—**An American
Academy in
Rome**

A strong movement has been launched to incorporate the American Academy at Rome. No financial aid is contemplated—only the official recognition by Congress of the school as a national institution. The school was founded in 1894 by the group of architects engaged upon the buildings at the World's Fair at Chicago, and was first confined to students of architecture.

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Later it was broadened to include the allied arts of painting and sculpture, and supported by voluntary gifts. The King of Italy has shown great interest in the project and has expressed a hope that it will succeed.

Improvements in White House

\$360,000 will be expended in restoring and adding to the White House, with the aim to increase its accommodations and convenience both as a residence and as a seat of government functions. Porticoes will be extended from the east and west sides of the building. These will be used for laundries, storerooms, servants' quarters, etc., making the basement available for cloak rooms, smoking rooms and the like. A temporary structure is being built to serve as an office for the President and his clerks until the permanent executive office building is erected north of the White House grounds. Besides, the whole interior of the White House proper is to be built over and beautified.

Coronation Robes

The various robes and mantles, made for the royal personages who were to have participated in the coronation, represent, it is safe to assert, the highest form of the weaver's art. Each "tunic," "alb" and "mantle of investiture" for the King himself, the mantles and garments of the Queen and all the multitudinous habiliments worn by the royal family, the various nobles, ecclesiastics, officials, et cetera, were prepared with the greatest possible skill and ornamented to the last point of adornment. Nearly all of these fabrics are the products of British looms, and all are made to conform to the traditional pattern as to fabric, design, color and embroidery.

* * *

IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

Restriction of Presbyterian Colleges

The "Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies" is to be commended for its disapproval of the many movements set on foot to found

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new denominational colleges with insufficient endowments. Such institutions, sooner or later, fall back upon the Board for support, seriously embarrassing its efforts to aid colleges already established and more worthy of assistance. It countenances the founding of no college with an endowment under \$50,000, besides a suitable plant.

**A New
Church**

From Indiana comes a misbegotten scheme to organize a "Union Labor Church," to which shall be admitted only organized workingmen and their sympathizers. The church is to be supported by assessments on the unions, with the idea of making the church "free" and the pastors "independent."

**Mission from
College**

President Hadley of Yale announces that a group of Yale men are about to establish a mission in the far East. This mission, which is the first of its kind to be established by graduates of any American college, is to be conducted along the broadest lines, carrying on evangelistic, medical, and especially educational work in a large student center in North China. It will be undenominational and independent, but will work in harmony with the mission boards.

* * *

**To Authors and Short-Story
Writers.**

The publishers of the Pacific Monthly wish to attract attention to the fact that they are in the market for short stories, special articles, anecdotes of prominent men, etc. The demand is especially for stories of adventure, sentiment and humor. *Brevity is essential.* Four thousand words is the limit. All MSS. will receive a prompt and impartial reading. *Inclose stamps or stamped envelope for return.* Name and address should appear on MSS.

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What shall I do?
 I cannot be content
 Aimless to live;
 Hither I was not sent
 Nothing to give.
 I see the toil
 Employing others' time,
 The sweat and soil,
 The weariness and grime,—
 What shall I do?

What shall I do?
 I have not shining gifts,
 Nor place nor wealth;
 Little my neart uplifts
 Save hope and health.
 I see the strong,
 And feel that I am weak,
 The busy throng,
 Who think and act and speak,—
 What shall I do?

What shall I do?
 I am not trained and skilled,
 Inventive, bold;
 I could not, if I willed,
 Men's motives mold.
 Ye; lofty things
 My spirit sees and feels,
 And ardent springs
 My heart-voice and appeals,—
 What shall I do?

What shall I do?
 Duty that nearest lies,
 That which is here;
 While distant mountains rise,
 Plain work is near,
 And I will do,
 The lesser things with joy;
 Though small and few,
 These fit employ,
 These will I do.

In place remote
 From notice, mayhap I
 My garden keep;
 I will not question why,
 Nor faint nor weep.
 So, pure from wrong,
 And filled with truth and love,
 Fruitful and strong,
 Joyful my way I'll move
 In place remote.

These masters here,
 Whose minds are trained and strong,
 The way have trod
 With patient steps, and long
 I slow may plod,
 And may not reach
 The heights by them attained;
 Simply to teach
 The truths I've gained,
 After and here.

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"The Breakers" is a hotel that is unsurpassed anywhere on the Pacific Coast, north of the famous California beach resorts. The building has an ocean front of 100 feet, is seventy-six feet wide and four stories high, or seventy-three feet from the ground floor to the top of observatory. It has handsomely furnished rooms for 250 guests. The house is lighted by electricity, and heated by steam and spacious tiled fireplaces. Its electric lights make it one of the most brilliant beacons on the entire coast to the "ships that pass in the night." The office is large and tasteful, the dining-room seats 200 guests at once, and the kitchen is equipped with every modern culinary convenience. There are hot and cold seawater baths in the house, and well-furnished pool and billiard rooms. The waves of the ocean at high tide roll within 200 feet of the house, and the beach in front is superb for surf-bathing. The observatory commands a view of the ocean, Shoalwater Bay and the whole peninsula, and there is scarcely a room in the hotel that does not open out upon an ocean scene. In the sixty-acre park surrounding the hotel are natural groves, velvet lawns, and two small freshwater lakes, clear as crystal. On the grounds are bowling alleys, golf-links and tennis-courts; on the lakes, a fleet of sail and rowboats, and on Shoalwater Bay, just east of the lakes, a gasoline launch for parties of fishermen, picnickers, or those who prefer the warm-still-water bathing to the tumbling of the surf. In the mountain forests across the bay, bear, deer, grouse and other game abound. Altogether, it is an ideal summering-place.

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I pass but once
The well trod path of life,
The poor, the lame,
Those weaker in the strife,
I would inflame
With light divine
And hope and strength and power,
Kindling from mine
Their courage for life's hour;—
I pass but once.

Try I to do,
Inspired by all I see,
By all I hear,
By ways together we
Have felt made clear,
My very best.
And when the Master comes,
And makes the test,
Joy, if my work he sums:
"Twill do; take rest."

What do? What do?
The world is full of need,
To me new light,
Comes as my spirit freed
Plumes for its flight;
The self-same way
These leaders fared, fare I,
Through night to day,
Strengthening and strong, I fly.
That do! That do!

In August, 1898, when the University Summer School was in session at Minneapolis, Minn., these lines were written. They were read at a meeting of the Congress of Normal School instructors. Some requests were made for a copy of them, and they are now published for the first time.

* * *

The Swearing of Sealers.

A prolific source of litigation and perjury is the practice among the crews of the sealing ships of stealing pans of seals from one another, says Patrick McGrath, in an article on sealing, in Leslie's Monthly for May.

The moral sense of the sealing community has been so perverted in this particular that the man who at other pursuits is a model citizen, and who would hesitate to take a codfish, thinks nothing of the most flagrant perjury with regard to the theft of seals. "We haven't much of a case, boys," observed the skipper to his men a few years ago, "but surely you are not going to let them other d—d scoundrels out-swear you!" That is the ruling idea, and the men usually show themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them.

"What are you going to swear to?" asked a lawyer of a witness in a sealing case in 1896. "Well, sir," was the reply, "I don't know whereabouts on the ice you're going to place me. When I get my bearings I'll be able to make up a story!"

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When Love Went By.

When Love went by I scarcely bent
My eyes to see which way he went.
Life had so many joys to show,
What time had I to watch him go,
Or bid him in, whom folly sent?

But when the day was well night spent,
From out the casement long I leant.
Ah, would I had been watching so
When Love went by!

Gray days with dismal nights are blent,
Lonely and sad and discontent;
I would his feet had been more slow.
Oh, heart of mine, how could we know
Or realize what passing meant
When Love went by?
—Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

That "good society" is not all fine clothes and empty noddles is thus stated in the Ladies' Home Journal: When wit is kind as well as playful, when information knows how to be silent, as well as how to speak, when good will is shown to those who are absent as well as to those who are present, we may know that we are in good society.

* * *

A Maiden.

"Give me Love, O Lord," I cried,—
"Give me Love, though naught beside!
I would know the way he wanders,
For the world is wide."

Then I found him at my side,
For my cry was not denied.
And the narrow world has nowhere
For my heart to hide!
—The May Century.

* * *

Father—"You shouldn't have waked me up! I dreamed I was in a restaurant and had ordered a sirloin steak. 'You must wait awhile,' said the waiter. I had been waiting some time, and then you waked me!"

Daughter—"Oh, but you ought to have ordered cold corned beef!"—Heltere Welt.

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The man who is willing to thankfully take
What the world is willing to tender
Will leave no such record as men who win
make—

His mark will be shallow and slender.
The world passes by
The timid and shy,
Though they may be deserving, and
sticks—

Very glad that it may—
Its most gorgeous bouquet
In the coat of the fellow who kicks.

Columbus was not of the satisfied lot
Who took what the world kindly sent
them;

What he wanted he boldly went after—
and got—

When the fates stood opposing he bent
them.

Had he asked for no more
Then men laid at his door
His name in Time's mist would be hid;
Unhonored, one day,
They'd have stored him away—
But Columbus could kick—and he did.

When the Mayflower sailed for a distant,
wild shore,

She bore from disgraceful oppression
Men who kicked and who won the soul-
freedom, therefore,

That we hold as a sacred possession.

And Washington, too,

And his followers, knew

That they who ask only what tyrants will
give

May expect to be fed
On the crusts of the bread

And in pitiful slavery live.

Ah, pity the man who, with fear in his
breast,

Goes tolling and never complaining;
They will add to his burdens and grant
him no rest,

While the one who goes kicking keeps
gaining.

The world may approve

Of the timid who move

Complacently on, but it picks

For its favors the man

Who exacts all he can—

Oh, the winner's the fellow who kicks.

—S. E. Kiser in Leslie's Weekly.

* * *

Conquered.

Visitor—"And you never had any re-
morse for your misdeeds?"

Convict—"I did, ma'am, but I managed
to live it down."—Judge.

It had been there all the time.

But he didn't need it then, for the ink in
the signature had dried.—Portland Evening
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He Gave His Address.

Harry Furniss tell a good story of a distinguished but irritable Scotch lecturer. The gentleman had occasion to speak in a small town in one of the Lowland counties, and it chanced that he met with a more than usually loquacious chairman. This genius actually spoke for a whole hour in "introducing" the lecturer. He wound up by saying, "It is unnecessary for me to say more, but call upon the talented gentleman who has come so far to give us his address tonight."

The lecturer came forward. "You want my address? I'll give it to you. 322 Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburgh—and I'm just off there now. Good night!"—*May Woman's Home Companion.*

* * *

That Baby.

There's a droll little baby that runs away—
From 'round the corner on Frenchman street—

If you watch you may see him most any day.

With his brown, bare arms, and his brown, bare feet

A smaller tot you'll not likely see—
Of the human sort—with such speed and spring.

His legs are crooked as legs can be,
And they take him along with a see-saw swing.

His hair is tousled, his frock is rent,
He is mud-bespattered and dust be-dight;
But his little face shows supreme content,
And his dancing eyes are with fun alight.

Oh, the wabby work of those limbs, so small—

Oh, the frantic strain of the spidery thing—

When he hears the voice of his mother's call,

When her nearing footsteps behind him ring!

An extra scramble! A clutch! A hug!
There's a shrilling of laughter that slivers the air!

There's a flourish of feet as she holds him snug,

With his head thrown back in a swirl of hair.

Then, laughing and happy, they hurry back
To the smallest of cots on that small side way.

Ah, much of its brightness the season would lack

Without that baby that runs away!
—*Boston Transcript.*

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Selections From School Exercises.

"Apherbilly," she reads, "is the state of being an apherbille."

"Afferbilly is the state of being insane on one subject only."

"Serenade, a greenness as of grass."

"Reverberation is when it is made again into a verb."

"The equator is a menagerie lion running around the North and South Pole."

"They climbed Vesuvius to see the creator smoking."

"The early Britain wore a skin, he tied it at the waist. He wore leggings on his legs. He had eyes of a blue shade which plainly showed his semi-civilization. He wore on his feet mocassions or scandals."

"Grand opera. The only Grand Opera known is Wang."

"The Te Deum is a Grand opera."

"The British museum is the principal building in Paris."

"Aristides was a god; he was the female god of Phoenicia."

"Hannibal was an early Greek explorer who wrote a book called Heroditus."

"Virgil was a Vestal Virgin."

"As I roamed into the deep woods I saw a herd of greyhounds hunting for prey."

"Julius Caesar was the mother of the Gracchi."—World's Work.

* * *

Song.

The sun, and the sea, and the wind,

The wave, and the wind, and the sky,

We are off to a magical land,

My heart, and my soul, and I;

Behind us the isles of despair

And mountains of misery lie,

We're away, anywhere, anywhere,

My heart, and my soul, and I.

O island and mountains of youth,

O land that lies gleaming before,

Life is love, hope, and beauty, and truth,—

We will weep o'er the past no more.

Behind, are the bleak fallow years,

Before, are the sea and the sky,

We're away, with a truce to the tears,

My heart, and my soul, and I.

—Leslie's.

* * *

Neighborly.

Rusty Rufus—"De lady in de next house give me a piece of home-made cake. Won't you give me something, too?"

Mrs. Spiteful—"Certainly! Here's a peppermint tablet."—Judge.

* * *

Teacher—"What zone is this in which we live?"

Johnny—"Temp'rate."

Teacher—"Correct. Now, tell me what is meant by a 'temperate zone'?"

Johnny—"It's a place where it's freezin' cold in winter an' red-hot in summer."—Philadelphia Press.

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A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger has found in an old book now out of print this anecdote of the original John Jacob Astor: "He was asked one day what was the largest amount of money he had ever made in one transaction. This he declined to answer, but said that he would tell the largest sum that he failed to make. Then he went on to relate how he, De Witt Clinton and Gouverneur Morris had planned to buy Louisiana from France and to sell it to the United States government, retaining the public domain and charging 2½ per cent commission. They changed their minds, and Mr. Astor said that he lost \$30,000,000 by failing to go into the deal."

* * *

Dawn.

A ship with cargo laden to the guards
Has come to port! Lo, how her masts and
spars
Above the kindling clouds begin to lift
And her great peak has dashed the skies
with light!
For all on earth she brings a royal gift,
More precious than was ever sung by
bards.
Her hold is stuffed with incense and with
myrrh,
And round her clings a fragrance and a
scent
Of Thule or some distant Orient,
With whiffs of a diviner air, the swift
Siderear blast that bore her from the stars.
The woods and hills rejoice to welcome her,
As though she bore to earth some envoy or
Some God-accredited ambassador,
Sent hither from beyond the Pleiades.
Near and more near she draws! The
heaven grows bright
With her approach! Lo, in what vessel
yards
Were her stout timbers hewn? What
workman laid
Her starry frame? What fearless pilot
weighed
Her anchor, steered her through the chart-
less seas?

—The Atlantic.

* * *

Appreciation.

It had been impressed upon little Mary that she must receive offerings graciously, and never fail to show her appreciation of even the smallest present.

A friend having given her a "chance" at the church grab-bag, she drew a very large and industrious-looking fine-tooth comb.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said the well-trained child, eagerly, "that's just what I want. I need it the most in the world."

Mary couldn't understand why everybody smiled except her mother.—Judge.

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A showman to the jungle went
And caught the fierce young gnu,
Said he, "I'll teach him to perform,
And sell him to the Zoo."

This man was very much surprised,
And quite delighted, too,
For, lo! each quick and novel trick
The new gnu knew!

—St. Nicholas.

* * *
True Enough.—Cassidy—Man, you're drunk. Casey—"Tis a lie ye're spakin', Cassidy. Ye'd not dare to say that to me iv Oi was sober. Cassidy—Iv ye wuz sober ye'd have sense enough to know that ye wuz drunk.—Philadelphia Press.

Transfiguration.

By Arthur Ketchum.

As one who looks out to the West when
shadow-time's begun,
And sees in splendor on the hills the page-
ant of the sun,
So we will look at life, maybe, when life is
all but done;
And find old aims, vain dreams, mad hopes
touched with a kinder light,
Flash with a glory all unguessed upon the
straining sight,
Aye, and be glad to know there waits the
long reward of night!

—Ainslee's.

* * *
They were both her friends, of course.
"Do you think," asked he, "that she is as
old as she looks?"

"She tries not to look it," replied she, "so
she must be."

Feminine perspicacity transcends mascu-
line reasoning.—Indianapolis News.

Uncle Sam is It.

For many years our orators, our patriots
and such
Have told us this great country "are,"
which pained us overmuch,
For neither facts nor grammar would this
declaration fit,
For Uncle Sam, we'd have you know, was
never "they," but "It."

The plural number, Congress says, is
wholly out of place,
And has no right or business or connection
with the case,
Because the forty-five of them are welded,
bound and knit
Together firmly, and the great United
States is "It."

It, IT,

It, IT,

This great United States of ours
Was never "they,"
But "It."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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The Pacific Monthly

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SEPTEMBER, 1902

Number 3

THE CELESTIAL CITY

A Visit to the City of Canton

By CHARLTON PERKINS

AS THE sun was setting on the Canton river, the long, white steamer backed away from the docks in Hong Kong and headed across the bay for the mouth of the Canton river, up which we were to steam during the night, en route to the Celestial City of Canton. In the dim gray of the morning this grand, floating hotel approached the city. An ever moving mass, it was, of strange figures, scenes and colors, a wilderness of untranslatable sights, sounds and odors, from which certain forms and recollections have taken shape in my mind. From these impressions I shall endeavor to tell, in shadowy outline, of a great living reality, and one of the dirtiest and wickedest cities in the Orient.

The river was muddy and swiftly flowing between low-lying banks of bright green, level fields that faded into thin haze. A few Chinese boats lay anchored, or floated here and there with the stream. A little toy junk, decked out

with bright paper and tinsel, drifted seaward, passed close to our bows, and disappeared under our great paddle-wheels. It was an offering to Joss, an inarticulate prayer for the repose of a dweller in the regions of death.

On the south, a tall pagoda rose boldly on the river side, a graceful column 120 or 130 feet high, built in ten or twelve tiers, each slightly smaller than the one beneath. Birds had carried hither seeds of the banana tree or thick foliage vines, and from the balconies were festoons of drooping, dark-green creepers falling sometimes to the stage below and partly hiding the narrow doors and windows showing in the walls of the tower. Here was another symbol of Joss worship, a sort of constant and automatic prayer for a blessing upon the fields.

As the pink and yellow sun's rays were lighting up the sky, we drew within sight of a multitude of roofs and buildings. A dull pall of smoke hung over the whole city, generated during the past night and

evening from the million of fires—the illuminations and the incense sticks burning in this human ant-hive.

Soon the river began to show signs of vigorous animation. Hundreds of craft swarmed about us, some plying up stream, others down. Sometimes, as if his very soul was in jeopardy, a native boatman struggled to cross our bows, and, having succeeded, rested idly, gazing at the ship, and waited until he saw us steam away from him. Then came to us the clamor of the boat city. There were apparently millions of people in boats; the water was alive with them. Chinese gun-boats, junks, house-boats, sampans, slipper boats, canoes, all were full of busy figures. The great steamer, overshadowing all in size, threaded her way slowly through this endless maze of flotsam humanity. Closer we drew to the city, and the lighter craft gathered around us, full of yelling, gesticulating men, women and children, all shouting for the custom of the hundreds of their countrymen who were passengers on the river steamer. The wharves were built out into the stream, and in the recesses between them lay the slipper boats, packed together like driftwood in a quiet eddy of a flooded river, and so named because they resemble nothing in the world so much as an old slipper with a pointed toe.

SCENES IN CANTON'S MYRIAD STREETS

We procured a Chinese guide, which was necessary to an English-speaking foreigner; also three chairs, one for the guide, one for my friend and one for myself. These chairs, comfortable, deep-seated trays or boxes of wicker-work fixed on the middle of two springy shafts about sixteen feet long, were provided with a high-back seat and a wicker awning. Two of the chair bearers lifted the ends of the shafts to the shoulders; two others stepped underneath and between them, and with a strap from shaft to shaft, helped to carry the weight upon the backs of their necks. Then away they trotted merrily down some exceedingly narrow and crooked lanes, thronged with rapidly moving people. I had expected soon to reach the street, but after awhile it dawned on me that from the

first I had been in the streets and, what is more, in the *principal* streets of the city.

Through miles and miles of streets ran the bearers—streets tortuous and winding, which twisted across one another: over rough granite bridges spanning muddy ditches, under granite archways, and through walls twenty or thirty feet thick. The streets were lined on both sides with shops, interspersed here and there with dwelling houses or temples; then shops again and restaurants and open stalls in wider places, where native artists might be seen plying their trades, and more affluent merchants disposing of their wares. Little, if any, sunlight struck down into these ways, their narrowness preventing the intrusion of any but vertical beams, or those slanting parallel with the street; and to guard against even those, the shade-loving people have hung matting over head. This gave the city the aspect of a huge, struggling bazaar sheltered beneath a great, ragged roof.

IN NARROW WAYS.

The awning over my head interrupted vision, so I had it removed, and when, as sometimes happened, we came into places where the dazzling sunshine was so fierce as to be almost painful, I held up an ordinary umbrella, but often had to close it, lest it should catch in the walls or doorjams on each side of the way. Once or twice when a coolie, wearing his large, flat head-gear passed us, he stopped and tilted his hat on one side to prevent its being knocked off by the chair. There was not room for the chair and the hat side by side in the same street.

The thoroughfares in the older portions of the city varied from about four to six or seven feet in width. In the new quarters there were frequently ten to fifteen feet of space between the houses on each side. The narrow ways were thronged with tens of thousands of people. Looking from above them it seemed almost as if one could walk upon men's heads, so close were they. High and low, rich and poor, all rubbed shoulders. Coolies, naked save for loose drawers rolled high up the thighs, car-

ried, on each end of a six foot stick, water, firewood and burdens of various sorts. When an exceptionally heavy load was to be carried, four coolies bore it, slung on the middle of a bamboo, two at each end of the pole. Peddlers carried their wares in baskets slung at each end of a stick, or in flat trays hung like an old-fashioned pair of scales, with the pole or beam on their shoulders.

these animals being considered an effective hair-restorer. Horse flesh was also exposed for sale, and there were even to be found cat restaurants, in the windows of which carcasses were suspended for the purpose of attracting the attention of the passers-by. Placards were sometimes placed above the door, setting forth that the flesh of black dogs and cats would be served upon moment's notice.

THE PASSERS-BY

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bales and trays of toys. Through the throng, exalted

Chinamen, fan in hand, in silken gowns and with queues pendant far down the back, made their slow way in dignity.

Here I saw dried rats, which have a recognized place in the poulterers' shop and find a ready market. I was told by my guide that rat and dog meat—"black dog meat"—was eaten by people who have a tendency to baldness, the flesh of

Scenes on the Canton River. The Slipper-boats and House-boats may be easily distinguished.

the tight binding, were so shrunken and diseased that their shin bones had become fleshless supports, covered with a wrinkled, parchment skin, and their legs seemed to be little better than gnarled and knotted stumps. Occasionally an empty chair was seen in this crowd, or a chair in which sat some mandarin, with awning and delicately fashioned lattice blinds closely drawn; or a

man who hawked small wares or sweets for sale, and carried in one hand a flat metal plate and a string with a small weight tied to one finger. With each twitch of his finger a clear musical note rang sharply in the air. Pung! Pung! Pung! sounded the little gong, heralding his approach.

Anon our progress was checked by a funeral procession, which struggled past us, amid a blare of discordant trumpets, beating of gongs, and screeching of stringed instruments; the mourners bearing aloft paper and tinsel dolls, bright streamers, or little trays of food and sticks of incense.

The coolies, who had their queues knotted up, wore, for the most part, a hat shaped like a flat lamp-shade about two feet across. A little cup-shaped wicker basket underneath it held this covering on their heads, and it served more for a sun and rain shade for the body than an actual head covering.

Clerks, merchants, and well-to-do people carried their queues loose, and were either bare-headed, or covered with a

black satin, or very fine black wicker skull cap with a coral button on the top.

Everyone seemed busy, and no one unhappy. Each individual was polite and prepared to make way for another. We kept to the right of the road, a rule strictly adhered to, without which all progress would have been impossible. As I looked across the crowded way, I could see always two long lines of people in single file passing one another, and keeping close to their respective sides. In places, the streets were so narrow that passers-by rubbed shoulders. Everyone stood aside for the passage of a funeral or priestly procession, after which the acknowledged order of precedence was, first, a chair with passengers, though even this moved aside to allow a passage to the lowest class of laborers staggering beneath a heavy load. A mandarin on foot, or a wealthy merchant with a richly embroidered gown, moved aside to allow the coolie wood-carrier to pass uninterrupted. There were no policemen at corners, as we see in large cities at home, to regulate the traffic; old estab-

lished custom, based on a pol-

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STREETS IN CANTON

The narrowness of the streets in Chinese cities is a source of more inconvenience than benefits; few of them exceed ten or twelve feet in width, and most of those in Canton are less than eight. The names of the streets, instead of being marked on the corners of the blocks, are written on the gateways at their ends. The sign boards are hung from the eaves or wall on each side of the door or securely inserted in stone sockets; some of them are ten or fifteen feet high, and being gaily painted and gilded on both sides with picturesque characters, a succession of them produces a pleasing effect. The inscriptions on them simply mention the kind of goods sold, and "No cheating here."

most remarkable and picturesque creature of the fox type, and about his size, but shorter in the body. He is a little yellow, prick-eared beast with a bushy tail curled over his back. He lolls about lazily, his open mouth with purple black lips and tongue giving him the appearance of having just finished a feast of ripe mulberries—and of having eaten too much.

Nearly everyone who was a member of Admiral Dewey's fleet here knows what a Cantonese dog is, for the Admiral had a very beautiful dog of that type which was his constant companion. I remember quite well while the Monadnock was laying off Calocan the day the army advanced, the Admiral came on board, and as his launch came alongside the dog leaped over the side of the ship

and fell into the water, when the Admiral exclaimed: "My God! look out for Dick," as he was about to be crushed between the ship's side and the launch. The Quartermaster dropped over the side and pulled him out, when he received many words of thanks from the Admiral. Dewey then went on the

The streets were paved with loose granite slabs laid crosswise, about nine inches broad and six through, and almost as long as the street was wide, presenting a somewhat irregular surface. The face of each slab was generally worn smooth by the treading of unshod feet. A drain ran down the center of each street under the

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Said to the messenger, "Take Dick aft below decks for

I am afraid the concussion will injure his hearing."

The buildings of Canton rarely exceed twenty feet on either side of the street. They are one-storied structures as a rule. Sometimes there was a distinct upper story, but there the ground floor had but a low headway.

Interior Views of Silk Factories

THE SMELLS OF THE CITY

The houses being generally open to the streets for almost their whole fronts, and the greater part of the town being roofed in, vapors from cooking continually fill the covered ways. Very few smells from the process of food preparation are pleasant, and to European nos-

trils the odors from Chinese cook pots are certainly unsavory. Imagine an immense mass of low and crowded buildings compressed into a narrow space, with the cramped streets covered in overhead, all the houses open at the front, and with cooking going on in every house at the same time within a few feet of the pavement where everyone walks. Imagine an atmosphere heavy with the mingled odors of incense, Joss sticks, opium, sandal wood, Chinese cabbage, strange roots and vegetables, which fill the place of our onions and garlic, wood smoke and vapors from fried fish shops. Add to the conglomerated smell thus obtained an occasional reek of a stagnant drain, then possibly it will be understood how in Canton there are strange and offensive odors.

THE FISH MONGER

In Canton, the fish monger's is a most important trade. The Chinaman, like the Filipino, is a born fisherman; he also has for ages past cultivated a system of artificial breeding and rearing of fish for the market.

In shops were displayed live and dead fish, fish fresh and salted, smoked and preserved. One variety was like white "bait" in baskets, graded from tiny things not half an inch long to what appeared to be the same fish grown to eight or nine inches in length. These were sold fresh, salted and smoked. Shark fins were a delicacy. There were fish mottled and barred, bright and dull, fish of curious and—to us—unknown shapes, but foremost, above all, and everywhere to be seen, were the artificially grown, live fish.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SILK

The silk industry was of so much interest to me that I spent nearly a day watching the many curious sights in connection with the weaving, etc. Everywhere the rearing of the worm goes on. The silk districts and villages are always thriving, prosperous and tidily kept, forming peaceful and contented communities. Each house becomes both a nursery for the worms and a home factory, where every member of the family engages in the work. Wages paid in the

silk industry here range from eight to twenty cents in U. S. gold for a day's work of eighteen hours, the highest price being paid to the most expert and experienced only. The houses are all spacious, kept most exquisitely clean, well ventilated and held to an average temperature. Sheets of paper coated with eggs, and looking like so much sand paper, will in a few days fill the waiting trays with tiny white worms. The mulberry leaves have to be chopped as fine as dust for these new comers, which are daily lifted to fresh trays by means of chop sticks, the fingers being too rough and strong for such delicate handling. For a week at a time the tiny gluttons crawl and eat, maintaining this routine for five weeks, when, having grown large enough, they begin to wind themselves up into cocoons. The process of boiling water and whirling reels changes the yellow balls into great skeins of shining silk, ready to be twisted, tied, woven, either at home or across the seas, later to be made into a dress to deck the form of some American lady.

Inside of the city, in grimy, ill-lighted shops with an earthen floor, the most beautiful and delicately colored silks and brocades are being woven. On each side of the workshop an almost naked artisan sits before a creaking, ages-old, wooden loom, throwing the shuttle backward and forward from hand to hand. A youth, clad also in scanty raiment, sits aloft in the loom, pulling with unfaltering fingers a mass of seemingly tangled and crossed threads, upon the correct manipulation of which depends the wonderfully accurate and complicated patterns he and his companions are weaving. Between the looms two or three women are moving about, knotting up a thread here and there, replacing empty shuttles with full ones, and performing other tasks. In the background a number of young children sit before spinning wheels, like those of the fairy tales shown in our childhood's picture books, and from wet and dirty looking packages of material, wind out upon the wheels beautiful skeins of glistening silk, which they transfer to the bobbins and shuttles. One family does all the work at one loom and two families make a factory.

Another equally interesting thing is the ivory carving. It is wonderful with what skill and rapidity they can carve from an elephant's rough tusk objects of living wonder and beauty—gods and devils, caricatures of human forms, things unlike anything on the earth, or in the waters beneath, or in the heavens above. Animals, birds and creeping

things grow out of this dead ivory to take shape and live in grotesque gambols around the spiral tusk. Paper knives, weights, combs, backs for brushes, ornaments, hair pins, cunningly carved globes within globes, toys and many strange things have birth in these quaint and primitive workshops.



The King!

Claude Thayer

So! It is o'er—the pageant grand—
The splendid masquerade—
Anointed by the priestly hand
A king thou now art made.

A king thou art! A king of kings,
And millions of bold-eyed men,
Scattered as far as the red sun swings,
Wherever the eye hath ken.

They have decked thy brows with a jewelled
gaud,
A rite of a barbarous age,
They have tricked thee out like a gorgeous bawd;
Thou hast shown on a mimic stage.

King of millions who know not God,
Nor rule, nor law, nor creed,
Ignorant, unlettered and unshod—
These also must thou lead.

King art thou now!—by law and birth,
King by the cross and creed.
King of the grandest realm on earth.
But—WILT THOU BE KING IN DEED?

THE GRAND PRIZE

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

THE sick man lay back upon the unyielding, upturned mattress end and fingered his throat nervously. The last fit of coughing had given him a very queer sensation of instability, and he rather feared that his heart was weakening. Still, he was alive and life was very pleasant just now. In truth, he had discovered a most delightful piece of good fortune, and he was waiting for his wife with a joyous uncertainty as to how he should tell her. The source of his information and its voucher were carefully folded away under the thin blanket.

The room began to seem very comfortable before she returned. San Francisco nights are cool and there was no fire to warm the invalid. But his querulous mood had not time to fully develop before his wife pushed open the door and came softly in. His face burned when he saw her, and he stretched out his hands. "Lita," he whispered hoarsely.

The dark face and understanding eyes responded silently, and she took his hands firmly in her own. There was an instant's pause, and she stooped over him. "Dear boy!" she said, so softly that only his expectant heart knew what the words were.

He relaxed upon the mattress and stifled a cough. "Did you get some supper?" he asked solicitously.

"Yes, I am all right. It's positively wonderful how well one can dine for ten cents. I spent ten on you, boy, and we've a nickle left for tomorrow."

"I'm afraid," he answered, closing his eyes, "that we'll not eat very heartily tomorrow, will we, Lita?"

She drew up the solitary chair and spread out upon it three bananas and three rolls. Then she sat down on the edge of his bed and wrapped the blanket about his heaving chest as he sat up. He

looked at what she had brought him, and then turned to her with a smile. She put her strong arms about him and held his face against her breast, looking over his head the while with eyes of fire.

He ate uneasily and weakly, for he tried to conquer the dizziness that was mastering him, and he feared it would hurt her if she noticed it.

When he had eaten all he had appetite for, she rolled the remainder up in a paper and put it away. He watched her dreamily until she once more sat down on the edge of the bed. When her firm hand again held his he said, "Lita, do you know what became of that silver quarter you missed day before yesterday?"

"I suppose you spent it—for beer," she answered with almost genuine gaiety.

"No, girlie; it wasn't for beer."

A paroxysm of coughing left him once again helpless, and his wife laid her hand on his heart. Their glances met, and she put her head on the mattress beside his in sobbing agony. "Oh! boy! boy!" she cried.

"You bet," he said gathering his strength, "it's all off with me."

"What's to become of me?" she whispered, and raised her head to look down into his eyes.

He scanned again the clear, sad, beautiful face from the broad, low forehead to the mobile mouth. His lips twitched and he could not answer.

Presently he put his arm about her with some of the old strength, and his voice was quite firm. "Lita, we have made love everything. You and I have

walked the paths of hell in absolute happiness. I ought, I suppose, to repent bitterly of having brought you with me, but, honestly, girlie, I can't regret it. Do you?"

"No," she responded truthfully.

"Of course, we've had hard luck. At least some people might say it was luck. Lita, I know better. I've deliberately chosen love and you to—life, dearie. I've dragged you down. I've dreamed of doing things. But it's been in the clouds. You've had little to eat and less to wear. We're quite alone."

She kissed his damp forehead, and his arm tightened again. "But we've taught each other," he went on, "what love means, and it means—it means all—"

"Till—death—do—us—part," she finished bravely.

"That's it, girl. I hate death because it means I lose you. It's hard."

His arm held her with almost painful violence, and neither spoke further till presently she said. "It's harder on me, boy. All I care to remember or hope is simply you. Boy, my heart's breaking."

"I know, I know. I've thought of so many things lately."

"I've made nothing to keep you after I die. We've trusted to Providence or chance our luck up to now. And our luck has held. We've lived so happily. But now that I've been laid up a month, I couldn't see where you were to get your living."

"Don't worry," she whispered.

"Worry! Why, girl, you haven't been out of my sight since I've loved you

that I've not been sick worrying. You see," he concluded simply, "I love you."

"Don't!" she sobbed.

"Now," he went on, "God has given me comfort at the last. He is good, Lita, and I'm glad he is, for I'll soon have to leave you in his keeping."

The woman nestled close to him and felt his heart throbbing against her side. "He gave us a year together, boy," she

"Suddenly her glance caught the date line and her mouth quivered pitifully."

whispered, "and—and I love him for it."

"You know that quarter you missed, girlie? I went and bought a lottery ticket with it, and I found a paper to-night around your work you brought home to do. It won the grand prize. You won't starve and—thank God!"

He was crying feebly in her arms, and she kissed him passionately. "Boy! boy!

Why did you do it? I'd rather have spent it on something for you."

He could not speak, but he thrust into her hand the crumpled lottery ticket and the newspaper. She laid them on the chair and forgot them over her dying husband.

When he was in an uneasy doze she swept the paper off the chair and took the ticket to the light. She looked at it a minute and then opened the paper and ran her eye down the column of winning numbers. Yes, it was the capital prize. Suddenly her glance caught the date line and her mouth quivered pitifully. The

paper was two months old, and its numbers referred to a previous drawing.

"Girl! girlie!" he called feebly.

"Yes, boy."

"I'm so glad you'll not be in want. God is very good." She put her arms under her husband and drew him very close. With her lips pressed upon his she held him till in a final effort he clasped her fiercely. With triumphant eyes she met his loved gaze for the last time and her voice rang clear as she cried in farewell, "Boy, boy! God is very good."



Defeat

Margaret J. Gates

*I woke, and looked on Life to see
My own was chained monotony,
A futile hurried span.*

*I walked in circles; treadmills worn
Surrounded me. The distant bourne
Receded as I ran.*

*My soul stepped off to solve her dread.
"Alone I bear this curse," she said,
"Full freedom others know."
But up the rutted road of time,
In tuneless, dogged pantomime
Earth's jaded mummers go.*

*Each, till he drops beyond the crest
Of life's stern hill, set toward the west,
The chain of custom clanks.
My stricken soul in dumb dismay,
Upon their grim, appointed way,
Rejoins the fated ranks.*

The Lewis and Clark Expedition.

in Three Parts.
by P. W. Gillette.

PART III

FORT Clatsop is situated in Clatsop County, Oregon, six miles nearly due south of Astoria and three miles from the ocean.

I came to Oregon 46 years after the visit of Lewis and Clark and took up a donation land claim one and a half miles above Fort Clatsop on the Lewis and Clark river. At that time a part of one of their log cabins was visible. In 1850 Carlos W. Shane took up a donation land claim which contained the site of Fort Clatsop. In clearing off the timber that had grown up since they left, he burnt up the remains of two of the Lewis and Clark cabins, and destroyed the greater part of the third, the ruins of which I have often seen. At that time the trail that Lewis and Clark opened through the timber from Fort Clatsop to the ocean was still in use. I have passed over it many times, as it had been kept open by the Indians and wild animals.

The Salt Cairns

The place where Lewis and Clark made 300 pounds of salt from ocean water was not discovered until three years ago. It is about 12 miles south of Fort Clatsop and about 200 yards from the Ne-can-i-cum creek, very near the ocean, and is in the vicinity of "Seaside." The larger cairn is elliptical in form, and is nearly perfect. The ruins of two smaller ones are visible. They were made of stones laid in clay. Their location was chosen on account of its nearness to the ocean

and to fresh water, also to an Indian village, where the salt boilers could get food.

The Oregon Historical Society has securely enclosed these cairns to protect them from the vandalism of relic hunters. In both location and general appearance these cairns agree with the descriptions given by Lewis and Clark. Besides, they have been fully identified by an old Clatsop Indian woman, "Sten-is-tum," who is now 91 years old. She says that when a girl she often gathered "sal-lal-ol-il-lies," (sallal berries) with her mother, Wah-ne-ask, near the cairns and heard her mother say that she knew Lewis and Clark and had seen their men making salt there.

Twilch, the Elk Hunter

Along in the fifties, when I lived on my ranch near Fort Clatsop, I knew an old Indian man, Twilch. "Twilch, the Elk Hunter," we called him. He remembered Lewis and Clark well and often spoke of them to me. He was greatly impressed with their skill and success in hunting and killing elk. In speaking of them to me, he said: "Klos-ka mam-ook mem-a-loose hy-iu mo-lock, klos-ka hy-iu kum-tur nan-ich mo-lock; hy-as closhe suk-wol-lal." (They killed a great many elk, were excellent hunters, and had the best of guns.)

Poor old Twilch! I felt great sympathy for him when he told me that my land had belonged to himself and his

Lolo Creek (Travelers Rest)

ancestors for ages, and that the name of the place was Kalotska. The Government took the lands of the Wa-ki-a-kums, Cath-lam-as, Chin-ooks and Clatsops, peaceable tribes near the mouth of the Columbia, without giving them any compensation whatever, and gave or sold it to the white people.

They Resort to Dog Meat

Although game was quite plentiful at Fort Clatsop, yet, at times, enough could not be had to supply the camp, in which there were 32 men, one woman and one child. Sergeant Patrick Goss, of the expedition, in a published diary says: "During our stay at Fort Clatsop the hunters killed 131 elk, 21 deer, 4 beaver, and great numbers of ducks, geese, brant and swans." That number would give them more than one elk a day, besides all the other game and fish. But it must be remembered that much of the elk meat was spoiled on account of the warm, rainy weather. Many times they were quite out of meat, and had to buy dogs of the Indians to eat. They had previously been forced to depend upon horse and dog meat while moving from the summit of the Rockies to the navigable waters of the Columbia, and became very fond of dog flesh. Captain Lewis said it was more nourishing than any meat they could get, although the meat of the beaver had the finest relish. They bought and ate all the dogs they could get of the Clatsop Indians. None of the Indians they met

would eat dog flesh, but all sneered at the white men for doing so, and called them "Dog eaters."

Very many times they were glad to get anything to eat that would sustain life. About the middle of the winter at Fort Clatsop, they learned that a large whale had come ashore at the mouth of Elk creek, 20 miles south of Fort Clatsop. Captain Lewis at once summoned ten or twelve men to prepare to go with him to bring loads of the whale blubber to be used in cooking. Sac-a-ja-wea was anxious to go, but Captain Lewis said it would be too long and hard a trip, and advised her to remain; but she said, "I have come this long distance to see the Great Water but have not yet been allowed to see it. Now the great fish is there, also. I am going."

Captain Lewis modified his order, and Sac-a-ja-wea, the "Bird-woman," and her husband accompanied the party. That was the first and last time that remarkable woman asserted herself in such a positive manner. She had used her best endeavor to serve them faithfully, was willing to make any sacrifice for them, and probably thought she ought to be allowed to have her own way once. When the expedition reached the mouth of the Columbia, Concomly, the noted Chinook chieftain, visited their camp, wearing a splendid robe, made of two elegant sea-otter skins, which Captain Lewis was anxious to purchase; but all of his offers were rejected by Concomly. At length the savage discovered the handsome belt, tastily ornamented with blue beads, worn by Sac-a-ja-wea, which so pleased him that he offered to exchange the robe for the belt. Sac-a-ja-wea at once gave him the belt and handed the robe to Captain Lewis.

Other Instances of Sac-a-ja-wea's Faithfulness

While at Fort Clatsop, Captain Clark was seized with a severe fit of illness. Sac-a-ja-wea had saved a little wheat flour, some of which she occasionally baked for her babe. Thinking he might relish it, she baked a small loaf for him, which he said tasted better

than anything he had ever eaten. He had not tasted bread for many months.

When the expedition reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains, on their way east, the party separated and Captain Clark, with a part of the force, Claboneau and Sac-a-ja-wea, went north to ex-

As soon as they reached the Mandan Country on their return home, Claboneau and Sac-a-ja-wea, after receiving their pay, 500 dollars, took their leave, rejecting the offer of Captain Lewis to take them to the States. He

Yellowstone River
Looking East from
Pompey's Pillar

Pompey's Pillar from Railway Track

tionably knew
his unfitness
to live among

tion to take, and asked Sac-a-ja-wea if she knew anything of the country. She proved equal to the occasion, and pointed out the right way. She had often been there with her people on hunting excursions. So highly was she appreciated by Lewis and Clark for valuable service in their work that they named one of the tributary rivers of the Missouri *Sac-a-ja-wea*, or *Bird-Woman* river.

better people. Captain Clark said of him: "Claboneau is a tolerably good interpreter, but beyond that he is only fit to eat, sleep and wag his tongue." Claboneau had three wives, and was a brutal wife-beater. That wonderful woman Sac-a-ja-wea was most unfortunate indeed in falling into such cruel hands. She was his superior in every respect, and well deserved a better fate."

At Fort Clatsop they dressed large quantities of elk skins and made them into clothing and moccasins to wear on their journey home. The officers and some of the men hired the Clatsop squaws to measure their heads and make hats for them. These hats were made of the finer material the Indian women use in making their best baskets. They were water-proof and very durable.

First Ships Entering the Columbia

Captain Robert Gray discovered and entered the Columbia about thirteen years before Lewis and Clark reached the Pacific Coast. The Clatsop Indians gave to Lewis and Clark the names of eight or ten captains of ships that had entered the river since Gray. The Indians said that some of those ships came in to trade, and made one or two trips a year, while some came and remained a few days and departed.

While at Fort Clatsop, Captain Lewis prepared a brief report of his expedition, giving the names of the party, and the object in coming. He sealed it up and addressed it to the captain of any ship that might come into the river, requesting him to forward it to the President of the United States. He did that, not knowing what mishap might befall them on their return. He knew the dangers that continually overshadowed them, and wished to make sure that it would be known that they had reached the Pacific Ocean.

Salmon in the Columbia

On their return up the valley of the Columbia, in the spring of 1806, the expedition suffered greatly for want of food. Had it not been for their medicines, and their skill in administering them, they might have starved, or been compelled to resort to force to get food

enough to sustain their lives. Many of the Indians had sore eyes and other ailments, and believed Lewis and Clark to be great medicine men. For medicine and treatment they would part with some of their scanty supply of food.

The Indians were very destitute and poor, many of them being almost on the verge of starvation. The salmon had not begun to ascend the river, and, as always, improvident, the Indians had neglected to save a sufficient quantity of that over abundant and excellent fish from the catch of the previous year to last them until the next run. From May until September, the Columbia was alive with Salmon. They could always have secured more fish than they could possibly use, if they cared to make the exertion to get them. The fish were as sure to come each year as was the springtime, and never fell short in their abundance. Within the past fifty years, over seventy-five millions of dollars' worth of these fish have been caught, canned, or frozen

in blocks of ice and shipped to the great cities East and to Europe; yet they are now almost as plentiful as when Lewis and Clark fed upon them nearly one hundred years ago.

Lewis and Clark mention a method of preparing salmon practised by Indians at the Cascades, which made a nourishing and palatable food. On account of the rapids there, the Indians could always get as many fish as they desired. The fish were first dried and the bones removed. They were then pounded into powder and carefully packed into closely woven baskets of equal size. These were securely fastened, and the salmon was ready for market. Sometimes the powdered fish was mixed with pulverized *wap-a-too* or *camus*, both of which are very palatable bulbous roots. Fish thus prepared was often taken east of the mountains, into

W^m Clark
July 25[#] 1806[#]

Clark's Signature Pompey's Pillar

the buffalo country, and exchanged for dried buffalo meat, or prepared buffalo robes. It was also taken to the mouth of the river and sold to the Coast Indians, who had plenty of fish, but were not familiar with that method of preparing it.

Co-bo-wa, the Clatsop Chief

While they were at Fort Clatsop, Lewis and Clark made the acquaintance of Com-o-wool, as they spelled it, the Clatsop Chief. But his descendants, who still live on the Clatsop plains, say it should be Co-bo-wa. They spoke of Co-bo-wa as the best Indian they had met. They had much trade with him, and were greatly benefited by his kindness and influence. He paid them many friendly visits at their fort, and when they were to leave he made them a special farewell visit and gave them many valuable presents. In return, Lewis and Clark gave to Co-bo-wa Fort Clatsop with the seven log houses and the stockade, and there the Chief made his winter home during his life, on account of the good hunting grounds surrounding it.

In 1832 Solomon H. Smith, a young Vermont man, crossed the plains to Oregon with Captain Wythe, and a few years later married one of Co-bo-wa's daughters and settled on Clatsop near the Chief's old home. I have often been at their house, and have eaten at their table. Her son, Silas B. Smith, is a prominent lawyer of Clatsop County, and lives upon a part of the old homestead. Two or three of Co-bowa's grand children are yet living.

It may be interesting to mention one of Co-bo-wa's subjects. He was a white man, apparently about 32 years old, and had red hair and fair skin, but was an

Indian in everything but the color of skin and hair. Sergeant Patrick Goss said of him in his diary, "This fellow had the reddest hair I ever saw, and his face was covered with large freckles." It had been only thirteen years since Captain Gray, the first white man ever in Oregon, was there, and this man was too old to be of their descendants. There is no doubt that such a man really existed, because Captain Lewis himself speaks of him in his report.

Was he a "freak," or had white men been here before Gray?

Their Mission Fully Ac- complished

Through their courage, energy, industry and good management, Lewis and Clark accomplished most fully and satisfactorily the object and purpose of their mission. It is astonishing how accurately they described the country, rivers, animals, fish, trees, plants, fruit and insects which they saw.

I have been over much of the route they traveled, and it is easy to trace their footsteps by their descriptions. Having no means of measurement, they erred more in their statements of distance than in anything else. In going up stream against a strong current, over high, steep mountains, or through dense, brushy thickets, the distance seemed greater than it was in fact. From Fort Clatsop to the ocean, through heavy timber and almost impassable thickets, they said it was seven miles, when it is but little over three. But that was of little importance.

Surely, no other men could have been chosen who would have accomplished so much in the face of such terrible obstacles as they met.

Title to the Oregon Country

The discovery and entrance of the Columbia river by

Iron Screen over Captain Clark's Name—placed by N. P. R. R.

Gray, 1792, made that river and all territory drained by its tributaries the property of the United States. This was in accord with old English and European precedent, that the first ship of any civilized nation that entered a river made that river the property of the nation to which such ship belonged. Thirteen years after Gray's discovery, Thomas Jefferson, President, dispatched the Lewis and Clark expedition to explore the Valley of the Columbia, and to inform the natives thereof that the President, their "Great Father,"

"Provisional Government" was organized and put into operation.

Oregon was ours by right of discovery, by right of first exploration, by right of first settlement, by right of occupation and by right of possession. The sagacity of Captain Robert Gray gave us our first right and claim, while the wisdom and statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson saved and perfected our title to Oregon, and extended our domain to the Pacific. England never had any just claim to Oregon, and but for the Hudson Bay Company probably never would have at-

LEWIS AND CLARK'S ITINERARY, TABULATED

MONTH	YEAR	PLACE	Miles from m'th of Missouri River	REMARKS
May 14 ..	1804	Left mouth of Missouri River	0	
June 26 ..	1804	At mouth of Kansas River	340	
July 21 ..	1804	At mouth of Platt River	600	
July 30 ..	1804	At Council Bluff	650	Not Council Bluffs, Iowa
Sept. 20 ..	1804	At Big Bend of Missouri River	1172	Below Pierre, South Dakota
Nov. 2 ..	1804	Arrived at Fort Mandan	1600	Below Knife River, North Dakota,
April 7 ..	1805	Left Fort Mandan	1600	where they passed winter of 1804-1805.
April 26 ..	1805	At mouth of Yellowstone River	1880	
June 2 ..	1805	At mouth of Maria's River	2521	
June 16 ..	1805	At Portage Creek, Gt. Falls, Mont. .	2575	
July 25 ..	1805	At Three Forks of Missouri River ..		Gallatin Valley, Montana
Aug. 12 ..	1805	At head waters of Missouri River ..	3096	"Fountain" or spring, at head of Jefferson Fork (Beaverhead) of Missouri River
Sept. 9 ..	1805	At mouth of Lolo Creek		Bitter Root Valley, Montana
Oct. 10 ..	1805	At mouth of Clearwater River	3567	Idaho
Oct. 16 ..	1805	At mouth of Snake River	3721	
Oct. 30 ..	1805	At Cascades of Columbia River	3950	
Dec. 7 ..	1805	Arrived at Fort Clatsop	4135	On Lewis and Clark River, Oregon,
March 23 ..	1806	Left Fort Clatsop	4135	where they passed winter of 1805-1806
April 27 ..	1806	At mouth of Wallawalla River		Washington
June 30 ..	1806	At mouth of Lolo Creek		
Aug. 3 ..	1806	At mouth of Yellowstone River		Captain Clark's party via Three Forks
Aug. 7 ..	1806	At mouth of Yellowstone River		Captain Lewis' party via Great Falls, Montana
Sept. 23 ..	1806	Arrived at St. Louis.		

By courtesy of Wonderland

would soon send some of his people to trade with them.

Five years later, John J. Astor, an American citizen, sent across the continent some 70 or 80 men to the mouth of that river, to settle there and establish a business. This they successfully accomplished, and many of the descendants of those people now live in Oregon. They were the first white people of any nation to settle, build houses, clear and cultivate land, and conduct a business in the Oregon country. At intervals, other citizens of the United States came, until, in 1843, a convention was called and the

tempted to set up any claim. The men of that company were intruders, interlopers and trespassers, who followed Mr. Astor's expedition and scattered their hunters and trappers through the mountains and valleys of the Northwest. They constantly importuned their Government to take and hold the Oregon country, as they wanted protection in their ignoble occupation of robbing the country of its furs and peltries.

Lewis and Clark were five hundred and forty-seven days going from the mouth of the Missouri river to the Pacific Ocean. Forty-six years later, when

I crossed the plains to Oregon, we made the best time we could and still maintain the strength of our horses, yet we were

134 days going from

our

Jose

Will

when

When we started to Oregon, New York City had a population of only 60,000. Now she is the second largest

Ruins
used by
Lewis

Tillam
light

four small military posts scattered along the road—we found the first houses of white people. Now, this trip is made by rail in three days, the distance being 2,000 miles.

entire trade into our Pacific ports, returning laden with the products of our soil and factories.

So marvelous have been the changes, and so prodigious the growth, improve-

ment and progress in every branch of industrial affairs throughout this country since the days of Lewis and Clark, that it almost bewilders the understanding to contemplate and defies human wisdom to compute.

THE END.

NOTE—The first and second installments of this article appeared in the June and July numbers of the Pacific Monthly.

THE THREE CROSSES

By MARINER J. KENT

MURDER abided on the wooded brow of the highest foothills that rise from the semi-tropic valleys of Oroville County, in the south, to the vigorous table-lands of Plumas County, on the north. Early in the fifties, with Californian directness of nomenclature, this chief of the range was called Frenchman's Hill, because a miner hailing from France had been murdered for his gold on its very summit. A few years after, the ugly deed was repeated, and still later the last murderer unwittingly killed himself on the exact spot where he had struck down his victim years before. Thus the hill bore a bad name, and the most reckless miner crossed it warily after nightfall and breathed freer when at a distance from its dread-inspiring brow.

Six miles from the top of Frenchman's Hill, on the heavily timbered eastern slope, is Granite Basin, so called from the huge granite boulders which there abound.

Sunbeam—and by that name she shall be known to the end of the story—had blossomed from childhood to young womanhood in Granite Basin under the fostering care of worthy parents. There were few women in the camp, and fewer children, and she, the fairest of the few, was adored by the hardy men to whom a child's face was a living joy. She had grown to be a sweet and pretty girl, unspoiled by adulation and chaste as the mountain dew. She had soft, brown hair and eyes like a fawn, and her free life among the hills had added vigor and grace to her daintily moulded form. Before the young men of the camp had realized that she was of an age to be courted and won, Sunbeam had given her heart's first love to Handsome Jack, a likely young miner who was panning out gold galore.

John Faulkner was indeed a handsome Jack, with his clustering hair, dark eyes

and magnificent physique. Withal, he was frank and open-hearted, and possessed of few faults and many good qualities. He loved Sunbeam with all the ardor that a sweet girl of nineteen can inspire in the heart of a young man of twenty-three, and he was modest enough to be thankful for the precious gift of love she had bestowed upon him.

"Bach," not so-called because he was an unfortunate celibate, but because his family name was Bachelder, was a sturdy young fellow of thirty, with a well poised head and calm grey eyes that dropped before no man's gaze. He had an attractive and intelligent face, a sunny nature and an honest heart. Bach loved Sunbeam with all the strength of his soul, but neither by sign nor word had he ever revealed his love. He was Jack's friend, and he could not but be Sunbeam's friend; and, though he had lost her and Jack had won her, his loyal heart was joyed at their happiness.

Snaky, whose camp name was suggested by his small, shifting, but piercing black eyes, was a sullen fellow in whose veins ran a mixture of bloods. With short-cropped, dark hair, and swarthy complexion, his forty years did not add attractiveness to his person nor suggest a betterment of his manners. He loved gold, but he loved gambling better, and each night the card-barons of the camp strove with Snaky for the possession of the yellow dust the earth yielded him by day. And, strive as he would, in the end the barons gathered it in. On one side of Snaky's claim was Jack's, and on the other side was Bach's, and thus adjoining interests led to neighborly recognition and fellowship.

In the winter of 1856, Sunbeam and Jack married, and there was a high old time in Granite Basin on the night of the wedding. Bach was best man, of course, and from that joyous time was given a

brother's place in the home and hearts of the happy couple.

Late in the summer of 1858, the Fraser river excitement nearly depopulated Granite Basin. That mad rush for gold far surpassed the memorable outflow to White Pine in '52, and was unapproached by the recent Klondike rush of 1898. Hundreds of men and women died of privation and exposure in the cold and sterile Fraser river region before the bubble exploded, and among these unfortunate victims were the parents of Sunbeam who, allured by the fabulous stories of uncovered wealth there, were among the first who sought the land of promise.

The sad death of Sunbeam's father and mother was the first real sorrow of her young life, and before she had fully recovered from the sadness of the blow, another calamity befell her, at once strange and heart-rending. Luck had followed Jack from the day of his marriage, and his store of golden wealth had grown at every clean-up. There was \$10,000 or more in the pile of nuggets and gold-dust in his cabin, and Jack decided to send it to San Francisco to be exchanged and the money deposited in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s bank, where already he had \$5,000 to his credit. Late in the fall, on an idle afternoon, Jack shouldered his pack of gold and started for Chet's store. Snaky accompanied him for some reason or other and Teko, his huge mastiff, followed, scurrying and leaping at his master's heels.

In the early days, Chet's caravansary was an active commercial center. It was two miles down on the northern slope of Frenchman's Hill and, therefore, eight miles from Granite Basin. The low and rambling building embraced within its weather-beaten adobe walls a general store, a hotel and a saloon, the post-office and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office. Almost anything under the sun needed by the usual miner could be obtained there, from a smoked herring to a stick of giant powder. Chet himself was a diversified character in his various roles of storekeeper, justice of the peace, postmaster and express agent.

Some time after Jack's departure with his store of gold, Bach went up the road

to the hill to mail some letters. The depository for this purpose was a box nailed to the trunk of a tree, and used by the mounted mail carriers as a common medium of collection and delivery.

To Bach's amazement and dismay, at the brow of the hill he came upon the senseless and bleeding form of Snaky, whose throat and lower face had been frightfully torn and mangled by the fangs of some savage beast. Bach bound up the gaping wounds as best he could, and then hastened to Chet's for help, and wondering on his way why Snaky had separated from Jack and Teko. The three together would have been a match for any wild beast, even a grizzly.

At Chet's, willing hands quickly fashioned a rude litter and in as short a time as the distance would permit, Snaky was reached and borne to the store. He remained unconscious even after his wounds were dressed, and his case was deemed hopeless.

Jack and Teko had not put in an appearance at Chet's and darkness was coming on. Bach feared that they had shared the fate of Snaky, and hurried to the top of the hill again to search for them. A party, made up of the men congregated at Chet's was preparing to follow Bach, but was prevented from doing so by a violent squall of snow that made black the gathering darkness. Quickly in its wake would come a fierce storm which no man could breast.

Frenchman's Hill is almost in the center of the great snow-belt. From frequent storms the snow accumulates to a great depth, and for months the ground is covered with an unchanging mantle of white. During the long winter traveling is possible only with snow-shoes, and in the wooded sections, instead of the usual blaze or notch cut in the bark of a tree to guide the traveler, a shake or narrow strip of board is nailed to the trunk of the tree high above the snow-line. Therefore, if Jack was lying dead on the hill, his body could not be recovered until the melting of the snow late in the spring; or, more horrible still, if he was not dead, but wounded, he would perish miserably, and the white shroud above him would efface the scene of his last agony.

Bach, driven from the hill by the storm and darkness, fought his way through the blinding snow to the Basin, and gently told her of the mysterious disappearance of Jack and the finding of Snaky. She was greatly shocked and grieved, but bravely held to the belief that Jack was alive, and sooner or later would turn up all right.

"He took the stage and went to Big Meadows or to the Mountain House," she argued, "and when the storm is over he will return. Of course Teko is with him wherever he is."

With all her grief, her heart knew, but did not speak it because it was not a tell-tale, that though Jack be lost to her she had Bach to protect her.

The days passed and brought no tidings of Jack or Teko. Snaky, who alone knew of their fate, hovered between life and death for many days and then, to the surprise of all, began to mend. When he was strong enough to talk, it was found that his injuries had rendered his speech unintelligible. More dreadful still, when a written question was handed to him to be answered he gazed at it vacantly and seizing the pencil drew on the paper three rude crosses. His reason was gone! The first of the crosses drawn was a tall one; to the right was a smaller one, standing at a sharp right angle as if half fallen down. From the base of the upright of this second cross extended the third cross, which was so small as to be hardly noticeable.

Snaky recovered bodily strength, but showed no signs of mental improvement, and finally he was sent to an insane asylum, where his case was pronounced incurable. During the long years of his confinement he never tired of drawing the three crosses, and in no instance did the drawings vary from the original one made at Chet's.

No traces were found of Jack or Teko. They had passed from the sight and knowledge of men like ill-fated ships that go out but never come in. The lives of the score or more of persons who remained in Granite Basin after the Fraser river exodus were uneventful, and five years came and went without material change, excepting that by the departure of one and another the little

community had lessened in numbers. The years that passed were most happy ones for Bach, for the care of the woman he loved delighted his soul. Not once did he speak of his love, nor make sign of it, but was ever the kindly comrade, the safe friend. The hope that Jack was alive and some day would return to her, once so fondly cherished by Sunbeam, faded away. Her brief and pleasant life with him became a remembrance, almost a dream, and in the place of sad memories stood the living presence of a gentle, noble man.

The time came when Granite Basin was deserted by all but two persons, and these two lingerers in the forlorn camp were Sunbeam and Bach. Then he spoke:

"Sunbeam," he said, "for many reasons we cannot go on living here by ourselves. You must leave here or else become my wife. I have loved you from girlhood, from childhood even, and you know that I have been true to that love. I do not think, little one, that you would like to go away and leave me, and I know if you should do so, life would be worthless to me. As for Jack, he is dead; there can be no doubt of that, and from the Beyond he will look down upon our marriage and be glad. What will you do, dear heart, will you leave me or will you stay?"

Sunbeam needed but little time for reflection. "Leave him?" she repeated to herself, "leave him? No, no. How could I live without him?" And then it dawned upon her that she had grown to love him in the years that had passed, with a love unspeakable. In the garb of friendship, her love had blossomed to fullness and now, suddenly, had cast off its disguise. There could be but one answer to Bach's question, now that love stood revealed, and Sunbeam answered it by placing her hand in his.

"It is best that we should be married at once," said Bach after a time, "and before long we will leave this worked-out hole in the ground and live for each other in a better land."

Thus it came about that Sunbeam and Bach were the last two persons to desert Granite Basin, and they went forth crowned with joy, for Chet, in his offi-

cial capacity of justice of the peace, had made them man and wife.

One morning, a few days after his marriage, Bach stood on the top of Frenchman's Hill taking a last look at the familiar surroundings. Sunbeam was at Chet's, preparing for their trip to San Francisco on the morrow. Carelessly Bach's eyes fell upon the blaze-tree at the beginning of the road leading to Granite Basin. The shake was nailed to the trunk of the tree at such a distance from the lower branches and from the ground that a perfect cross was formed. Bach could not silence the thought, unreasonable as it seemed, that this was the first of the three crosses

the upright of the remaining cross, projected a rusty bowie knife, the point of the blade being deeply imbedded in the wood and forming with the heavy hilt and handle a miniature cross. The three crosses, which had been looked upon as the whimsical creation of a deranged mind, existed in reality, and Snaky's knowledge of their existence was proven by the fact that on the horn handle of the knife imbedded in the tree was graven his name. A heap of driftwood had been washed against the boulder by rain and melting snow and this Bach excitedly removed, together with the debris beneath it. There, wedged between the boulder and the ground was a mass of whitened bones and golden nuggets intermixed with bits of rotted cloth. "The

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bones of Jack and Teko," cried Bach, and so it proved, for a slight search revealed their identity.

With the ghastly remains before him, Bach leaned against the boulder and after a little study arrived at a solution of the mystery of Jack's and Teko's death and disappearance. On that fatal afternoon when Jack and Snaky were on their way to the express office, the latter induced the former to examine the boulder, probably to see if it was on paying ground. While Jack was doing this Snaky attacked him from behind with his knife and killed him. As Snaky attempted to rob his victim, Teko seized him by the throat. Snaky plunged his knife into the faithful beast who, though fatally hurt, hung on with the savage tenacity of his nature. Again Snaky struck at Teko, but wildly and, missing the dog, buried his knife so deeply in the fallen tree that he could not withdraw it with the cruel grip on his throat. Teko never loosed his powerful jaws until, spent and dying, he fell beside his master. Snaky, half dead from his wounds, crawled to the foot of the blaze-tree and lay there too weak to rise. With the trained habit of the miner to note some peculiar object to mark a particular spot, the bowie knife, the crossed trees on the boulder and the blaze-tree, being similar in form, were photographed on Snaky's brain in the last moments of consciousness. The horror of the deed done and the fearful encounter with Teko, and the suffering which came from it, unhinged Snaky's mind, but in the clouded intellect remained the picture of the three crosses.

The fall of snow soon after the tragedy had concealed the crime, and the winter's weight of snow pressing down the hillside, as it melted in the spring, had wedged the bodies of Jack and Teko between the boulder and the earth as though they had been jammed in with a jack-screw. When, after long months, the winter mantle was lifted, the floods from the melting snow piled sand and driftwood on the remains until they were as securely hidden as though buried beneath the ground.

Bach's conclusions regarding the killing of Jack and Teko satisfied his mind,

and gathering the gold dust beneath the boulder in a heap and making a sack of his coat to carry it in he started to return to Chet's to tell Sunbeam of his remarkable discovery, and to make arrangements for the interment of Jack's and Teko's remains. He had gone but a few paces when he heard approaching footsteps, and, because of the gold he was carrying, concealed himself behind a thicket of underbrush. To his amazement, the intruder proved to be Snaky, with his shifty eyes and his repulsively scarred face and throat. He had a pick and shovel with him and, proceeding to the boulder, knelt in front of it and sought for the vanished gold. His shattered mind could not comprehend that it had been removed, and with inarticulate cries of rage and disappointment he seized pick and shovel and began throwing out the earth under the boulder. Working with feverish energy, he soon had the earth removed to quite a depth. From time to time, he found a nugget, native to the dirt, which urged him on. He propped up the boulder with a stout stick so that it would not topple over into the hole, and continued digging until the excavation was more than knee deep.

Bach knew not what to do. He could not kill this demented wretch before him, although a murderer, which, probably, would be necessary if he attempted to overpower him single-handed. At last, when Snaky had been at his futile task for at least two hours, Bach determined to go for help to capture the madman, that he might be sent back to the asylum from which he had evidently escaped. Bach tried to get away noiselessly, but a cracking twig betrayed him and Snaky, alarmed by the sound, crouched low in the hole to hide himself. In his haste, he dislodged the stick that held up the boulder. The ponderous mass of stone pitched forward and downward, and in a moment the crouching wretch was ground to pulp. As the rock settled down, blood oozed out around its sides as red wine drips from the press.

Stranger than fiction is the fact that the murdered of Handsome Jack became his own grave-digger and his own executioner.

By William Bittle Wells

Preferred the Coast

Professor Elliott, of the Agricultural College, has declined to go to Kansas and accept a position there at a larger salary than he now receives. The judgment of the gentleman is worthy of commendation, says the Tacoma Daily Ledger. There are more things than salary to be considered. The difference between the joy of living in Washington and that of living in Kansas is hardly to be measured in cash, but if such measurement is to be employed, the result must be expressed in thousands and not mere hundreds. This conclusion may readily be supported by the facts.

Kansas is not a desirable section in which to live. It is subject to extreme cold and heat, drouths, blizzards, 'hoppers, cyclones and human freaks. When the crop does not fail by lack of water it is apt to be carried away by flood. If it escapes both mischances, something eats it down to the ground. Kansas is so situated that its industrial growth is necessarily slow, and the future does not hold out great promise. The tide of active emigration passes it by. Its own young men leave for the farther West as soon as the opportunity is presented.

Washington seems to possess every advantage of climate that Kansas lacks. In the Sound country there is neither heat nor cold as those terms are understood in Kansas. Nobody gets sunstruck, and the danger of freezing is as remote as that of being eaten by a lion. There are no violent winds, no savage displays of electric force. The rain falls with surety, and the dry season is not extended enough to cause suffering to crops or stock. Moreover, Washington is new. Vast as its resources are known to be, their splendid possibilities have only begun to be realized faintly.

To leave Washington and settle in Kansas would be a strange move for an enterprising man. Evolution does not operate backwards.

The same favorable points may be made in regard to both Oregon and Idaho, and it is a source of gratification that the world is beginning to realize something of the unbounded resources and possibilities of this region. The Pacific Coast, and especially the Pacific Northwest, is growing faster today than ever before in its history, and the growth is healthy and permanent. Yet it is only the beginning. The forests, the mines, the possibilities in dairying, the equable climate, the vast tracts that can be turned into flourishing farms—these things are bound to induce in time a tremendous population. People is the greatest need of the Pacific Northwest—not wealth—and the present outlook seems to indicate that we are on the eve of the fulfillment of this great and pressing need.

William C. Whitney

It would be difficult to select a more typical "man of the world"—in the broadest and best employment of that abused phrase—than the Hon. William C. Whitney. Lawyer, politician, incumbent of numerous offices of responsibility culminating in the portfolio of the navy, his name has been identified with many other lines of activity, and in each he is recognized as an authority. A Democrat of the Democrats, he has remained faithful to the Cleveland branch

animal has borne his colors first under the wire.

He is also an enthusiastic yachtsman, and no little of the practical knowledge he evinced as Secretary of the Navy under Cleveland was obtained at first hand while master of his own craft.

But, first of all, Mr. Whitney is a man of affairs, and his name is connected with many great business enterprises. His life has been linked with that of the metropolis, and he has been one of New York's most faithful servants.

To look at him, no one would suspect that the date of his birthday was so early as 1841. His active life has traced few lines on his face and he promises to have many of the best years of his life still before him.

* * *

An Uncrowned King of England

Writing of Prince Albert in an article in the June Century on "The Royal Family of England," Prof. Oscar Browning says:

From the first the Prince identified himself with the Queen in all her labors. They had one mind and one soul. Rising every morning with the dawn, the Prince went into his workroom, where their two tables stood side by side, and read all their correspondence, arranging everything for the Queen's convenience when she should arrive. He knew all her thoughts and assisted all her actions, yet so adroit and self-sacrificing was his conduct that all the merit and popularity came to her. The people had no idea that he interfered with public affairs, yet, had they reflected, they must have known that it was inevitable. Once during the Crimean War, when the notion got abroad that the Prince had intervened, there were tales of treason and of sending him to the Tower; yet on the day of the Prince's death, on that cold, ice-bound Saturday, Charles Kingsley

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY

of the party, and, with the decadence of the control of Mr. Bryan, it is not impossible that Mr. Whitney may prove himself the Moses who will lead the Democracy to their rightful heritage of power.

To many, his name is indissolubly connected with horse racing, and it is true that he is one of the foremost exponents of the fascinating sport in America today, and many a high-bred

said to the present writer: "He was King of England for twenty years, and no one knew it."



The Prince of Wales

The sad news that the physicians have pronounced the condition of the King to be far from assuring, attention is naturally attracted to his successor, the Prince of Wales. Prince George, second son of King Edward, is a man 37 years of age, married and the father of four children. Until the death of his elder brother, Edward, in 1892, his training had been chiefly on the sea, for the career of a younger brother, even though he be of royal blood, must be one of work. In the navy, the acquitted himself with some credit, though never with brilliancy. He was a steady, reliable officer, nothing more.

Since he has been in the direct line of succession, he has stood more in the light of popular scrutiny than as the modest naval officer, but he has ever remained singularly reticent and shy, preferring the home life of a country gentleman to that of the popular hero. The Prince is a small man, quiet and unostentatious. He abhors crowds and bothers little about politics. Only once has he shown a flash of royal power; that was in his Guild hall speech, when the timid Prince rose superior to his modesty and delivered a speech full of vigor and fire and wisdom. Great popularity may never be his, but so surely as he inherits the throne of England will his sturdy qualities prove themselves the attributes of a wise and conscientious ruler.



Stockton's Rounded Career

The editor of the Century, in the July number, pays this tribute to his friend the late Frank R. Stockton:

"To those who knew Frank Stockton intimately—especially to those who had had the unforgettable pleasure of asso-

ciation with him in editorial work (as did the editors of both the Century and St. Nicholas), his death, even at a ripe age, seems calamitous. But looking at his life impersonally, it was as rounded and complete as it was beautiful and enviable. He had lived to see his best writings take an almost classic position; he had recently the gratification of placing upon his shelves a uniform edition of his entire works; he had enjoyed of late years the acquisition of a country home of unusual dignity and beauty, just suited to his tastes and his needs; he had in this world nothing but friends.

"This is the happy fate of authorship, that the spirit of man passing into his books lives forever. So will the circle of the spiritual friends of this gentle humorist, this man most lovable, widen as the years go on. For no one can take his place. There can never be another Stockton."



The Elder Sothorn to the Rescue

A young English officer, it is related in the Century, was Mr. Sothorn's guest at a large dinner. Two merry American girls shared between them the duty of making this diffident and reticent British soldier shine at his first function in a new land, and plied him with bright banter. It was a novel experience, and the limp and discomfited youth was retreating under fire when Mr. Sothorn, swift in recognizing an embarrassing situation, turned to me, and in a hoarse stage whisper exclaimed: "The only man who ever received the Victoria Cross three times . . . modest

. . . modest to a fault . . . battle upon battle . . . twice carried from the field for dead . . . riddled with bullets." And then, as all listened to these snatches of martial exploits, he again added, "The Victoria Cross *three* times." It mattered little that all probabilities were against the pallid hero's having seen actual service; the evening's battle was won, and down the table was whispered from one to another, "Victoria Cross three times!"

A Year of Roosevelt

A writer in the "World's Work" draws this picture of our President, after the first year of his occupancy of the chief office of the Nation:

Mr. Roosevelt throughout his whole public life has been a shining mark for the wags and the cartoonists of the newspapers. He is unusually quick in mind and body. He is energetic beyond the comprehension of most men who hold public office. He is incapable of idleness and impatient of slowness in getting his routine done. And he is fond of adventure. He hunts (and he hunts big game), he rides (and he rides hard), he walks (and he walks fast), and he indulges in all manly sports. He boxes, he rows, he swims, he wrestles. Worse than all—he talks (and he talks right out). Such a man in the glare of the publicity that beats on the White House provokes more gossip about his energy than a dozen obese Presidents. And he is sure to commit mistakes of speech and to violate many small conventionalities.

But there is a difference between energy—especially physical energy—and rashness, and he has never been a rash man in public action. He is by nature one of the most conservative Executives that ever filled high offices. For his mind is not imaginative nor constructive. It works best in the straight line of action. He does not naturally turn to the making of new policies. He is aptest at carrying out old ones. His temperament is executive rather than creative. He is not likely to try new things. He travels faster than other men, but he keeps on well-traveled roads. Such a man brings many things to pass, but he is not rash. By nature he is conservative.

The whole people have now come to know him and to know him well; for he conceals nothing. He lives and works in the public view. It used to be said of President Harrison that when one saw

him at close hand he seemed larger than he seemed at a distance; and of President Cleveland that he was much more impressive at a distance than he was close at hand. President Roosevelt is the same, seen near or seen far. Frank, fearless, energetic, a "sturdy gentleman" as President Eliot called him, and never rash.

To have won the general confidence by a year of routine work is much. But he has done more than this: he has keyed the Executive Department of the Government to a higher pitch of energy than it has shown since it became the vast machine that it is. The Army, the Navy, the Civil Service have a new note of efficiency. Nor has the influence of his energetic temperament stopped there. It has been felt throughout a large part of our political life. This is much to say about the influence of one man exerted for a single year through the routine of official work; but it is not too much to say of Mr. Roosevelt.



Civilization and Irrigation

It is a singular fact and one which is full of significance in relation to the future of a large proportion of what is now the desert region of America, that some of the strongest and most highly civilized communities in ancient times had their homes in locations which could be rendered habitable only by irrigation. Not to speak of the dry country of which Carthage was the capital, an arid belt extends from Egypt and Arabia to Palestine, Syria and Persia, across the Indus, and through the centers of Indian civilization to the Ganges. In Central Asia, the ruins of splendid cities are seen where now only the herds of nomads pasture. Similarly, in the New World, it was on the arid western slopes of the Andes that the civilization of the Incas was developed, while the Aztecs established themselves in the high cen-

tral plateau of Mexico. In the North American Review, E. W. Hilgard, Professor of Agriculture in the University of California, discusses the reasons of this strange phenomenon in an article entitled "The Causes of the Development of Ancient Civilizations in Arid Countries." It appears that in arid regions the soil, when watered, is extremely productive, because it has retained the chemical elements on which fertility depends, and which in lands where the rainfall is normal are freely washed away, so that, for instance, in the Californian irrigated colonies from ten to twenty acres suffice to provide for a family, instead of the forty to one hundred and sixty considered needful in humid parts of the country. Professor Hilgard says:

"There can be no doubt, then, that arid regions offer to the husbandman not only unusual but also lasting productiveness as the result of the application of irrigation water, in consequence of the accumulation of plant-food in the soil. But the advantage does not end there; for it is one of the peculiarities of rock-weathering under arid conditions that there is very little true (plastic) clay formed; and hence the soils are throughout of a sandy, or rather powdery, nature, which manifests itself unpleasantly in the well-known dust storms of the deserts. As a consequence of this, and of the deficient rainfall, there is practically little or no difference between the arable soil on the surface and the underlying subsoil, sometimes to the depth of ten or more feet. Hence, air as well as water can penetrate to these depths unhindered by dense, impervious subsoils; and with them the roots of crops penetrate habitually to similar and greater depths, and can there exercise their nutritive functions. This means that, instead of two or three feet, from three to five times that amount of soil mass is ready to be drawn upon by plants."

The Mass and the Class

In the Atlantic Monthly appears this presentation of the question of class distinction:

It is to be feared that the attitude of most of us is not unlike that of a French general who remarked to the writer, "I am a democrat, in a sense a socialist. I am always severe, to be sure, with my servants,—why not? I am the master. But I am always cordial, unless angry." The public applauds a President of the United States who in his hospitality ignores the color line; to ignore the class line were a different matter. Seldom indeed does one find sons or daughters of privilege who have formed with working men or women the sort of relation that might naturally lead to an invitation to dinner. A trivial fact, certainly; yet it is mournfully true that if this one relation—the sign and seal of social equality—be tabooed, no other will in the long run avail to create fellowship beyond suspicion. For between fellowship and benevolence the working people draw the line unerringly. So long as there are large sections of the private life of the privileged classes which no outsider is invited to enter, the workers will never believe that our desire for social unity is real. Most of them, indeed, take the present state of things for granted; but let us beware of assuming that they hold it satisfactory or righteous. The shrinking suspicion displayed by the more self-respecting in the presence of our best-intentioned philanthropies is the measure of the sensitive pride with which they realize and resent their social ostracism. This may be a false attitude on their part; in order to dissipate it, however, we must remove American air from their nostrils, and import an entire atmosphere from the Old World.



EDITOR'S NOTE.—*It has been deemed advisable to change the name of this department from "The Native Son" to "The Pioneer," as a more significant and inclusive caption. As heretofore, the department will chronicle all that is of interest to the Native Sons and Daughters, but special emphasis will be laid upon the lives and deeds of the Pioneers—those grand men and women whose services to the original Oregon, including Washington, Idaho, Montana and California, cannot be overestimated.*

The Saviors of Oregon

The first recorded instance of any effort toward the colonization of Oregon is that of Hall J. Kelly, of Massachusetts, who, as early as 1817, exerted himself in behalf of the Northwest. He expended much time and money, and, in 1834, came to Oregon on an exploring trip, but Congress was at that time unwilling to consider his plan, and so his efforts came to naught.

In '27, General T. S. Jessup was sent here by the Government and reported "that the possession of this country was essential for the protection of trade and the security of the Western frontier;" but no action was taken.

Again, in '32, Captain Nathaniel J. Wythe came overland at the head of a trapping and hunting party; and, on his return, he published a memorial which attracted much attention and stimulated emigration. Congress went so far as to order it printed, but there its interest ceased.

Two years later came the Methodist missionaries, closely followed by Dr. Whitman and his associates. To them belongs the credit of opening up the trail to Oregon, since trodden by the feet of so many hardy pioneers.

In '38, thirty-six of the settlers in the Willamette valley sent a petition to Congress, asking that the country be occupied by the United States, but without avail. The same effort was made in 1840, this time with seventy subscribers, but suffered the same treatment as its predecessor.

The settlers then determined to estab-

lish a government for themselves, and in '43, after one failure, they succeeded in doing so.

In the meantime, Dr. Elijah White, formerly of the Methodist mission, went East to Washington, where—by what means it is not known—he obtained the appointment of "sub-Indian agent" of the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, and returned to administer affairs from headquarters in the Willamette valley. This was the first move on the part of the Government to extend its authority over this country.

During these years, public interest was being rapidly focussed upon the Northwest, induced, in part, by the writings of Bonneville, Parker, Ross and Irving. The question was becoming a national one, and finally culminated in the "Linn land bill," providing for donation claims to settlers. As a result, a tremendous influx of home-seekers took place.

At this time, Dr. Whitman appeared upon the scene, and was for many years the dominant figure in Oregon's early history. Though his primal object was a missionary one, yet he labored with all his might to encourage immigration and to induce the Government to further its plans for colonization and the organization of government. In order that he might work to the best advantage, he traveled to Washington, where his full, clear and graphic statements of the condition and needs of his people, his undeniable sincerity and the knowledge of the hardships which he had undergone were of much weight in influencing Congress to action. His efforts were finally

wreathed with success, and he returned to his labors among the savages.

Mention must also be made of Dr. Jason Lee, the missionary and colonist who was a prominent factor in the early affairs of the country, and all due praise awarded to "Father McLoughlin," whose generous heart and willing hand brought comfort and aid to all who were in need.

To these grand men is due the honor of preserving this section, which has given three of the brightest stars to shine in our Nation's banner.

* * *

The First Printing Press in Oregon

It is rather remarkable that the first printing press in the Northwest came hither from Boston by way of Honolulu. It was originally purchased by the American Board of Foreign Missions, and in 1819 was sent to the Hawaiian Islands and there employed for twenty years in printing hymns, tracts, etc., in the Kanaka tongue.

In '39, the Board removed the press to its Oregon Mission, first going to Wailatpu in charge of Dr. Whitman; but it was almost immediately removed to Lapwai Mission, in charge of Rev. H. H. Spalding. Here it was set up and operated by E. O. Hall, a printer who came with the press from Honolulu. It was he who printed the first booklet, its author being Rev. Elkanah Walker. This was of a religious nature and was printed in the Spokane—or Flathead—tongue.

But one copy of the booklet is—as far as is known—extant, this one being in the library of the Pacific University. It is made up of sixteen pages, five by six inches. Its title reads:

ETSHUT
THLU
SITSKAI
THLU
SIAIS
THLU
SITSKAI LITLINISH
LAPWAI
1842

This, freely interpreted, is, "The first

that was written. Thus writes the Creator."

Then follows the alphabet, the key to their pronunciation, and the numerals. A number of pages constitute a primer and speller, and the last six are devoted to lessons from the Bible, mainly the Old Testament.

In '48 the press was conveyed to Hillsboro, and there employed to print a 16-page monthly periodical, "The Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist," edited by Rev. J. S. Griffin.

For a number of years the outfit was stored at the State House at Salem, but is now in the hands of the Oregon His-

WM. S. LADD

A pioneer of 1851 and one of the commanding figures in the history of the Pacific Northwest.

torical Society. The press is known as a "Ramage printing, copying and seal press, No. 14." Prior to 1844, ink balls were used, but in that year a roller was added to the equipment. Although rusty and clogged with dirt, the old press and type are still perfectly able to perform the duties for which they were constructed.

* * *

The title "Governor" given to Dr. John McLoughlin, was only by courtesy. His proper appellation was "Chief Factor." The real governor of the Hudson Bay Company at that time was Sir H. Pelly, in England, represented by Sir George Simpson in Canada.

A deal is being
"By the Way" written and said,
nowadays, on the
subjects, "What men admire in women,"
"The sort of men women like," and so
on, and there is much in the theme of
interest and utility. We all of us must
plead guilty, in greater or less degree
and in at least one period of our lives,
to the desire of appearing attractive and
admirable in the eyes of those of the
other sex; and the wish is not one to be
ashamed of. In truth, 'tis Nature's de-
cree, and finds its expression in more
species than the human. Also, it is one
of the most salutary and stimulating of
laws; and is responsible for more effort
at reform and regeneration in moral, in-
tellectual and physical realms than it
ever is credited with.

When 20-year-old John begins to take
delight and to look for admiration in the
eyes of 18-year-old Helen, then, if John
has in him the right stuff, you may con-
fidently expect a big change for the bet-
ter. Its outward indications will be by
way of increased attention to personal
appearance, a lopping off of various bad
habits, a heightened gentleness in his
treatment of mother and sister, a reveal-
ing of unexpected sympathy for all weak
and helpless things. But the reform is
far deeper than mere outward evidences.
The whole nature of the lad is receiving
impulses that propel him to better living.
He may not, probably *does* not realize it,
but he is undergoing an uplift that will
make a man of him in spite of himself.
Those bright eyes are injecting a tonic
into his character that will set in mo-
tion all the best in him, and do much
to subordinate the evil.

In no less, but not so obvious a man-
ner, is Helen responding to similar influ-
ences. Frivolous pastimes lose their
charm, and the more serious occupations
of the home ensnare her attention. She
becomes more sympathetic, more helpful,
more earnest.

Each nature—the man's, the woman's
—is striving to satisfy the ideal con-
ceived for it in the mind of the other.
Beautiful, is it not?

Has it ever occurred to you—speak-
ing in a general way and admitting pos-
sible exceptions—that what a man ad-
mires in a woman is very near the same
thing that a woman admires in a man?
Do we not exaggerate the differences of
sex? It is a theory; but let us see if it
does not contain truth—at least, in part.
It is Emerson, we believe, that says it is
granted to no one man to grasp the
whole truth of any question.

The natural answer to the question,
what does man most admire in woman is,
womanliness; correspondingly, the qual-
ity most admired by women in men is
manliness. So far, so good. But our
point is that the virtues of which these
two rather vague and indefinite qualities
are compounded are essentially the same.
Eliminating the physical differences, the
components of manliness may be roughly
enumerated as strength, fearlessness,
honor, purity, gentleness. And of
womanliness the attributes are modesty,
tenderness, sympathy, sincerity, courage.
And stripping away the husks of ver-
biage, the kernel of the matter is that
it is *character* in both men and women
that evokes the truest homage in the
opposite sex; and that character, in its
essence, in the two sexes, is the same.

To say that woman delights chiefly in
the brute strength of a man is to depre-
ciate her powers of discretion. And the
statement, if true, that a man is attracted
by weakness and irresponsibility in
woman is the admission of a false ideal.

In a woman the emphasis is placed
over the gentler virtues; in a man, the
bolder, hardier qualities are more pro-
nounced. But this is a difference of de-
gree, not of kind; and as the human race
develops, the two sexes, appreciating the
best that is in each other, will tend con-

stantly to assimilate those attributes without in the least sacrificing the best that is in themselves.



Our Little Imitators

How closely we are copied, says a writer in *Good Housekeeping*, we hardly realize; but stop outside the nursery door some day and hear one of your own scoldings or punishments showered on a luckless doll, not one telling point missing. Or a doll's tea party may be in progress, and you may see yourself in miniature, company manners and all, true to life.

How careful we should be that the belief in our goodness and perfection should grow and mature with the child. This can only be accomplished by constant self-education, and simplicity in our home life, cultivating our taste for the best, in art, literature, music and drama. Music, in a home with children, is like the sunshine to plants; they have a natural love for it and need its influence. Our children today are citizens of the future, in this land of great promise; parents, beware what examples you set them. Each soul has a power within of noble goodness, often clouded by uncongenial surroundings, and if one transgress, the world holds up its hands, saying, "depraved! born wicked." If another shines and reaches perfection then the world says, "born for greatness!" No! it is not so, it is an environment that plays us these tricks, and consistent self-lifting and cultivation should begin in earliest childhood, the mother's first teachings.



The Father and the Child

An editorial in the *Ladies' Home Journal* asks pointedly: Is it right to the child that he sees and knows so little of his father? Is all this commercial strife worth the price of a child being almost a stranger to his own father? Men are sometimes surprised that their children go instinctively to their mothers, and so little to them. But aside from the natural instinct which draws every child to his mother, why should the fact cause any wonder? A child attaches himself to those who give him the most atten-

tion, to the one who joins him in his play. And if, as so many fathers do, a man places business first in his life all during the week, and buries himself in those modern curses, the Sunday newspapers, on the day when he is at home, what can he expect from his child? It is a case of the child not seeing the father during the week, and the father not seeing the child on Sunday. A man must be the wage-earner and the family supporter. That is the duty laid out for him. But when that is accomplished is it worth his while to push on into the commercial maze at the expense of the sweetening that should come into the life of every man? In short, what profiteth it a man suppose he gain the whole world—and not know his own child?



The Duty of American Women

What we want to do hereafter is to place ourselves socially and morally and mannerly on a par with the position our men occupy in finance and science; to strive to be leaders as admirable wives, mothers and *women*, as our men are leaders in the world of achievement; to compel the Old World to acknowledge that we possess the very highest qualities of noble womanhood, just as it has been compelled to acknowledge the forceful and efficient mentality of our men in the great progressive movements of the hour.—*Woman's Home Companion*.



The Preparation of Tea

The chairman of the government committee of tea experts declares that few Americans understand how to make tea or how to obtain the maximum benefit from it. It should be taken between meals and without much food, when it becomes a harmless yet powerful tonic. England discovered the secret long ago, and hence the universal custom of 5 o'clock tea, midway between the luncheon and dinner hour. The preparation of the tea is more important than the quality, for the best tea badly drawn is worthless. First, the water must be fresh; second, it must be thoroughly boiled for ten minutes; third, the tea must never be allowed to boil and must never draw over ten minutes.

Judith's Garden

By Mary E. Stone Bassett

Price, \$1.50

Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

It was but to be expected that so pleasing and popular a book as "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" would find plenty of imitators. But it was more than to be hoped for that anyone would succeed in writing a book to equal it in charm. Wherefore, "Judith's Garden" is as great a surprise as it is a delight, for the Garden of Elizabeth is in no whit more full of enchantment than that of her American cousin. And if we miss the three babies—bless their innocent hearts!—we gain in their stead a broth of an Irishman—Judith's gardener—whose delicious brogue, unfailing wit and homely philosophy win for him a sure place in the reader's heart.

The author has—wisely enough—attempted no great variation from the prototype. Being more democratic, Judith has the advantage of Elizabeth in turning the mellow soil and planting the seeds with her own hands, whereas her foreign cousin was never much more than an interested spectator. The story of the garden is fully told—the breaking of the first sod, the yielding of the seed to Nature's alchemy, the fight with weed and insect, and the final triumphant harvest of scented bloom. It is a note of gentle protest against the civilization in which the garden is not a vital part—a plea for the flower, the bird, the close cohabitation with Nature. To the lover of growing things, to him whose ear heeds still the call of the great outdoors, it will prove a fund of purest joy.

In physical make-up, the volume is a delight. In binding, illustration and letter press, it is a comfort to the eye, conserving and heightening the charm of the story.

The Desert and the Sown

By Mary Hallock Foote

Price, \$1.50

Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

If it were not for the perfect technique which Mrs. Foote brings into play in this, her latest product, the book would fall most lamentably flat. As it is, it escapes failure.

The story itself is decidedly disappointing. It centers about a man and wife separated—by a trick of fate—soon after their marriage. In the years that follow each develops traits of character so at variance, that—when brought together after nearly thirty years—the reunion conveys only difficulty and sorrow. It is an interesting problem in psychology, but the reader feels regretfully that its solution is cleverly evaded rather than successfully performed.

In spite of this insufficiency of plot, the cleverness of the treatment accorded so thankless a task is most praiseworthy. Everywhere is the attention to detail, the polished phrase that betrays the skilled workman. The style is singularly effective. It is crisp, clean-cut, crystalline, and often glides into epigrams. The same sharpness of outline that is found in her sentences appears in the drawing of her characters. Each is distinctly and clearly visualized; each the possessor of an individuality that clings like a garment. But the story fails to satisfy, and leaves the impression that a deal of clever work has been wasted on an unworthy subject.

Pen and Ink

By Brander Matthews

New York: Scribners

The papers in Mr. Brander Matthews' "Pen and Ink" have a value as an honest expression of opinion. That he has chosen diverse subjects to discuss is a cause for pleasure, for the man who knows well one art may be listened to

with genuine interest when he brings forth an estimate of some neighbor's harvest.

Mr. Matthews' critical field is that of the modern drama; his creative, we suppose, yields the short story. As a relish, it may be, to the solider work in "The Dramatization of Novels," and "On the Philosophy of the Short Story," we find amusing papers, such as "On the Antiquity of Jest," and "On the French Spoken by those who do not speak French." Mr. Matthews' exposition of the Short-story has already won its preliminary bouts, yet until the multitudinous hosts of magazine writers learn the fundamental rule which it posits, the art will still suffer abasement into a trick. Then it will be time enough to correct the temperamental defects of Mr. Matthews' work.

We could wish that his polite good humor and his unfailing knack of witty presentation gave less the effect of a cultivated style and more the firm breadth of cordial naturalness. But the reader will, in spite of all, be quite sure of *what* Mr. Matthews thinks and he will suspect a little acerbity in his tenderest avoidance of evil speaking.

J. F. W.

The Silent Pioneer

By Lucy Cleaver McElroy

Price, \$1.50

New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

An Indian story of the old, approved Leatherstocking pattern. It is simply a rehash of the well-known and well-worn material that goes to make up the conventional story of pioneer life. The story is set in motion by the kidnapping of the heroine by the Indians, and the efforts of the intrepid lover to recover his lady-fair supply the incidents for the remainder of the book. Then, too, there is the time-honored figure of the old frontiersman, impersonated, in this case,

by none other than Daniel Boone himself, who aids the hero in the search for the imperiled lady, and contributes homely humor in an impossible dialect. There is no lack of the necessary accompaniment of hair-breadth escapes, running the gauntlets, forest fires, fights with wild beasts, encounters with murderous savages, and so on and on, *ad lib.*

True, the book lacks everything of design, of style, of finish, and offends the sense of probability at every chapter, but it has plenty of action and excitement, and will hold the attention of the reader who is not too fastidious. At least it is a good juvenile.

Lepidus the Centurion

By Edwin Lester Arnold

Price, \$1.50

New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

In "Lepidus the Centurion," we are carried back to the days of the Roman occupation of Britain. The story has one feature that naturally disillusions the most innocent reader of historical novels—the plot concerns the rising from the dead of the Centurion, his taking a place without embarrassment in the rural life of the present day in England, and his making love of the freebooter type to an emotional girl. But it cannot be denied that the story is interesting. The story is not so fligid as might be feared, and the incidents are vital to the plot—such as it is.

The Antiquarian could easily pick flaws in Mr. Arnold's learning. In the first place, the office of centurion was not aristocratic; further, the Romans usually burned the body, and did not embalm after the Egyptian fashion.

But with all these lapses from the authentic, we must confess that we read the book with interest, and found much amusement in the "adscititious experiences" of Lepidus.



IN POLITICS—

Tariff Revision That tariff revision will be one of the main issues in the next political campaign, there is now little doubt. The Republican conventions of both Iowa and Idaho have already declared in favor of reform, and other states are ready to fall in line. The phrase in the Iowa Republican platform which has excited so much comment is a vigorous and striking expression. It declares in favor of "any modification of the tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording shelter to monopoly." This is aimed at the trusts as well as the tariff, and it is not improbable that around these two issues will be waged the coming battle. The action of the other states is awaited with interest.

The Cuban Situation The Congress of Cuba has under advisement a plan for a foreign loan to amount to 35 or 40 millions of dollars. It was at first believed that such an action would conflict with the terms of the Platt amendment; but, it is pointed out, the measure is not effective until it is embodied in a permanent treaty between the two nations. The rumor is current that the loan scheme is the result of a plot incubated by a group of American financiers with the purpose of taking the Cuban bonds and thereby strengthening their clutch on the young republic. It is also advanced that the loan is merely a lever to force the U. S. to grant reciprocity. On this subject, the President has declared himself unequivocally in favor of reciprocity, asserting that he would risk his renomination for the sake of granting relief to Cuba. His plan is to negotiate a treaty of reciprocity and submit it to the Senate for ratification, a special session being called for that purpose.

On the Supreme Bench Justice Horace Gray has retired from the Supreme Bench and Oliver

Wendell Holmes, the son of the poet, has been appointed to succeed him. Justice Gray's retirement was not a surprise, as it was well known that his health and advanced years rendered him incapable of long continuing his services. His successor, it is conceded, has every qualification for the honorable post to which he has been called. He is 61 years of age, and has for twenty years served on the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, for the last three years as Chief Justice of that body. Announcement has also been made that Justice Shiras will soon take advantage of the law enabling judges to retire when they have reached the age of 70, thus creating another vacancy.

The Coal Strike

Both parties in the strike seem to have settled into a grim determination to hold on till the bitter end, and the solution of the problem is still hypothetical. Several attempts have been made by individual concerns to enlist non-union men and resume work, but their efforts were frustrated by the strikers. Several riots have occurred and some loss of life resulted, and the spirit of unrest is intensified, especially among the foreign elements. Troops have been called out in several instances and are encamped near the scenes of hostility. Talk has been indulged in of a special session of Congress to end the difficulty; also of mediation through Senators Quay and Penrose and Attorney-General Elkins of Pennsylvania. Meanwhile, coal has reached \$9.00 in New York, and is steadily increasing as the available supply grows less.

Naval Maneuvers

The exciting game played between the two squadrons, the "white" and the "blue," off the New England coast, was terminated by the surrender of the attacking squadron. The conditions of the struggle were that the white squadron, under Pillsbury, should find an anchorage on the coast within prescribed lines, and hold the same for six hours against the "blue" or defending squadron under Higginson. This Pillsbury was unable to do, and, under the rules of the contest, was compelled to surrender. It is conceded that he was badly handicapped by inferior craft and by the governing conditions.

The Crown at Last

The great event toward which the people of Great Britain in particular, and the civilized nations of the globe in general, have been looking with restless anticipation, is at last an accomplished fact. On August 9, in historic old Westminster Abbey, the royal crown was placed upon the brow of Edward VII, and he was made King in truth. The ritual was only slightly abridged and lost nothing of its impressive solemnity. The spectacular features were, of necessity, curtailed, but there was enough of the gorgeous to please the people. The King's health continues to improve, but a feeling of great relief is prevalent that the trying ceremonials are passed without apparent harm to the beloved sovereign.

Venezuela

Although it is difficult to get at the exact status of affairs in Venezuela, yet it is apparent that the revolutionists are gaining a decided advantage. They claim that two-thirds of the country is in their power and that the fall of the Castro government is imminent. The two forces are near each other and a battle may be waged at any hour. When the insurgents captured Barcelona, they sacked the city, even pillaging the consulates and extorting money from foreign residents. Intervention by foreign powers may follow as a result of these outrages.

Venice in Danger

The fall of the Campanile has attracted attention to the condition of other structures in the city. A great part of Venice is built upon piles, and rumors have been launched that these were rotting and insecure, and that the whole superstructure was in danger of collapse. Color was given this report by the fall of parts of the cornice of the church of St. John and St. Paul during a recent thunder storm, but the authorities do not apprehend any serious danger.

* * *

IN SCIENCE—**The Baldwin Expedition**

The Arctic exploring expedition which, under the command of Evelyn B. Baldwin, started last summer on a "dash for the Pole," has returned to Honningsvaag, Norway, from which point Baldwin sent the alliterative cable: "We have been baffled but not beaten." As a matter of fact, he did not even reach the real starting point. The enterprise was most elaborately equipped, and promised great results, but succeeded only in caching canned provisions for future use and in taking the first moving pictures of Arctic life. It is believed that the failure was due to friction between the men.

Improved Telegraphic Apparatus

For the combined typewriter and telegraph instrument—the invention of Charles E. Yetman—it is claimed that no invention since the Morse alphabet has equalled it in value. By striking a key on an ordinary typewriter's keyboard, the Morse characters are produced, clearly and accurately. The machine has answered the tests upon long and short lines, and will, it is said, be introduced in all the offices of the Associated Press.

The Nile Dam

The completion of the dam across the Nile marks the successful consummation of one of the greatest engineering feats ever undertaken. The structure is 1¼ miles long

and has cost \$25,000,000 in the making. The purpose is to conserve the flood water of the river, giving it out in dry seasons, thus vastly increasing the productivity of the Nile valley. It will also be employed for irrigation.

The Newest Explosives

A new explosive is the discovery of Prof. G. M. Hathaway. It is said to be more powerful than dynamite, maximitite or lyddite, and may be used commercially with absolute safety. It was tested by throwing it on a fire, by firing rifle bullets through it and by hammering it upon an anvil until the sparks flew. Only when a powerful percussion cap is used will explosion take place.

Another explosive has been discovered by the ordinance experts, but its qualities are kept strictly secret. It is known, however, that a shell, loaded with this explosive, will pierce fourteen inches of Krupp armor. Twelve inches has heretofore been considered ample protection. With this shell is used a new time fuse which delays the detonation of the shell until its maximum penetrative force has been exhausted. Before such a projectile, the most modern warship would be helpless.

A New Clinical Laboratory

A part of the \$10,000,000 fund given by Andrew Carnegie to establish the Carnegie Institute at Washington has been set aside for endowing a biological laboratory at Wood's Hole, Mass., which will be the most complete in the world. The U. S. fish commission already has a large station there, and the place has for years been the center for the study of such lower forms of life as are found in the sea.

* * *

IN LITERATURE—

The Acton Library

Andrew Carnegie has presented the famous Acton Library to the Hon. John Morley, the eminent historian and scholar. The gift is a most fitting one, viewed from any standpoint. The library in question is

one surpassingly rich in historical, political, economic and ecclesiastic works, selected with the greatest care by Lord Acton. It is in these subjects that Mr. Morley is especially interested, and in some of them he is the greatest living authority. The library was collected at an immense expense; yet it contains but few books of special bibliographical value, that is, rare copies, first editions, and the like. Lord Acton was a man of prodigious learning, but his books have passed into no unworthy hands.

Jules Verne on the Newspaper M. Jules Verne, the famous French novelist, predicted, in a recent interview, that within a century romances and novels would be superseded by newspapers, which would give the people a truer picture than could the books. The Spectator, by way of reply, points out the fact that the novel serves, not the function of the paper, to widen the view of contemporaneous events, but rather to draw the reader out of himself and to strive as an anodyne for the business of every day life.

From the Pen to the Polls Winston Churchill, in New Hampshire, has followed the suit led by Booth Tarkington in Indiana in avowing political aspirations. He expects to go to the Legislature and from there to Congress. There is no reason in the world why a novelist, as such, should fail to make a good lawmaker; but there is considerable doubt whether the people will look upon the aspirations of these young writers in a serious light.

A Remarkable Similarity Within a year, three short stories have appeared in as many different standard periodicals, each bearing a different title and written over the signature of writers more or less well known to magazine readers. The noteworthy fact that each story is written about the same identical incident, and the likeness is so striking as to impress even the most casual reader. The authors in question are Charles Forest McLean, whose

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story, "An Exploded Theory," appeared in the Black Cat for November, 1901; Frank Norris, the author of "The Passing of Cock-Eye Blacklock," in the Century for 1902; and Jack London, whose "Moon Face" was in the Argonaut of July 25th. The literary integrity—if such a phrase is permitted—of these gentleman is too well established to be questioned, and the only comment justified is that the similarity is a strange coincidence. However, it behooves authors as well as editors to keep themselves familiar with current fiction in order to minimize the possibility of such occurrences.

* * *

IN EDUCATION—

The Rhodes Scholarships

It is probable that some time will elapse before the scholarships provided in the will of Cecil Rhodes will become available. The English executors are moving as rapidly as possible, but many complexities have arisen that require solution. It is desired that a census of opinion of prominent educators be taken, to obviate the possibility of any mistakes.

Count Tolstoi on Education

Count Tolstoi has recently enunciated some of his ideas on the culture of children. He says in part:

"It is a most difficult and intricate matter if a man or woman tries to educate boys or girls without first having educated himself or herself. The moment we understand that self-education must precede all and every attempt to educate others the question of how to bring up children makes way for this: How can I lead a life worthy of myself?"

"Here is my advice to parents and teachers: Let your children see that you are trying to improve your conduct and habits all the time; that, without compulsion, you continue to educate your mind. Secondly, never have a secret before your children: let nothing in your life admit of misconstruction by your children. It is far better that children

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know their elders' weaknesses than suspect them of leading a double life."

Training School in Manila Commissioner Bernard Moses, head of the department of public instruction for the Philippine Islands, is perfecting plans for the organization of a college in Manila for the training of Filipino teachers. His plan provides for the instruction of the children in the morning by Filipino teachers and in the Afternoon by Americans. Commissioner Moses's object is to fit Filipinos for the task American teachers are now performing, it being considered inadvisable to continue to import and maintain American teachers permanently.

The University of Oregon The University of Oregon will open its twenty-seventh session at Eugene, Wednesday, September 17th. The outlook for the year seems, at present, very promising. A number of new men have been added to the faculty, all thoroughly fitted, both by preparation and by experience, for their work. The University buildings are being repaired and improved during the summer, the dormitory, gymnasium and Deady Hall receiving especial attention.

Students intending to enter this fall are invited to correspond with the President relative to their work. Catalogues will cheerfully be sent on application.

* * *

IN ART—

The San Juan Painting M. Vassili Verestchagin, the Russian painter who is engaged on a great canvas illustrating Roosevelt's charge up San Juan Hill, has just returned to his easel at Washington, after making his second trip to the Santiago battlefield. This last trip he made specially to observe the exact color of the foliage of a certain tree on the hillside described by the President, and to note the precise hue of the sky at this season.
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**A Fine
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Henry Walters, the Baltimore art enthusiast, has just brought to this country nearly a thousand paintings, statues and miscellaneous art treasures from the old world, to be added to his well known collection, and the customs authorities demand duties on them of about \$200,000. The Walters collection, while not very large, is most carefully selected and the new additions will greatly enrich it. The gallery is open to the public only at certain intervals.

**A Famous Painter
Dead**

James Joseph Jacques Tissot, the eminent painter, died in Paris August 9. In this country he was known best for his series "The Life of Christ," consisting of 365 water colors, which are now hung in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. The series has been exhibited extensively throughout the United States, and many of the pictures have been reproduced for purposes of illustrations. Abroad he is better known as a *genre* painter of Parisian life.

* * *

IN RELIGION—

Religion vs. Ethics The Rev. Wm. McAfee, pastor of the Methodist Church of Evanston, Ill., has been dismissed because his sermons, while admittedly scholarly and interesting, wandered too far from the Bible. The congregation wanted more gospel and less theology, ethics, current topics, etc. There are other instances to show that the people are seeking after "the old-time religion" to the neglect of newer but less satisfactory brands.

**The Zion
Movement**

The Zionists have opened negotiations with the Turkish representatives with a view to securing the rights and privileges essential to their plan for re-establishing a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine. Dr. Herzl, their distinguished leader in this idea, is in Constantinople conducting the diplomatic conference, but, as yet, no news as to the outcome has been published.

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A Revelation of Real Americanism.

This is one lesson, among many others, that we may learn from the appalling catastrophe that has recently befallen the people of the Lesser Antilles. Without being open to the charge of drawing invidious comparisons, it may be said with all truth and sincerity that the alertness, spontaneity, and largeness which have marked the flow of American generosity and helpfulness in the direction of these stricken people constitute in themselves a striking testimony to the inherently noble, true, and righteous elements in American life and character. Is this more than anything else which accounts for the fact that it has been America and not France which has proved itself in this emergency the friend in need which is the friend indeed. America is the land where the home, the school, and the church are the supreme factors in the shaping of character, a land where purity of life is the rule, where womanhood is held in honor and sanctity, a land of clean literature and wholesome and inspiring ideals in every department of human activity.—Leslie's Weekly.

* * *

The Secret of Romance.

The dullest man will pluck the wild red rose
That, in our June, flaunts gay on every hedge;
The common birds find food among the sedge—
The eagle, soaring, to the high rock goes.
Color or scent in every flower that grows
Daws meaner men; but he upon the edge
Of human greatness, or who gives the pledge
Of life to fame, the eagle's longing knows.
The queen of Egypt's beauty was not all
That held Mark Anthony until the last:
She reads his mystery—the higher dream
He never spoke. Fine souls that yearn and fall,
Like Dante's lovers riding on Hell's blast,
Thirst for great good, but miss the good supreme.

—Century.

* * *

Barber—"Will you have anything on your face when I have finished, sir?"

Victim—"I do not know. But I hope you'll leave my nose, at least."—Tit-Bits.

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said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'GOURAUD'S CREAM' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe. Fard. T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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A Friend, Indeed.

A maiden strayed o'er meadow fair,
 Full pensive she, and sad;
 Nor could the soft wind's gentle air
 Caressing, make her glad.
 "Ah, thou, alas, art fickle, too!"
 She sighing said. "O, Breeze,
 How canst thou thus so idly woe,
 A maiden's heart to tease?"
 And from her breast, a full-blown rose
 Let fall a fragrant leaf—
 "E'en thou art like the love one knows
 So sweet, and yet, so brief.
 Thou, too, art faithless, warbling bird
 That singest from yon spray;
 For when one needs thy cheering song,
 Thou'rt winging far away."
 But something held the maiden's gown:
 She paused, and stayed to turn
 And, still unknowing, bended down.
 The hindrance to discern.
 And lo—'twas but an humble weed—
 A burdock rough and old,
 That paying to her touch no heed,
 Persisted in its hold!
 "Though 'twas a common, ugly thing,
 The maiden smiled anew;
 Its message had an honest ring—
 It said: "I'll stick to you!"
 —Pearson's Magazine.

* * *

A Good Joke—On Professor Sylvester.

He proposed the sentiment, "The Universities of Great Britain," and he called upon Professor Sylvester to respond. The famous mathematician rose, uttered a few half-audible commonplaces, halted, searched his vest pocket in vain for notes, and sat down, saying, as he did so: "I ought to have prepared myself for this occasion, but instead I went to the opera last evening, for I could not miss the opportunity of hearing Gerster; so I beg to be excused." It is needless to say that the audience, who expected from him something unusual, did not expect this sort of a surprise. Quick as a flash, the presiding officer, Mr. Wallis, was on his feet, smiling at the discomfited professor and saying, "I hope that will always be the motto of the Johns Hopkins University—Opera non Verba."—Scribner's.

* * *

Making No Mistakes Now.

"We have fixed your ransom," growls the chief of the brigands, "at two hundred thousand dollars."

"I will try to raise the money," falters the captive missionary.

"But that is not all," continues the relentless bandit. "We must have a ten-per-cent. royalty on your lecture receipts."

Truly the guileless bandit had learned a bitter lesson in the past.—Judge.

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An Anecdote of General Bragg.

General Bragg was an unfortunate commander at best, and perhaps no better idea can be given of why this was so than the following story, which is vouched for by an eminent soldier: When a young man Bragg was commandant and commissary of a certain Western post. As commandant he made requisition upon the commissary for certain supplies. As commissary he refused the requisition, and as commandant he insisted upon having the supplies. All of this, reduced to writing, was finally referred to the commander of the department, who, upon discovering its purport, exclaimed, "My God, Captain Bragg, you have quarreled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarreling with yourself!"—Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

Lord Kitchener and His Aversion to Monocles.

Monocles are plentiful in Cape Town, but in Johannesburg and Pretoria they are conspicuous only by their absence. "K" does not like them. Captain —, of a famous cavalry regiment, out of all the swell officers, alone refused to give up his monocle for anybody. It was the current report in the regiment that he wore it in bed and also when he took his bath.

One day Lord Kitchener met the single pane officer outside the Transvaal Hotel in Pretoria. "One minute, Captain," said the Commander, "may I ask if it is absolutely necessary for you to wear that glass in your right eye?"

"Waas, certainly. Lord Kitchener—er—I could not see without it."

"I am sorry to hear that, Captain —, as I intended to give you a staff appointment, but I must have men around me who can see well. Kindly report yourself for duty to the officer commanding the lines of communication."

The discomfited cavalry officer obeyed the instructions. Three months afterwards he was taken prisoner by the Boers, who stripped him of his clothing and sent him back to camp, still attired in his eye-glass, but in nothing else. Such is fate!—Pearson's Magazine.

* * *

Counselor Law—"I see you got a disagreement of the jury?"

Counselor Case—"Oh, yes; it was easy."

Counselor Law—"How did you manage it?"

Counselor Case—"Why, I got two fellows on the jury; one owns an automobile, and the other owns a horse. I knew these two would never agree."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Fishing Time.

I cannot fix my mind today
On what I have to do;
A picture haunts my inner eye
Of waters swift and blue.
My fingers itch to cast a fly,
The bells of memory chime
And call me to the woods and fields,
For this is fishing-time.

I dream of mossy stepping-stones
In lazy amber brooks,
Of grassy banks with blossoms bright,
And silent, shady nooks,
Where I forget the world of toil
And wash away its grime
In crystal depths of running streams
That sing of fishing-time.

I long to see the sunfish play,
The minnows' merry school,
The trout beneath the shelving bank
Or in his favorite pool.
And all the silver finny folk
That throng the watery clime;
So hand me out the old brown coat
I keep for fishing-time.

—Leslie's Weekly.

* * *

Dooley on the Literary Movement.

"Mr. Dooley" appears in a new role in the May Century as a censor of things literary. He says of the expansiveness of the book market.

Th' longer th' wuruld lasts th' more books does be comin' out. Day be day I r-read in th' pa-pers announcemints iv new publications that look like th' dilinquent tax-list. They 's a publisher in iv-ry block, an in thousands iv happy homes some wan is pluggin' away at th' romantic novel or whalin' out a pome on th' typewriter upstairs. A fam'ly without an author is as contimptible as wan without a priest. Is Malachi near-sighted, peevisish, averse to th' suds, an' can't tell whether th' three in th' front yard is blue or green? Make an author iv him! Does Miranda presint no attractions to th' young men iv th' neighborhood, does her overskirt dhrag, an' is she poor with th' gas-range? Make an authoreen iv her! Forchunately, th' manly insthinct is often too sthrong f'r th' designs iv th' fam'ly, an' many a man that if his parents had had their way might have been at this moment makin' artincial feet f'r a deformed pome is l'adin' what me fr'nd Hogan calls a glad, free, an' timperymintal life on th' back iv a sthreet-car.

* * *

"You," sighed the rejected lover, "would find your name written in imperishable characters in my heart could you but look."

"So?" murmured the fair young thing, who was aware of the fact that the swain had been playing Romeo at the seaside for something like twenty years. "So? Th'n you must have a heart like a hotel directory by this time."—Baltimore American.

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The Unobtrusive Essential.

A mighty tumult rises as the horse goes
'neath the wire!
The people rise and cheer again and
never seem to tire.
And some are arch and jubilant and others
feel remorse,
And the only one who doesn't seem excited
is the horse.

When they've held a big election and the
crowds go passing by,
And the bands are loudly playing and the
rockets flash on high,
And the city's all aglow with the excite-
ment of debate,
The only man's who's placid is the winning
candidate.

When they have a coronation and the town
in glad array
Turns out in loyal humor to enjoy a holi-
day
Society is all agog; the masses laugh and
sing,
And the only one who doesn't seem to mind
it is the King.

It is not the puff and noise that make the
locomotive go;
It is not the big bass-drum that makes the
music and the show;
When there's anything important you will
notice, as a rule,
That the star of the occasion is the one
who's keeping cool.

—Washington Star.

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Most people have no doubt asked them-
selves at some time or other what part of
the world's history would have been best
worth living in; it is a favorite topic, on
which the superlative degree is often exer-
cised. Mr. Justin McCarthy, the eminent
Irish historian, has been heard to vote for
the period of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Theale.
Years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was alive,
the Grand Old Man and a group of friends
were discussing this same question at Ha-
warden Castle. Mr. Gladstone, without any
hesitation, decided from the intellectual
point of view, and expressed the opinion
that he would describe as the greatest day
in the world's history a day in ancient
Greece, when Athens was at the summit of
its glory. Another member of the group
chose the day of Pentecost. The effect on
Mr. Gladstone is still remembered vividly
by those who were present. The intellect-
ual at once gave way to the spiritual, and
the aged statesman, "seeming rather
ashamed of himself," according to one who
was present, asked leave to withdraw his
former choice, and to say, "A day with the
Lord."—Leslie's Weekly.

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Tess—"What a queer remark that man made about the bride."

Jess—"What was it?"

Tess—"He said, 'How natural she looks. Don't you think so?'"

Jess—"Mere force of habit. He's an undertaker."—Philadelphia Press.

* * *

Spider-Web.

A slender filament is yon
Bright bit of gossamer whereon
The sunlit spider swings—what is he fall?
A couch of grass is all.

A dozing architect, he lays
His skillful courses on my ways—
But see how idly! For with one light blow
I lay his rafters low.

Yet he'll go building still, as I,
Whose castles oft in ruins lie,
Begin and spin anew my filament
By some vast Being rent.

Mayhap, because I choose to lay
My darling rafters on His way,
He sweeps his vexed forehead with a frown
And strikes my castles down!
—James Herbert Morse, in July Atlantic.

* * *

His Malady.

Farmer Honk—"I understand that the young city feller that has been boardin' at Eli Summertime's died last night in sort of a peculiar manner."

Farmer Hornbeak—"D'know as there was anything specially peculiar about it. He died dead, same as folks generally do."

Farmer Honk—"Aw, you know what I mean—the cause of his death was peculiar."

Farmer Hornbeak—"D'know as it was, either. He died of a combination of mushroom appetite and toastool judgment—a pretty common fallin' amongst city folks. I've noticed."—Judge.

* * *

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Dolly—"He was one of my early loves."

Madge—"Years ago?"

Dolly—"No; early this summer."—Sun.

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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The Pacific Monthly:

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OCTOBER, 1902

Number 4

THE GREAT FORESTS OF WASHINGTON

By JOHN MUIR

PUGET SOUND, so justly famous the world over for the surpassing size and excellence and abundance of its timber, is a long, many fingered arm of the sea reaching southward from the Strait of Juan de Fuca into the heart of the grand forests of the western portion of Washington, between the Cascade Range and the mountains of the Coast. It is less than a hundred miles in length, but so numerous are the branches into which it divides, and so many its bays, harbors, and islands, that its entire shore line is said to measure more than 1,800 miles. Throughout its whole vast extent ships move in safety, and find shelter from every wind that blows, the entire mountain-girt sea forming one grand unrivaled harbor and center for commerce.

The forest trees press forward to the water along all the windings of the shores in most imposing array, as if they were courting their fate, coming down from the mountains far and near to offer themselves to the axe, thus making the place a perfect paradise for the lumberman. To the lover of nature the scene is enchanting. Water and sky, mountain and forest, clad in sunshine and clouds, are composed in landscapes sublime in magnitude, yet exquisitely fine and fresh, and full of glad, rejoicing life. The shining waters stretch away into the leafy wilderness, now like the reaches of some majestic river and again expanding into broad, roomy spaces like mountain lakes, their farther edges fading gradually and blending with the pale blue of the sky. The wooded shores with an outer fringe of

A MONSTER CEDAR, 17 FEET IN DIAMETER

flowering bushes sweep onward in beautiful curves around bays and capes and jutting promontories innumerable; while the islands, with soft, waving outlines, lavishly adorned with spruces and cedars, thicken and enrich the beauty of the waters; and the white spirit mountains looking down from the sky to keep watch and ward over all, faithful and changeless as the stars.

When we force our way into the depths of the forests, following any of the rivers back to their fountains, we find that the bulk of the woods is made up of the Douglas Spruce (*Pseudotsuga Douglasii*), named in honor of David Douglas, an

enthusiastic botanical explorer of early Hudson Bay times. It is not only a very large tree, but a very beautiful one, with lively, bright green drooping foliage, handsome pendent cones, and a shaft exquisitely straight and regular. For so large a tree it is astonishing how many find nourishment and space to grow on any given area. The magnificent shafts push their spires into the sky close together with as regular a growth as that of a well tilled field of grain, and no ground has been better tilled for the growth of these trees.

For it has been rolled by the mountains, and spread out in bed of the river, and depth by the broadness of the bay from their front recession, after all the land. The species that I have nearly twelve feet in height of five feet and as near as I can the circumstance length. It stood Sound, not far from seen a few others and thirty or forty interior, that were in diameter, measuring insteps; and feet. I have heard said to be 325

feet in diameter, but none that I measured were so large, though it is not at all unlikely such colossal giants do exist where conditions of soil and exposure are surpassingly favorable. The average size of all the trees of this species found up to an elevation on the mountain slopes of, say, 2,000 feet above sea-level, taking in account only what may be called mature trees 250 to 500 years of age, is perhaps, at a vague guess, not more than a height of 175 to 200 feet and a diameter of three feet; though, of course, throughout the richest sections, the size is much greater. In proportion to its weight when dry the timber from this tree is perhaps stronger than that of any other conifer in the country. It is tough and durable,

and admirably adapted in every way for ship-building, piles and heavy timbers in general. But its hardness and liability to warp render it much inferior to white or sugar pine for fine work. In the lumber markets it is known as "Oregon Pine," and is used almost exclusively for spars, bridge timbers, heavy planking and the frame work of houses. The same species extends northward in abundance through British Columbia and southward through the Coast and middle regions of Oregon and Califor-

extends into the San Gabriel and San Bernardino Mountains in Southern California. But though widely distributed, it is only in these cool, moist northlands that it reaches its finest development, tall, straight, elastic, and free from limbs to an immense height, growing down to tide water, where ships of the largest size may lie close alongside and load at the least possible cost.

Growing with the Douglas we find the white spruce, or "Sitka Pine," as it is sometimes called. This, also, is a

A FOREST DINING ROOM—LOGGERS AT THEIR NOON MEAL

nia. It is also a common tree in the canons and hollows of the Wasatch Mountains in Utah, where it is called "Red Pine" and on portions of the Rocky Mountains and some of the short ranges of the Great Basin. Along the coast of California it keeps company with the redwood wherever it can find a favorable opening. On the western slopes of the Sierra, with the yellow pine and incense cedar, it forms a pretty well defined belt, at a height of from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea, and

very beautiful and majestic tree, frequently attaining a height of 200 feet or more and a diameter of five or six feet. It is very abundant in southeastern Alaska, forming the greater part of the best forests there. Here it is found mostly around the sides of the beaver-dam and other meadows and on the borders of the streams, especially where the ground is low. One tree that I saw felled at the head of the Hop Ranch meadows on the

The "Sitka Pine"

upper Snoqualmie River, though far from being the largest I have seen, measured 180 feet in length and four and a half feet in diameter, and was 257 years of age. In habits and general appearance it resembles the Douglas Spruce, but is somewhat less slender and the needles grow close together all around the branchlets and are so stiff and sharp-pointed on the younger branches that they cannot well be handled without gloves. The timber is tough, close-grained, white, and looks more like pine than any other of the spruces. It splits freely, makes excellent shingles, and in general use in house-building takes the place of pine. I have seen logs of this species 100 feet long and two feet in diameter at the upper end. It was named in honor of the old Scotch botanist, Archibald Men-

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ceedingly graceful in habit before old age comes on, but the timber is inferior and is seldom used for any other than the roughest work, such as wharf building.

The Western arbor vitae (*Thuja gigantea*) grows to a size truly gigantic on low rich ground. Specimens ten feet in diameter and 140 feet high are not

Other at all rare. Some
Conifers that I have heard
of are said to be fifteen and eighteen feet thick. Clad in rich, glossy plumes, with gray lichens covering their smooth, tapering boles, perfect trees of this species are truly noble objects and well worthy the place they hold in these glorious forests. It is of this tree that Indians make their fine canoes.

Of the other conifers that are so

far back on the mountains, it receives but little attention from most people. Of the three firs, one, (*Picea Grandis*), grows near the coast, and is one of the largest trees in the forest, sometimes attaining a height of 250 feet. The timber, however, is inferior in quality and not much sought after, while so much that is better is within reach. One of the others (*P. Amabilis*, var *nobilis*), forms magnificent forests by itself at a height of about 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea. The rich plushy, plume-like branches grow in regular whorls around the trunks and on the toomost whorls. stand-

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State. The others (*P. monticola* and *P. contorta*), are mostly restricted to the upper slopes of the mountains, and though the former of these two attains a good size and makes excellent lumber, it is mostly beyond reach at present and is not abundant. One of the cypresses (*Cupressus Lawsoniana*), grows near the coast and is a fine large tree, clothed like the arbor vitae in a glorious wealth of flat, feathery branches. The other is found here and there well up toward the edge of the timber line. This is the fine Alaska cedar, (*C. Nootkatensis*), the timber from which is noted for its

est belt on the western slopes, and it is there that it reaches its greatest size and greatest beauty. The third species (*P. subalpina*) forms, together with *Abies Patoniana*, the upper edge of the timber line on the portion of the Cascades opposite the Sound. A thousand feet below the extreme limit of tree-growth it occurs in beautiful groups amid park-like openings, where flowers grow in extravagant profusion. The pines are nowhere abundant in the State. The largest, the yellow pine, (*Pinus ponderosa*), occurs here and there on margins of dry, gravelly prairies, and only on such situations have I yet seen it in this

durability, fineness of grain, beautiful yellow color and its fragrance, which resembles that of sandal wood. The Alaska Indians make their canoe paddles of it and weave matting and coarse cloth from the fibrous brown bark.

Among the different kinds of hardwood trees are the oak, maple, madrone, birch, alder and wild apple, while large cotton-woods are common along the

Hardwood Trees

rivers and shores of the numerous lakes. The most striking of these to the traveler is the *Menzies Arbutus*, or madrona, as it is popularly called in California. Its curious red and

yellow bark, large thick glossy leaves, and panicles of waxy-looking, greenish-white, urn-shaped flowers render it very conspicuous. On the boles of the younger trees, and on all the branches, the bark is so smooth and seamless that it does not appear as bark at all, but rather the native wood. The whole tree, with the exception of the larger part of the trunk, looks as though it had been thoroughly peeled. It is found sparsely scattered along the shores of the Sound and back in the forests, also on open margins, where the soil is not too wet, and extends up the Coast on Vancouver Island

San Juan and Whidby Archipelago. One of the three species of maples that I have seen is only a bush that makes tangles on the banks of the rivers. Of the other two one is a small tree, crooked and moss-grown, holding out its leaves to catch the light that filters down through the close-set spires of the great spruces. It grows almost everywhere throughout the entire extent of the forest until the higher slopes of the mountains are reached, and produces a very picturesque and delightful effect, relieving the bareness of the great shafts of the evergreens, without being close

LOADING ONTO THE TRUCKS

beyond Nanaimo. But in no part of the State does it reach anything like the size and beauty of proportions that it attains to in California, few trees here being more than ten or twelve inches in diameter and thirty feet high.

It is, however, a very remarkable looking object, standing there like some lost or runaway native of the tropics, naked and painted, beside that dark mossy ocean of northland conifers. Not even a palm tree would seem more out of place here.

The oaks, so far as my observation has reached, seem to be most abundant and grow largest on the islands of the

enough in its growth to wholly hide them, or to cover the bright mossy carpet that is spread beneath all the dense parts of the woods. The other species is also very picturesque, and at the same time very large—the largest tree of its kind that I have ever seen anywhere. Not even in the great maple woods of Canada have I seen trees either as large or with so much striking picturesque character. It is widely distributed throughout Western Washington, but is rarely found scattered among the conifers in the dense woods. It keeps together mostly in magnificent groves by itself on the damp levels along the banks

of streams or lakes where the ground is subject to overflow. In such situations it attains a height of seventy-five to one hundred feet and a diameter of four to eight feet. The trunk sends out large limbs toward one another, laden with long, drooping mosses beneath and rows of ferns on their upper surfaces, thus making a grand series of richly ornamented inter-lacing arches, with the leaves laid thick overhead, rendering the under-wood spaces delightfully cool and open. Never have I seen a finer forest ceiling, or a more picturesque one, while the floor, covered with tall ferns and rubus, and thrown into hillocks by the bulging roots, matches it well. The largest of these maple groves that I have yet found are on the right bank of the Snoqualmie River, about a mile above the falls. The whole country hereabouts is picturesque, and interesting in many ways, and well worthy a visit by tourists passing through the Sound region, since it is accessible by rail from Seattle.

The Timber Lands

Looking now at the forests in a comprehensive way, we find in passing through them again and again from the shores of the Sound to their upper limits, that some portions are much older than others, the trees much larger, and the ground beneath them strewn with immense trunks in every stage of decay, representing several generations of growth, everything about them giving the impression that these are indeed the "forest

primeval." While in the younger portions, where the elevation of the ground is the same as the sea-level and the species of trees are the same as well as the quality of soil, apart from the moisture which it holds, the trees seem to be and are mostly of the same age, perhaps from 100 to 200 or 300 years, with no gray-bearded, venerable patriarchs, forming tall majestic woods without any grandfathers. When we examine the ground we find that it is as free from the mounds of brown crumbling wood and mossy ancient fragments as are the growing trees from the very old ones.

Then, perchance, we come upon a section farther up the slopes towards the mountains that has no trees more than fifty years old, or even fifteen or twenty years old. These last show plainly enough that they have been devastated by fire, as the black melancholy monuments rising here and there above the young growth bear witness. Then with this fiery, suggestive testimony, on examining those sections whose trees are a hundred years old or two hundred, we find the same fire-records, though heavily veiled with mosses and lichens, showing that a century or two ago the forests that stood there had been swept away in some

in forest distribution, and to a great extent also in condition of their growth. Where fertile lands are very wet one-half the year and very dry the other, there can be no forests at all. Where the ground is damp with drouth occurring only at intervals of centuries, fine forests may be found, other conditions being favorable. But it is only where fires never run that truly ancient forests of pitchy coniferous trees may exist. When the Washington forests are seen from the deck of a ship out in the middle of the Sound, or even from the top of some high, commanding mountain, the woods seem everywhere perfectly solid.

FROM THE TRUCKS TO THE RIVER

tremendous fire at a time when rare conditions of drouth made their burning possible. Then, the bare ground sprinkled with the winged seeds from the edges of the burned districts, a new forest sprang up, nearly every tree starting at the same time, or within a few years, thus explaining the uniformity of size we find in such places; while on the other hand, in those sections of ancient aspect containing very old trees, both standing and fallen, we find no traces of fire, nor from the extreme dampness of the ground can we see any possibility of fire ever running there.

Fire, then, is the great governing agent

And so in fact they are in general found to be. The largest openings are those of the lakes and prairies, the smaller of beaver-meadow, bogs, and the rivers; none of them large enough to make a distinct mark in comprehensive views.

Notwithstanding the tremendous energy displayed in lumbering, and the grand scale on which it is being carried on, and the number of settlers pushing

The Lumber- ing Industry on to every opening in search of farm-lands, the woods of Washington are still almost entirely virgin and wild, without trace of human touch, savage or civi-

LOG USED AS OFFICE AT BUFFALO EXPOSITION

Kirk Photo, Everett, Wn.

lized. Indians, no doubt, have ascended most of the rivers on their way to the mountains to hunt wild sheep and goat to obtain wool for their clothing, but with food in abundance on the coast they had little to tempt them into the wilderness, and the monuments they have left in it are scarcely more conspicuous than those of squirrels and bears; far less so than those of the beavers, which in damming the streams have made clearings and meadows which will continue to mark the landscapes for centuries.

For many years the axe has been busy around the shores of the Sound, and chips have been falling in perpetual storm like flakes of snow. The best of the timber has been cut for a distance of eight or ten miles from the water and to a much greater distance along the streams deep enough to float the logs. Railroads, too, have been built to fetch in the logs from the best bodies of timber otherwise inaccessible except at great cost. None of the ground, however, has been completely denuded. Most of the young trees have been left, together with the hemlocks and other trees undesirable in kind, or in some way defective, so that

the neighboring trees appear to have closed over the gaps made by the removal of the larger and better ones, maintaining the general continuity of the forest and leaving no sign on the sylvan sea, at least as seen from a distance. In felling the trees they have cut them off usually at a height of six to twelve feet above the ground so as to avoid cutting through the swollen base where the diameter is so much greater. In order to reach this height the chopper cuts a notch about two inches wide and three or four inches deep and drives a board into it on which he stands at work. In case the first notch, cut as high as he can reach, is not high enough, he stands upon the board which has been driven into the first notch and cuts another. Thus the axeman may often be seen at work standing eight or ten feet above the ground. If the tree is so large that with his long handled axe the chopper is unable to reach to the farthest side of it, then a second chopper is set at work, each cutting half way across. And when the tree is about to fall, warned by the faint crackling of the strained fibres, they jump to the ground, and

stand back out of danger from the flying limbs, while the noble giant that had stood erect in glorious strength and beauty century after century, bows low at last, and with a gasp and groan and booming throb falls to earth.

Then with long saws they are cut into logs of the required length, peeled, loaded upon wagons capable of carrying

the logs apart and, selecting such as are at the time required, push them to the foot of a chute, drive dogs into the ends, and they are speedily hauled in by the mill machinery alongside the saw carriage and placed in fixed position. Then with sounds of greedy hissing and growling they are rushed back and forth like enormous shuttles, and in an incredibly

LOGGING WITH DONKEY ENGINE

"SWAMPING"

a weight of eight to ten tons, hauled by a long string of oxen to the nearest available stream or railroad and floated or carried to the Sound. There the logs are gathered into booms and towed by streams to the mills, where workmen with steel spikes in their boots leap lightly with easy poise from log to log and by means of long pike-poles push

short time the logs are lumber and are aboard the ships lying at the mill wharves.

Many of the long, slender boles so abundant in these woods are sawed for spars, and so excellent is their quality they are in demand in almost every shipyard of the world. Thus these trees, felled and stripped of their leaves and

THE MOSS CLAD LIMBS OF A FOREST MONARCH

SOME OF THE GREAT MILLS OF EVERETT, WASH

Kirk Photo, Everett, Wn.

branches, are raised again, transplanted and set firmly erect, given roots of iron and new foliage of flapping canvas and sent to sea. On they speed in glad, free motion, cheerily waving over the blue heaving water, responsive to the same winds that rocked them when they stood at home in the woods. After standing in one place all their lives, they now, like sight-seeing tourists, go round the world, meeting many a relative from the old home-forest, some, like themselves, wandering free, clad in broad canvas foliage, others planted head downward in mud, holding wharf platforms aloft to receive the wares of all nations.

The mills of Puget Sound and those of the redwood region of California are said to be the largest and most effective lumber-makers in the world. Nevertheless, the observer coming up the Sound sees not nor hears anything of this fierce storm of steel that is devouring the forests, save perhaps the shriek of some whistle or the columns of smoke that mark the position of the mills. All else seems as serene and unscathed as the silent, watching mountains. Strolling in,

GIANT FIR OF SNOHOMISH CO

Stump 50 feet in circumference 4 feet above ground; log cut 185 feet long, scale 91,260 feet. The largest fir tree known to have been cut in the world.—Kirk Photo, Everett, Wn.

the woods about the logging camps, most of the lumbermen are found to be interesting people to meet, kind and obliging and sincere, full of knowledge concerning the bark and sap-wood and heart-wood of the trees they cut, and how to fell them without unnecessary breakage, on ground where they may be most advantageously sawed into logs and loaded for removal. The work is hard, and all of the older men have a tired, somewhat haggard appearance. Their faces are doubtful in color, neither sickly nor quite healthy looking, and seamed with deep wrinkles like the bark of the spruces, but with no trace of anxiety. Their clothing is full of rosin, and never wears out. A little of everything in the woods is stuck fast to these loggers, and their trousers grow constantly thicker with age. In all their movements and gestures they are heavy and deliberate, like the trees above them, and walk with a swaying, rocking gait, altogether free from quick, jerky fussiness; for chopping and log-rolling has quenched all that. They are also slow of speech, as if partly out of breath, and when one tries to draw them out on some subject away from logs, all the fresh, leafy out-reaching branches of the mind seem to

EVERETT, SNOROMISH BICYCLE PATH THROUGH CEDAR
Kirk Photo, Everett, Wn.

have been withered and killed with fatigue, leaving their lives little more than

dry lumber. Many a tree have these old axemen felled, but round-shouldered and stooping, they too are beginning to lean over. Many of their companions are already beneath the moss, and among those that we see at work some are now dead at the top (bald), leafless, so to speak, and tottering to their fall.

NOTE—The Pacific Monthly wishes to acknowledge its indebtedness to the following photographers for the views appearing in this issue: J. R. Hargrave, Kelso, Wash.; J. Arthur, Castle Rock, Wash.; Pratch & Co., Aberdeen, Wash.



The Rushes

Margaret J. Gates

1.

An inlet from the sea
In narrow winding turns
Is a sinuous line
Where the rushes shine
Like the light of a purple flame-tongue fine
Where the heart of a gold fire burns.

In blue and endless green
The Autumn day is spread.
One flooded hour,
The sun-shot dower
Of the sweeping rush-lands airy power,
Ere the limitless glory is fled.

The rushes stretch for miles;
The sun is slanting bright,
And the shimmering gleam
Where the rush-tops stream,
Bathed in the gold of the fall sun's beam,
Is an ocean of sky-bound light.

The slender rushes bend
And bow in the luminous space.
Their stem-ribbons green,
A bright, billowing sheen
Tipped by the narrowing spear-heads' keen,
Are like runners who pause in a race.

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MISS ALMOTA sat enthroned in the soft violet sumptuousness of the Queen's automobile, while a group of friends, most of them on horseback, was gathered near, considering with much eagerness a variety of plans for her entertainment.

She had been invited to ride in this splendid chariot as a guest of honor, the Queen herself, the "loveliest girl in Eastern Oregon," having descended from her place, at the close of the Carnival's opening ceremonies, and retired for the day from public view.

With the retirement of the Queen all formalities had come to an end. Her retinue of pages, gipsies, flower-girls and maids of honor fluttered frantically everywhere, decked with the Carnival colors, racing, dancing, tossing confetti in the merry wind till the air was all glowing with flying rainbows, and the very street gutters brimmed with the rosy drift. The military band played hilarious rag-time in the Temple of Music, while troops of cow-boys, just in from the great breezy ranges, galloped up and down the streets, saucily snapping their pistols, through clouds of dust, and even circling round the royal chariot now and then to shower Miss Almota's hat and dainty broad-cloth shoulders with confetti and to fill her lap with bon-bons.

It seemed to Miss Almota that no-

or plays to which Miss Almota belonged were enjoying an unwonted fete in the midst of a rollicking crowd in the "Midway"—except Dudley Dearborn, manager and leading man, just now conferring with these new friends while Rose Almota waited.

In his inmost thoughts he was wondering, as he had done all day, at the strange power and sweetness in her work of the night before. True, it was no new thing to see Rose Almota take an audience by storm. But last night he had looked upon her almost with awe. It was as though a new soul, with a tender appeal that was all-conquering, for its own sake, had suddenly kindled her face and thrilled through her voice. Encore after encore compelled her, until at last, standing up to her knees in flowers, she held out her arms and said, simply as a child might, "I love you—I love you all—you lovely people!" And they believed her, the great audience rising as by one impulse, standing with such faces as Dudley Dearborn had never seen and did not expect to see again. She had always been full of sunniest comradeship, always intense in her sympathy, true as steel in her friendship, but that attitude had seemed only like some noble boy's eager interest in a bright unfolding world. It was an utterly unfeminine unconsciousness of self that held her aloof.

Now he scarcely dared venture a

glance at her face for fear that its tender wistfulness might have vanished unawares.

No one thought it strange, if any one noticed, that Miss Almota turned eager eyes upon every Indian face in the passing crowds. An Indian rancher, riding a handsome horse and wearing the typical "chaps," bright scarlet shirt and wide sombrero of the white plains-man, presently came down the street, particularly noticeable for his air of rugged native dignity. Miss Almota saw him and a welcoming light broke over her face. "Oh, Motanic!" she said. It was hardly more than a whisper, but the Indian's alert ear had caught the sound. He turned, but saw only the motionless figure and averted face of Miss Almota, and rode on, rather more erect and dignified than before.

"Yes, that is Motanic," said one of the ladies in the group near Miss Almota. She moved her thoroughbred closer and bent down from her saddle to make herself heard through the din of the street. "Isn't he a grand Indian? The Umatillas are a fine race. We are planning a drive out to the reservation after luncheon to show you their homes and visit their school. Or would you like to go on horseback?" She stroked the shining shoulder of her horse as she spoke. The silken coat glowed with the warm color of a wall-flower in the sun. Miss Almota's eyes sympathetically followed the caress. "Do let us ride!" she begged. "I never could leave here without a gallop over the prairie!"

"There! I felt sure of it!" spoke a mite of a blonde, from her perch on a glorious bay. "Of course Miss Almota would prefer to ride. Everyone worships horses here, Miss Almota, and we certainly always will. Fancy us going about in things like that—for everyday, I mean," with a scornful gesture toward the unhappy automobile. "I should feel like a fool without horses. No, I am not profane, I am only in earnest. It would seem sort of improper, you know—like going out of the house bare-footed."

"Really, I think I can submit cheerfully to such a barefooted condition," said Dudley Dearborn, lifting his hat to the small horse-woman, as he seated

himself beside Rose Almota for the ride back to the hotel.

"May I have the ride to the reservation with you, Rose?" he asked. She assented, shrinking secretly from the earnestness of his eyes, but bravely answered yes when he added, as she somehow knew he would, "And shall we not talk over the old question today, for good and all, Rose, dearest?"

If she only could answer that question as he wished! Again and again she had tried to think her way clearly, but without avail.

What would life be to her without that delicate, instant understanding of his, a never-failing inspiration, even if unspoken? He alone, of all the world, could with his "Good-day," make each day good for her. If he only knew all—if she only had dared tell him at the very first! He was so proud, and his pride fitted and became him. She would not have had it one whit less. Yet he was, himself, open, clear as the day, always. And what would he think of her?

As the automobile rolled luxuriously along with its guests, Rose Almota suddenly leaned forward, pointing, with face full of laughter, toward an old cottage where a low, wide door-step lay shadow-flecked under spreading trees. "There it is!" she exclaimed. "The very door-step that poor Jim Darting-Tongue crawled under and stuck fast when the agent was after him!"

"Somebody must have been coaching you in early history, Miss Almota," said their host. "That same Jim Darting-tongue was sent to jail the other day for stealing two saddles." Then the talk went on lightly around her, but Miss Almota shrank once more into wistful stillness.

Out on the reservation that day, the brown tepees nestled in slumberous content—among their little patches of ripe corn and dry potato vines down beside the twinkling cotton woods.

An old Indian woman sitting in the sun at her tent door answered a teasing "You hy-u pretty, Rachel!" with a plaintive "Oh, no-o-no! Hy-u sno-o-ow"—(many; many winters). She was indeed very old. Yet her dark cheeks

were smooth and ruddy, and the braids hanging down upon her breast were black and glossy as the crow's wing. Her bare neck was encircled with heavy blue beads and her arms, naked from elbow to wrist. Her dress was a loose frock of old red calico, fastened with draw strings at neck and waist.

"*You hy-u pretty!*" she said, answering Rose Almota's eyes with a long, long gaze.

"Here, Rachel, you can go to the fair tomorrow for that!" laughed some one, tossing a half dollar into her lap, and to Mr. Dearborn's question, "*Why not today?*" answered laconically, "Got to catch pony today."

A dim desire to please, to be hospitable to these people must have moved old Rachel then. She took from its safe resting place in the boughs of a little tree an old dingy piece of sheepskin wrapped carefully in a piece of blanket. She unrolled it and held it up before them with pleased expectancy. Seemingly it was an object which could have no earthly use, with its frayed edges and irregular shape, its smears and general griminess, yet it was covered over with crudely painted figures, plainly of decorative intent, lozenge shaped, oval, zig-zag, spiral, key-moulding—loved of all primitive artists—in indigo blue, aniline, and yellow ochre. Old Rachel could not explain its purpose, and the consensus of opinion, after many amusing guesses and much chaffing, finally determined that it must be kept solely as a precious work of art, for pure pleasure.

"I must go into her house," said Rose Almota, and alighting from her horse, she entered the tepee. A heap of squashes, corn and potatoes lay in rude plenty upon the ground at one side, a pile of old ingrain carpet breadths at the other. A savory odor came from a kettle over a fire of cottonwood twigs, back in the shadows. The warm, spicy fragrance of green wood burning filled the tall tepee. Its smoke curled lazily up, making a blue gloom high above, till it found its way out of an opening at the top. Rose Almota held her hands over the fire a moment, as if to warm them. The old woman had followed her, holding her treasure in her arms,

as a child would a doll, and looked at her wonderingly.

A flower hand slipped a gold coin into her fingers, a soft rush of silken skirts touched her, a beautiful face bent over and laid its cheek caressingly against the old sheepskin roll for an instant, and then she was gone.

"It's fine in there!" Miss Almota laughed as she said it, but there was in her laugh something that amazed Dudley Dearborn. "Do you know"—and her voice, usually so low, rose high-keyed and excited—"do you know, these people are more—far more than a fad to me?"

Dudley Dearborn lost patience. She was putting him aside as usual, it seemed, crowding this precious transient hour with an inconsequent enthusiasm, while his heart almost stood still with suspense. As she urged her horse to regain the group in the lead, he could but follow, thinking, "It is the old story. She does not really care. She does not mean that I shall speak. But she shall keep her promise."

The Indian school was in session. Majestic folds of the Flag were draped in still splendor over the sunny walls. There were clear windows, blooming plants, pleasant pictures. A natural science lesson was being taught, with illustrations that held the children breathless. When it was over, the children sang a silver little song about the ploughing of the ground, the planting of the seed, the showers, the up-springing grain, and last of all a "Dinner for Two," in daintily shining bowls. An indefinable expression of pleasure and confidence passed over the brown faces as Rose Almota said, her own eyes returning the look, "I like your singing, children. I can't tell you how much. No singing was ever sweeter to me!"

Rose Almota asked no questions. She stood lost in a dream of the past. Before her arose a vision of a different teacher here; a dreary room filled with wriggling, rebellious little Indians; a little girl with wild black locks falling over her eyes, sewing, through an eternity of hours, rows upon rows of big black suspender buttons upon old strips of coarse white muslin, for discipline, until one day in desperation the child

"SHE STOOD LOST IN A DREAM OF THE PAST"

gave a scream that startled teacher and school, tore the old button-dotted muslin into strips, jabbed her needle fiercely into the teacher's reproofing hand and flew out of the room never to return.

She saw the Indian, Motanic, pulling the same wayward little child out of a deep rushing stream, shaking her as he would a puppy, then with a laugh, half burying her in the warm sand, and telling her as he went away to "clat-a-wah" and never go near the river any more. He was a young man, then, but to the child he seemed a patriarch.

And it grew wintry cold at home in the old tepee. The pretty little mother, who was half Indian but was always called "French Annie," fell ill and soon died. The father, a worthless white man, was killed one night in a drunken brawl outside the reservation. Then the grandmother, old Rachel, gave her to the good white preacher and his wife. They took her far away with them, and

loved her and educated her, and life seemed good, until they both died, within one year.

How long, long ago it seemed! Strange that one's voice—just one's voice that people said had in it the fresh wild gladness of forest waters, the deep cooing softness of the dove—could lead one so far!

So far from the brown tepee, the fragrant smoke, the warm blankets over you, and grandmother crooning in the dusk!

She had come at last back to the smoke of the tepee. Its breath was her home. Wander as she would, do what she would, from this she had come. And he must know. She must tell him now.

After all, had she not lived too long for herself alone? The teachings of her foster-father and mother, long ago, floated into her thoughts like faint, sweet notes from some far trumpet, teachings of obligation, of self-renuncia-

tion, of divinest love. What if she should leave everything else, come and tread in the paths of her people, look into their eyes daily, love them into following her to better things? Could she lead her people along that lovely way? Was not this the meaning of the way in which she had been led?

She loved her race—loved, too, these rough, strong, kindly people who at once petted, laughed at, bullied and protected them, in careless, ignorant fashion. Strange that not one had known her—not one!

The billows of sage-brush prairie, all a soft, grayish green like the sea, and heaped up like the waves of the sea, lay broadly purpling and shimmering in the low afternoon sunshine. Dimly the tepees showed through sleepy blurs of smoke among the twinkling cotton-woods.

Old Rachel still sat at her door and did not move, but a dog barked loudly at the intruders. Rose Almota reined up her horse and looked at Dudley Dearborn, beside her, with a smile that was gravely sweet.

"I belong to these people," she said, "I am of their blood—" He understood, and broke in upon her words, desperately. "You are you. Nothing else matters. You fill my life—you are my life. To separate us is monstrous."

But she answered, "No; you always would have me do my best, live up to my best, Dudley. And this is my best. Some day you will be glad."

The passing days, even with all possible reticence on her part, soon filled the papers with the story of Rose Almota's self-abnegation—some to praise, some to misinterpret and blame, others simply giving the news of her plans, as a novel experiment, both sensible and loving, for the uplifting of her people.

And old Edna fitfully dozing beside her low fire looked up one February evening and saw a girl coming swiftly

in from the outer dusk to crouch with glowing face at her knee.

A cooing voice said, "See, mother, I have come—your very own! The meat shall be plenty, always, and the wood, and we will make the tepee warm against the winter winds. And look!" As she spoke she slipped a bracelet on the old bronzed arm. The grandmother's eyes shone in one moment of deep, unutterable delight as she held the glittering wonder down in the flare of the fire. Then she arose and brought the old pictured sheep's-skin, spreading it out with satisfaction in the red fire-glow.

"Many moons ago the Little Flower lay upon it beside the fire—so"—laughing low and holding her hands apart a baby's length—"now her head is high. All the people listen to Little Flower!" And just as she had done on that day when in the midst of light banter and laughter she had flown into the dim shelter of the old tepee and laid her cheek against the shaggy roll, so now did Rose Almota. The little act was now, as then, a covenant of love. All the lowly, loving memories, all the misshapen, wistful, wavering up-reaching after beauty and order, all the ignominy, all the ignorance and pain of her people, she took upon herself.

Solemnly, the old woman's eyes steadily following her, she walked out where the little cayuse pony on which she had come from the town, stood contentedly nipping the little new blades of grass. It was all light, not dark, for the moon had come up, and heaven was overflowed. There was a martial spirit in the keen wind, an invitation to strength, in the sight of those vast, unvexed, illuminated spaces.

"I can follow on," said Rose Almota, her brave face uplifted, and shining with strange tenderness, "but—if you only knew, Dudley—it is not all gladness."



THE STORY THAT BLUE-GRASS TOLD

By LOU RODMAN TEEPLE

“YOU’VE noticed how out of all reason a good horse sometimes acts on the track?” little George said, after we had watched a favorite come in third, when she was a twenty-to-one shot, and we knew the race was for blood, and she wasn’t held.

“Well, pard,” said he, “I had a dream once—I suppose it was a dream—that may explain some of these queer failures. I told you that when I was ruled off the track for a time, I worked anywhere and at any kind of a job I could get; for I never had a dollar laid by for such a time. One summer I worked around the barn on a big ranch for Jerry Holmes. As good as they make ‘em, Jerry was, and an ex-horseman beside. His wife was as kind and sweet as could be, and their two pretty little girls, eight and ten years old, played with me as if I’d been a kid, because I was little, I suppose. The most I had to do was to take care of a modest disposed Jersey cow and Blue-Grass, a worn-out old pacer that folks said had won the Holmes’ money for them.

“Everyone who knows anything about a horse knows what hands they are for chumming. I knew a horse that pastured with a lamb, and if he was forty miles from home and heard a lamb bleat he’d turn right ‘round in the road and go after it, a-whinneying like an unweaned colt. I used to ride a little blue roan that nearly starved himself to death because the dog that had slept in the stable for a year or two was taken away.

“Well, old Blue-Grass and the Jersey cow were bunkies, and no miss. The partition between them was only a half, and they used to have their heads over it, a-nosing and spooning half the time. One rainy day I was lying on the hay next Blue’s stall, sort of dozing and dreaming, and I heard him say, as natural as life,—

“‘I know how you must have felt about them taking the calf, Jersey, but if you’ll watch you’ll see that everything comes right after awhile. And some of the things we think the worst are really the things that bring about the things we want. I remember when our Jerry Holmes was racing me, and everything seemed to go against him. I lost every race he entered me in, and no one could have felt worse about it than I did. I’d pace all right alone, but the noises on the track and the sound of the other horses’ feet used to get me so rattled I forgot what was wanted of me. Annie, our Mrs. Holmes you know, used to be as white as a snow woman when I began to fall behind; for I was their whole dependence; but after I was taken to the stable, she’d help Jerry rub me down, and say, “Poor Blue-Grass, he can’t help being nervous.”

“‘Before a race Annie used to bring the baby down to my stall, and hold him up where he could kiss me with his open, baby mouth, and pull my ears with his soft, little hands. When Jerry would set him on my back, how he would laugh and call me “Boo-boo”! And when I was hitched to the sulky, Jerry would say, “Now, old man, you’re going to win something for Annie this time, aren’t you?”

“‘And I did try, and I’d a won, over and over again, but for a man named Youngs, who drove his own horse. That man would go, “Whoo-oo-oo-eee”—the most ghostly noise, and it would throw me off my gait every time; but if that wasn’t enough he’d crack his whip like a gun, and though I’d never been whipped—then—the crack of that whip made me break and lose every race.

“‘I used to see Jerry and Annie counting the money, oh, so carefully before they paid for my oats, and I knew they were pinched and worried, but they

were just as kind, and they used to say they had each other and the baby, so what did they care for other losses. But by and by they didn't bring the baby to the stable any more; and Annie only came for a few minutes, and Jerry didn't sing or whistle while he was currying me. The last time they brought the baby he smiled when he saw me, and then he leaned his little head against my face, as though he felt too weak to hold it up. When they went to carry him back, he reached one pale, thin little hand to my nose, and whispered "Boo-boo." Then they carried him away, and I didn't see Jerry for days; but I heard the man who took care of me say, Jerry had buried his baby.

"I don't know but they petted me more than ever after that; and Annie used to stay with me a good deal of the time. I won a race or two when Youngs wasn't driving; but as soon as he knew it, he never let me win again; for he kept as near me as he could, and made all the low, queer noises that always made me break. I don't think Jerry knew at all what ailed me, and he was terribly worried then, for Annie never came to the stable now, and when Jerry got my oats he didn't pay any money, but got a little sack at a time, and said, "I'll make it right as soon as my wife gets better."

"It was coming on cold, when he one day led me up to the house where Annie's white face leaned against the window. She looked at me with great hollow eyes, and she said, "Good-by, Blue-Grass, my baby's poor, old Blue-Grass," and then she broke down and cried. Jerry wiped his eyes on his sleeve, and said, "There, there, dear, it's to get the money to take you where you'll get well that I'm selling him." I wondered what selling me meant; but I knew when that dreadful Youngs took me by the halter and led me to his stables; and as he jerked me along he said: "I bet you get a different gait on you when you pace for me than you've ever had for Holmes, Mr. Snail."

"And he made his words true. Oh, those terrible days! The noises frightened me when he was training me, but if I stopped pacing—slash, slash came that merciless whip. I used to try to

run away from it, to throw myself down, and even to smash the sulky, but I soon found that the only thing I could do was to pace, pace, *pace*; and then if I got a cut from the black whip I knew I must pace faster, and faster yet.

"So the time at last came when all the brass bands and locomotive whistles in town couldn't throw me off my feet, and I knew the pleasure of coming in first, again and again.

"I had a fine stall, clean oats, good hay and pure water, with as good grooming as a horse could wish, and I hardly ever got marked with the whip now. A word from my terrible master was enough to make me do my best. But I'd rather have picked my living along the sides of the road, and have heard Annie say, "Nice Blue-Grass, dear old fellow," or felt Jerry's hearty, kindly slap on my flank, as he said, "Stand over, old boy, we're going to show them a horse race today."

"I think I'd been with Youngs through two fly-times, when I nearly jumped out of my shoes for joy one day, for Jerry came in my stall and looked at me, and as he petted me, he said: "Say, old Blue, do you know I'm going to race for you? So don't pace away from your luck," and he laughed as he went out.

"I knew well what he said, and I heard Youngs tell some men that he was matching me, horse for horse, against Jerry's Queen Lil, the winner to take both animals. He said I would win at a walk-over, but that Jerry never did have any judgment about horses.

"I'd settled in my mind what to do, even before I went out on the track and saw Annie standing by Jerry, looking healthy and pretty, but oh, how anxious! Queen Lil was handsome; but it isn't beauty that comes in ahead in lots of struggles. And as I paced down the first quarter by her side I knew I could beat her without moistening a hair. Her driver was urging her on the second quarter, and when we reached the third post she was a little ahead, and Youngs just spoke to me and I reached out and was a length ahead in a second. Then I slackened a little, and as she came up Youngs gave me a cut with the whip

and says, "Get out of this, Blue. What are you doing?"

"But I just went a little slower, and as we reached the home stretch Queen Lil, doing her level best, passed me.

"That was a terrible quarter of a mile for me! Youngs went almost crazy, because, lay on the black whip as he would, I never paced a bit faster, but a little slower, if anything. Oh that horrible whip! It almost lifted me from the track; the sweat dropped from my sides like rain, and at every blow the blood dropped too. But it didn't hurt enough to make me come under that wire till Queen Lil's last wheel was well past."

"What ailed him, I don't know," Youngs said, after Jerry had taken me to his stable. "He could pace all 'round the Queen, and I know it." He came down where Jerry was washing my cuts and offered him a hundred dollars for his bargain, and before anyone knew what was going to happen, Jerry had smashed him one square between the eyes and kicked him clear out of the stall. Some men grabbed hold of him, and I heard him say he'd give a hundred

dollars to lay the horse whip on Youngs just as he had on me.

"I've won Jerry many a race since then. He says I paid for this place, and I shall live and die on it. I've seen his two pretty babies grow into merry, romping girls that feed me sugar and pull clover for you. So you see, Jersey, things come out all right at last."

"And I could hear Blue trying to rub his back against the board partition. I heard Jersey swallow her cud, and I knew by the sound that she had her head over the boards scratching his back, as she said, 'Oh, I guess things come right if they can; but think of mourning for anything as I did for that calf, and at last to have him come back to me a great, broad-horned steer, and such a smart-Aleck that he tries to give me points about getting burr-docks out of my tail. I'd rather have a horse for company,' and she gave a low chuckle that Blue joined with a shrill laugh that brought me up on my feet, to find the two little girls, who'd been sent to call me to supper, tickling my nose with a timothy and laughing fit to kill."

By William Bittle Wells

A Great Industry

lumber industry easily takes first place in the Pacific Northwest, and it is indeed one of the most important industries in the United States. Its importance and its future as well as its present value to Oregon, Washington and Idaho are fully appreciated when one realizes that the largest and finest body of timber in the world is now standing in these three States. Great as this industry is, therefore, this one fact will rapidly increase the importance of this section to the world, and the Pacific Northwest will become more and more a hive of puffing, whizzing lumber mills.

Another factor in the rapid advancement of the lumber industry in this region is the fact that the forests in other parts of the world are nearly depleted or rapidly becoming so. This is causing a rush of lumbermen to Oregon and Washington. The impetus of this movement is already clearly felt. Experienced lumbermen from other sections are erecting mills here, and the work of development is going forward at a tremendous pace. Every town and city in the Pacific Northwest is being directly or indirectly benefited. And yet, great as is the output today,—and it is something over a billion feet per year in Washington alone,—nearly every mill is rushed with orders that cannot be filled at present.

The cry throughout the two States is for cars, more cars. The big shippers are not getting more than one-third the number they require, and there is no immediate prospect of any improvement in this condition of affairs. The fact is that there are no more cars to be had. The railroads are doing the best they can to accommodate the lumbermen, but the demand has been greater than the supply. This fact will convey some idea of the present boom in the lumber business, and if the amount of timber cut from the inestimable amount still left standing is any criterion for the future the industry is in its infancy.

It has been stated by one who has studied the subject, making allowance for the present cut of the mills, for the increase in their number, and for destruction of the forests by fire, that the forests of the Pacific Northwest will last from thirty to fifty years. Others who are well acquainted with this section are inclined to place the figures nearer one hundred years. The significant fact, however, is that our splendid forests that are yielding us such an enormous income and becoming a more and more important factor in the welfare and upbuilding of the Pacific Northwest must sooner or later give out if nothing is done to prevent it. Under any circumstances the present generation will doubtless not live to see this, but it is our duty to posterity to ward off, if possible, what could not but prove a great calamity.

There seems to be no way to prevent the repetition of the awful conflagration that swept over Oregon and Washington in September. "Black Friday" (the 12th) will probably go down in history as one of the wonders of this century. The suggestion comes from reputable sources, however, that our forests can, in a large degree, be preserved for future generations by systematic planting. This is the problem for the present, and it will become more insistent as time goes on. One of the greatest legacies that the people of the Pacific Northwest can give to posterity is the proper solution of this problem.

William Rockefeller

A biography of William Rockefeller would of necessity be also a history of the Standard Oil Company. By him, his brother and a third partner—a man named Andrews—the “Standard Oil Works” was erected in Cleveland—a modest little establishment, but the be-

which approaches the billion dollar mark!

William Rockefeller was chosen to represent the Company in New York, marketing the products and attending to any financial matters that came up. When the Trust was organized in '82, he was elected vice-president, and at the

WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER

ginning of one of the greatest businesses of modern times. That was in 1864. Six years later, after some changes, the “Standard Oil Company of Ohio” was incorporated with a capital of *one million*—a large capitalization at that time. How insignificant it seems in comparison with the present capital,

same time president of the Standard Oil Company of New York. These positions he has held ever since.

But Standard Oil represents by no means all of William Rockefeller's activity. He is the dominant figure in a score or more of great corporations. In 1899, when Cornelius Vanderbilt died,

he was succeeded by William Rockefeller as the central figure in the most monumental combination of interests the world has ever known—the Vanderbilt railroad system.

At sixty-one, Mr. Rockefeller is a hale man, robust and vigorous. He is an ardent horseman and a lover of the great out-doors. Like all of his family, he is a very religious man, and is a generous benefactor of his denomination—the Baptist. Also, it may be added, he has musical tastes, and is a violinist of merit.

His estate at Tarrytown, New York, is one of the finest in America. The lordly mansion, the superb stables, the splendid conservatories, the extensive grounds are all evidences of his great wealth. Here he lives and enjoys life—the richest man in America, mayhap in the world, yet singularly out of the public gaze.

* * *

Oliver Wendell Holmes

The successor of Justice Gray to the Supreme Court of the United States differs in no slight degree from the preconceived standards for the men who comprise that august body. He is in no sense the distant, austere, unimpassioned arbiter, who views all questions in the cold clear light of unimpeachable reason. Mr. Holmes is essentially a man of feeling, of sympathy, with a poet's sentiment, a soldier's passion, and the humanity of a lover of his fellow men.

To fill a bench with such men would be dangerous; but to introduce one such vivid, human element into a court characterized by the sternly judicial qualities, is to add immeasurably to its efficiency.

Mr. Holmes is first of all a soldier. As a young man, he left the classic shades of Harvard to fight his country's battles in the Civil war, and returned—a hero, thrice wounded, and with the rank of colonel. His army experiences so impregnated his being that his whole life has had a martial tinge. He never tires of lauding the soldier's life, and in this is very like the President. In fact, the men bear great resemblance in their ardent apostleship of strenuousness, and it is not beyond reason that this may

have influenced the President in his appointment. But it must not be supposed that Mr. Holmes is in any way lacking in intellectual fitness for his new post. Far from it, for he is a man of profoundest learning, incisive penetration, a brilliant stylist and with a knowledge of economics, penology, law and cognate subjects such as few of his future colleagues can boast. And his twenty years' service on the bench of Massachusetts has matured his judgment and added to his capacity the crowning qualification of experience.

The personal qualities of the man entitle him to the highest respect. Socially, he will adorn the society of the Capital city. Mentally and morally, he will leave the impress of his lofty character on all the work to which he sets his hand.

* * *

Kitchener's Ultimatum

Numerous anecdotes are told about Lord Kitchener in South Africa, which, though they are all more or less—mostly less—true, throw interesting side-lights on his character.

The best story, as related in "Pearson's," tells of a visit he paid to the Mount Nelson Hotel, Capetown, about six o'clock one sunny morning. The assistant Swiss clerk in the office did not know the tall, khaki-clad officer who strode in and asked to see the hotel register. At first he refused, but rapidly changed his mind. The General's three aides took down the names and numbers of the rooms of the officers he intended to honor with a visit.

Then, led by a porter, they tramped upstairs. One by one the officers were routed out. Owing to the good time they had been having on the previous night, many of them thought it was a dream.

Only one formula was prescribed for each man: "The special train leaves for the front at 10 A. M.; the troopship leaves at 4 P. M. for England. You have your choice, sir." That was the Chief's ultimatum. The train was filled with quiet, subdued-looking men, who said not a word until many miles lay between them and Kitchener of Khar-toum.

Trusts

By J. M. Long

Their History in Other Lands

Probably not since the formation of our Government has there been a non-political subject that has so agitated the people, and will, in the next few years, disturb the commercial conditions of our people as the subject of trusts and monopolies.

The question of how to deal with them and what remedy to apply is bound, sooner or later, to become a political issue.

Ever since the Anglo-Saxon race has been a dominant factor in the affairs of the world, the common law courts of England have undertaken to deal with this subject. During the Elizabethan reign, for the purposes of securing means to carry on her government, and to sustain the pomp and splendor of her court, grants of monopolies were made to her subjects on many of the necessities of life. Conscious of the fact, even in those days, that a monopoly was injurious to the people, reasons were usually given why a grant should be made; for instance, for the granting of the sole right to manufacture playing cards, because "divers subjects of able bodies, which might go to plow, did employ themselves in the art of making cards." The one for the sale of starch is justified on the ground "that it would prevent wheat from being wasted."

The latter part of the 16th century and the opening of the 17th century found the English people in angry debate, and almost an open rupture between parliament and the crown over the right to grant these monopolies. While the crown promised to be more careful in the exercise of its privilege, yet but little relief was secured until the courts took hold of the matter in an arbitrary manner, and Parliament appointed a griev-

ance committee, at the head of which was Sir Edward Cook, before which numerous monopolies were brought and were cancelled.

At that time there grew up a race of men who made use of the privilege granted to them under the seal of the State for various purposes of extortion. Many fled England to avoid trial, for several bills had been introduced in Parliament, and the Statute of Monopolies was passed in 1623. This made all monopolies illegal, except such as might be granted by Parliament or were in respect to the manufacturing of new inventions. Upon this excepting clause, which is ingrafted into the American law, is built up the entire system of letters patent.

The English act was strictly enforced, and monopolies were eventually abolished.

It is hardly possible to secure a monopoly under the system of government in Russia and in Germany without a direct grant from the Government.

In the early days of this country, the United States Supreme Court of the United States

held that a charter grant was a contract, and that the Legislature was without power to abolish or change it, unless it had reserved this power in the grant.

At the close of our Civil War, monopolies were unknown in this country. A system of protecting American industries combined with the rapid development and growth of this country and the immense amount of money made by speculation in stocks has created in this country a wealthy class of people who, with the spirit of adventure and speculation, but without legitimate capital, have built up colossal fortunes.

The growth and development of the Western States and their constantly pay-

ing tribute to New England States has been another source of great wealth to the manufacturers of the East.

The time has now come when this great country has nearly an eighty million population, with communities established who desire to manufacture within their own community what they consume; and when they attempt this they are met by a sharp and vicious competition by the immense industries of the East, which practically drives them out of business.

In the West with the water transportation, with nature furnishing an abundance of fuel, with power unlimited, we are practically without any manufacturing industries. It might be said that we are young; that is true, but there are scarcely a dozen manufacturing institutions in the United States that are older than our State.

We have today the salt trust, meat trust, oil trust, railroad trust, steamboat trust, the harvesting machine trust, threshing machine trust, whisky trust, tobacco trust, coffee trust, spice trust, and hundreds of other trusts, now actually, or soon to be, in absolute control of the necessities of life.

These trusts are largely formed under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and her laws are inimical to the best interests of the people of this country. A State has no right to foster and build up a corporation or association of individuals whose objects are against the common law and the public policy of the country. For anything that creates a monopoly is null and void.

It is held in the Oregon Railway case, 130 U. S. 1, where one railroad attempted to lease another, "that the power to lease its road and turn over the use of its franchises to another company was not authorized by the general incorporation act of the State, nor by the course of the Legislation therein, and, therefore, such power could not be conferred by the declaration contained in the articles of incorporation." And any

act of any Legislature of any State conferring powers upon a corporation that are against the public policy of a sister State, when attempted to be enforced within the jurisdiction of a sister State, should be held void by the Supreme Court of the United States.

No State has a right to pass a law injurious to the citizens of a sister State, and any privileges sought to be exercised under charter grants should be held void by the Courts as against public policy.

Laws Controlling Trusts As a matter of fact, laws now exist in almost every State in the Union

that control most of the trusts and monopolies. Many of these laws are as old as the common law itself, and are sufficiently severe to remedy much of the mischief complained of. Yet the violation of these laws is so common, and the remedy furnished so seldom applied, that its very existence is doubted by many of our people, and seems in many other quarters to be little understood.

It has long been held by the Courts that any combination of persons to stifle the free use of liberty or capital within legitimate bounds is unlawful. The liberty of a man's mind and will to say how he shall bestow himself and his means, his talents and his industry are as much the subject of the law's protection as is his body. Therefore, a combination to do an act tending to necessarily prejudice the public or repress individuals by subjecting them to the power of competitors is unlawful.

If an agreement between two or more persons to accomplish a criminal or unlawful object, or by criminal or unlawful means, is an unlawful conspiracy, and any person whose rights and liberty are injured in the furtherance of such conspiracy has a remedy at law.

And any combination of persons to restrict commerce in any field by hindering individual liberty, stifling competition or preventing the exercise of individual freedom is unlawful.

(To be Concluded)



Archives of Oregon Historical Society

Under this heading will appear, from time to time, copies of interesting documents bearing on the early history of the original Oregon.

The following are verbatim copies of documents recently secured by the Oregon Historical Society, relating to the early days of Oregon:

Wallamette Aug 8th 1842

"Received of D Leslie twenty three dollars and forty five cents being the amount in full due from him to the school committee for his share of the expenses of school taught by Rev. H Clarke the last winter

"L. H. JUDSON

"J. LEE

Com"

The following is an anti-revolutionary document issued in Massachusetts, which illustrates the method of collecting taxes one hundred and fifty years ago. It came into the possession of the Society through the kindness of Capt. T. B. Howes, of this city, a descendant of "Mr. Lot Howes, Constable":

Province of the
Massachusetts-Bay, SS.

William Foye, Esq;
Treasurer & Receiver-General for His Majesty's Said Province,

To Mr. Lot Howes Constable or Collector for the Town of Yarmouth Greeting, etc. By Virtue of an Act of the Great and Generous Court or Assembly of the said Province, begun and held at Concord, on Wednesday the Twenty-seventh Day of May, 1752, in the Twenty-fifth Year of His Majesty's Reign, entitled, An Act for the Supply of the Treasury with Eight thousand one hundred and forty-two Pounds, four Shillings, and for drawing the same again into the Treasury: Also, for apportioning and assessing a Tax of Twenty-five thousand Pounds; and also

for apportioning and assessing a further Tax of One thousand seven hundred and forty-two Pounds, four Shillings, paid the Representatives for their Service and Attendance in the General Court and Travel, and for Fines laid on several Towns for not sending a Representative; amounting in the whole to Twenty-five thousand seven hundred forty-two Pounds, four Shillings.

These are in His Majesty's Name to Will and Require You to Collect all and every the Sums of Money mentioned in the List or Lists of the said Tax or Assessment of your Town, made by the Assessors or Select-Men of the said Town, and committed to you to Collect: Amounting in the Whole to the Sum of

Fifty nine Pounds one Shilling & eight pence.....

In manner following: That is to say, To collect the whole of each respective Sum assessed on each particular Person, set down in the said List or Lists, before the last Day of December next; so that you duely pay in the Sum Total of the said List or Lists unto, and make up and issue your Accompts of the whole thereof with my Self, his Majesty's Treasurer and Receiver-General of His Revenue within this Province, my Deputy or Deputies, or Successors in the said Office, at or before the last Day of March, which will be in the Year of our Lord, One thousand seven hundred and fifty-three. And in case any Person or Persons shall refuse or neglect to pay the several Sum or Sums, whereat he or they are set at in the said Assessment, and are to pay the same upon Demand made, it shall and may be lawful for you, and you are hereby authorized and required for Non-payment to distrein the Person or Persons so refusing or neglecting, by his or their Goods or Chattels; and the distress or Distresses so taken, to keep for the Space of Four Days, at the Cost and Charges of the Owner thereof; and if the said Owner does not pay the Sum or

Sums of Money so assessed upon him, within the said Four Days, then the said Distress or Distresses to be forthwith openly sold at an Outcry, by you, for Payment of the said Money, Notice of such Sale being posted up in some publick Place in the same Town Twenty-four Hours before-hand; and the Overplus coming by the said Sale (if any be) over and above the charges of taking and keeping the Distress or Distresses, to be immediately restored to the Owner. And if any Person or Persons assessed as aforesaid, shall refuse or neglect to pay the Sum or Sums so assessed, by the space of twelve Days after Demand thereof, where no sufficient Distress can or may be found, whereby the same may be levied; in every such Case, you are to apply yourself unto Two or more of the Assessors within your Town for Warrant to commit such Person or Persons to the common Goal, as the Law directs. And where any Person or Persons shall remove from your Town, not having first paid the respective Sums or Proportion set upon him or them in said Tax or Assessment, you are hereby authorized and empowered to demand the Sum or Sums assessed upon such Person or Persons, in what Town or Place soever he or they may be found within this Province; and upon refusal or neglect to pay the same, to distrein the said Person or Persons, by his or their Goods and Chattels, as aforesaid; and for want of such Distress to commit the Party to the common Goal, there to remain until Payment be made of the Sum or Sums so set upon him, with all the charges arising by reason of such Commitment.

And you are hereby directed to take Notice, and are accordingly so to govern yourself in the Discharge of the Duty of your Office, That the Inhabitants of this Province, by Virtue of the Act above mentioned, have Liberty (if they see fit to pay the several Sums for which they may respectively be assessed, as their Proportion of the said Assessment, in good Merchantable Hemp, at Three Pence per Pound; or in good Merchantable First Fair Isle of Sable Cod-fish at Twelve Shillings per Quintal; or in good refined Bar-Iron at Seventeen Pounds ten Shillings per ton; or in good Bloomery-Iron at Sixteen Pounds per Ton; or

in hollow Iron Ware at Fifteen Pounds per Ton; or in good Indian Corn at Two Shillings per Bushel; or in good Rye at Two Shillings & four Pence per Bushel; or in good Winter Wheat at Three Shillings & nine Pence per Bushel; or in good Barley at Two Shillings per Bushel; or in good Barrel Pork full Weight at Two Pounds ten Shillings per Barrel; or in good Barrel Beef at One Pound twelve Shillings per Barrel; or in good Duck or Canvas, weighing Forty-three Pounds each Bolt, at Three Pounds per Bolt; or in long Whalebone at Three Shillings per Pound; or in good Merchantable Cordage at One Pound fifteen Shillings per Hundred; or in good Train Oyl at One Pound six Shillings and eight Pence per Barrel; or in good Bees-Wax at Six Pence per Pound; or in good Bayberry-Wax at Six Pence per Pound; or in try'd Tallow at Four Pence per Pound; or in good Pease at Four Shillings per Bushel; or in good Sheep's Wool at Ten Pence per Pound; or in good tan'd Sole-Leather at Eight Pence per Pound: The Prices of the several Species and Commodities aforesaid being agreed upon and set by the Committee authorized and empowered by the abovementioned Act for that Purpose:

And you are likewise further directed to take Notice, and to govern your self accordingly, That the Inhabitants of this Province have full Liberty to pay in the several Sums which they are respectively assessed, in pursuance of the said Act, in Bills of Credit on this Province; also in Government Securities, signed by Andrew Oliver, Thomas Hubbard, Esqrs; and Mr. Harrison Gray, with the interest that may become due thereon; Provided, they pay the Bills aforesaid to the Collectors of said Assessments on or before the last Day of December next.

And hereof you are not to fail, upon the Pains and Penalties as may in such Case by Law be inflicted on you.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Boston, the Twenty-seventh Day of November 1752, In the Twenty-sixth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Second, of Great-Britain, etc. KING.

WM. FOYE

Geo. H. Himes,
Assistant Secretary of Oregon Historical Society.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The series of brief sketches appearing under the caption, "The McCorkledy Veranda," is written with the aim of representing phases and incidents of American home life. The people who find a rendezvous on the hospitable veranda of the McCorkledeys are plain, every-day people, and the things they say and do are real and characteristic. While the same characters will appear throughout the series, each number will be complete of itself.*

* * *

The McCorkledy Veranda

"THE Hodsons have turned their mother out of doors."

Everybody turned helplessly to gaze at the Gargoyle when he said this, just as they had done on a hundred similar occasions. The Gargoyle, it should be said, is often more politely addressed as Mr. Gargoyle, this cognomen having been bestowed upon him by Doran Josephine, on account of his perpetual, wide, upward-curving smile, which is enclosed in a stony parenthesis of deep wrinkles separating cheek from chin, the whole gargoyle expression being emphasized by abnormally round eyes and a perpendicular brush of stiff hair above his forehead. Owing to this perpetual smile it has always been impossible to determine whether Mr. Gargoyle is ever really in earnest except in one thing—his unfailing devotion to his evening seat upon a particular end of a particular step leading up to the hospitable McCorkledy veranda.

"Doran Josephine" stands for the two terrible thirteen years old inseparables, whose names are invariably spoken in one breath because in their infatuation for each other they do nothing, think nothing apart. In their united effrontery they have no fear of Mr. Gargoyle, nor of anything, in fact.

"There has always seemed something queer about Hannah Hodson—somehow an expression of reserved force, that haunts and baffles one. You don't like to see it in a young girl like Hannah Hodson, who can't have had a history," came sweetly, but rather anonymously,

from the darkest corner under the wisteria.

"Hannah Hodson is a very admirable girl, and probably has no more reserve force than she needs," pursued the Gargoyle. "You see it was this way. Their house, you know, has been packed full of visitors almost ever since the eleventh of May. And the Hodsons' mother is



MR. GARGOYLE

one of the old-fashioned, devoted sort of entertainers who just fall right down and spread oblations five times a day. The visitors all left eight days ago. When the last one departed Mrs. Hodson was a leaf, a little fluttering white flame, a wavering shadow, a soul without a body. She would struggle through a portion of work in the morning, then lie on the lounge, then strug-

gle up to perform a little more work, then lie on the lounge, and worry—oh, heart-breakingly! She seemed to feel that they were all confronting the crack of doom, and the weather, you know, was hot enough to encourage the illusion.

They tried to get her to go, or allow herself to be taken to the seaside, to the mountains, to some quiet old-fashioned farm house out in the valley where she used to live, or East to see her sister. But she would not budge or be budged. Then one morning in the early coolness Hannah Hodson lured her mother out into the big cool forest of old elms, locusts and maples which, you know, stands in their back yard, and has been there since Pettygrove's time. And there stood a large beautiful new tent, white as snow in the midst of the cool greenness. In it there was a little white and gold bedstead, with a bed made up in heavenly whiteness, also a low chair, a hammock, a reading stand, books, papers, writing materials, and canary cage.

"This was for the Hodsons' mother. Why couldn't she sleep in her room? Impossible. The improvement she had wanted so long, up stairs, was to begin now. The carpenters were engaged. All the debris would go up or down the back stairs. The plumber would work in disguise. No one could guess the upheaval from anywhere but the side street, and that would not matter. She submitted with some grace, but presently furtively toiled up the path to the house and went into the house to get breakfast. Annie, the little girl "help," whose chief mission in life, all summer, seemed to have been in eating inordinate quantities of sweet things, and playing with the cat, was nowhere to be seen. She had been whisked off to play with a cousin's baby at the seaside. Mrs. Hodson tremblingly opened the pantry door. A tall Chinaman confronted her, having just come in, unrolled his white apron and set to work. 'You mamma?' he said, cheerfully, 'I get breakfast. Hot roll, steak, coffee—I sabe. You go sit down.'

"A sweet old friend was invited to spend that day with her, and another one came the next day. The Hodsons are ashamed, ashamed to the bottom of

their souls, because they did not do it before. You can see she is resting and building up, through and through."

Lucy Van Cliff Chase

The Danger of Too Much Thrift

How many houses that you go into are cluttered and littered with old furniture, pictures, furnishings and the like! Every room contains twice as much furniture as is necessary, and the attic and basement literally overflow with old, castaway things. The closets are full of cast-off clothes and the whole house simply groans with its fulness of useless worn-out articles. When house-cleaning time comes, the labor is doubled and trebled because of the accumulation. And yet the housewife would scorn any suggestion to give away or throw away that which had passed its days of usefulness. She is a devotee of "Thrift," and her uncomfortable, cluttered house, and her over-worked life bear evidence to the great mistake she is making.

Give away what you don't really need in your house. Don't let such things accumulate. They will soon fill attic and cellar and overflow into other rooms, where they do no one any good. You are not likely to want them again, and it is a nuisance to have them around. Long ago we should have been obliged to get a bigger house for our growing family if I had followed my husband's thrifty plan of "saving things." At first he thought I was extravagant, but now he acknowledges that if other families would likewise rid themselves of "truck" they are not likely to use again in a thousand years, house-cleaning would be robbed of half its terrors. Thrift is a homely virtue that easily degenerates into miserliness. Some of us hoard old clothes, unused furniture, discarded bric-a-brac and the like, simply because that habit has become so fixed we are too stingy to give such things away to worthy folks who need them. Yet we don't mean to be stingy, and are ashamed to discover that we are so.

—A Housewife.

Spindle and Plough

By Mrs. Henry Dudeney

Price, \$1.50

New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A new book from Mrs. Dudeney's pen is sure to be heartily welcomed. Her prestige is well founded; her laurels well won; and her audience, though not the largest, perhaps, is a select and discerning one. And for those who know her, and for all who are so fortunate as to read her latest work, there is in store a rich measure of pleasure. The "Spindle and Plough" is a book of distinction and power. To read it is to recognize the author's penetrating insight into the human heart, her full understanding of the laws which lie behind human action. Shalisha Pilgrim, the pivotal character of the book, is in many ways the most remarkable heroine since Maurice Hewlett's wonderful Jehane. Her stalwart scorn for all littleness and guile, her rare selflessness, her virginal strength and her absorption in her unfeminine labor as professional gardener, all mark her as an individuality distinct and quite apart from the ordinary. Her fine qualities become the more admirable from the contrast with her petty-minded, match-making relatives and the complacent dilettanteism of Boaz Boylett, her employer and suitor.

Most pleasing, too, is the picture of English country life. Bramble Tye and Dower House are delightful places; and the fields and hedges, the cotes and gardens of "merrie Englande" assume for us an added charm in the light of the author's graphic picturing. In truth, the scenes and places she so vividly depicts seem to become more than a mere setting. It is almost as if they had a "speaking part" in the story itself. Mrs. Dudeney has in high degree that sense of proportion, of form, of the fitness of things which alone can give a book the literary quality. In reading, one is delightfully aware of the fine taste and discrimination which enter into the choice of the word, the con-

struction of the sentence, the composition of the chapter and the design of the narrative itself. And it is this quality, more than any other, which evokes the hearty praise we so gladly accord the "Spindle and Plough."

* * *

A Summer Hymnal

By John Trotwood Moore

Price, \$1.25

Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates

What "A Kentucky Cardinal" is to the blue-grass region of Kentucky, Mr. Moore evidently intended his "Summer Hymnal" to be to the blue-grass lands of Tennessee. To say that he has succeeded would be a somewhat daring statement, for the "Cardinal" is well-nigh a classic; but at least he has written a very readable story, and one which will compare not unfavorably with its prototype. The picture of Tennessee is a charming one and presented with all the warmth and glow that a poet's soul and a poet's tongue can give. For Mr. Moore is indeed a poet. He beholds the world through a poet's eyes and clothes his vision in a poet's words. And the little stanzas prefacing each chapter show him to be by no means unskilled in versification.

But there is a deal more than poetry in the "Summer Hymnal." The author has neglected no art at the story teller's command to reach his audience. There are chapters which are almost melodramatic in their situations, and others which are given over to sentiment and fancy. Humor there is in good measure, and pathos enough for contrast. And the whole is leavened with philosophical musings and seasoned with epigram sauce. So we must need's pay homage to the author's versatility, if for no other reason. But in its utter lack of homogeneity lies the defect of the book. The plot itself is utterly unworthy, lurid and mechanical, and the story is all out of focus. On the other hand, the bits of sentiment, the occa-

sional flight of fancy and play of the imagination are beautiful and partake of a genuine inspiration.

Those who have made the author's acquaintance through his short stories will be glad to renew their friendship with "Old Wash," the venerable old negro who "fiddles" so enchantingly, and they will be pleased to know that the author does not fail to give the horse a due place in the story. The description of the hero's race with death is quite the most enthralling chapter in the book.



The Love Story of Abner Stone

By Edwin Carlisle Litsey

Price, \$1.20 net

New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

As the title has it, it is a "love story," pure and simple, yet quite of a different type from the stories that usually class under that caption. In this case, the leading role is filled, not by the ardent young blade, with whose type we are all familiar, but by a quiet and studious man of mature years, whose barren life has never known the tenderness of woman. The story of the love which, unsought and at first repelled, comes to him, making glad the waste places of his heart, is a very beautiful one; and the sadness with which it is tinged serves only to chasten and dignify it.

The book presents a charming picture of the life in a Kentucky manor in antebellum days, and is permeated with the breath of the fields and the scent of growing things. The author, by some rare magicry, has given to his story a cast of quaintness that makes it deliciously "old-timey" and one fairly lives the tranquil, simple life of Kentucky in the early sixties.

And mention is surely due to the character of Salome. Her sweet purity and innocence exert a charm which the reader has no desire to resist.

To tell the whole truth, there is little of design or of originality in the book; but its purity of tone, its chaste sentiment and its unconscious protest against the metallic brilliancy which has characterized so much of our fiction of late are emphatically in its favor.

The Art of Study

By Frank Cramer

San Francisco: The Hohman-Edwards Co.

A casual inference from the title would be that the book was merely a student's manual, a dissertation as to the best methods of mastering the subjects presented in the curricula of our schools and colleges. And such an inference would be wrong only in that it represents but a small part of the value of this exceedingly suggestive and instructive work. It is rather a treatise as to how best to discipline the mental powers for the needs of working and living. Perhaps, *How to Think* would be a more brief and inclusive title.

Beginning with the laws and effects of Habit, the author passes to Observation and Attention, and then to the more complex subjects of Memory and Reason, and closes with chapters on the Feelings and Ideals. Liberal draughts are made on the deductions of psychology, but the matter is set forth in a way that is clear and comprehensible to all, and the various mental processes are illustrated by experiences the counterpart of which could be provided from our own lives. "The Art of Study," in a word, is a most helpful and excellent hand-book, from which may be gained invaluable counsel for self-mastery.



The Spenders

By Harry Leon Willson

Price, \$1.50

Boston: Lathrop Publishing Co.

A very entertaining piece of fiction is this story of the East and West. But one must not make the mistake of accepting it too seriously. Its pictures of the machinations of Wall street and the condition of "society," while containing a hint of truth, are guilty of lurid exaggeration.

The author's skill in the manipulation of dialogue adds a decided zest to the tale, and the character of Uncle Peter Bines, with his rugged personality and his native humor is really very well drawn. The love interest, while subordinate to the other motives, is sufficient to sustain the attention, and there is no lack of agreeable episode.

GENERAL SURVEY—

The President's Narrow Escape Great concern was aroused by the trolley accident which so nearly resulted in the death of the President. Roosevelt, with Cortelyou, Gov. Crane and William Craig, a secret service man, were driving from Dalton to Stockbridge, Mass. A trolley car, hastening to catch up with the Presidential party, struck the carriage just as it started to cross the car tracks. The President and the two other occupants of the body of the carriage were hurled some distance, but not seriously hurt. Craig fell in front of the car and was killed, while the driver suffered a fractured skull. The motorman has been arrested, and will undoubtedly suffer for his recklessness. The latest report is that the President must undergo an operation for an abscess resulting from a wound on the leg received in the accident.

From the Philippines General Chaffee reports that our troops have been attacked by Moro tribesmen twelve times during the last four months. On none of these occasions was there any retaliatory action, as the plan has been to use every means for pacification. That this policy has proved unavailing is proven by the fact that a column has been ordered to proceed against the most beligerent tribes. The first action of the Philippine department of agriculture will be to issue a series of pamphlets giving expert advice on various agricultural topics, with a view to educate the natives in improved methods of tilling the soil. The first subject treated will be the cultivation of sugar cane.

The Mock War The second part of the army and navy maneuvers was enacted the first week in September. The purpose of the affair was to determine the strength of the coast defenses rein-

forced by the presence of numerous regiments. The invading fleet, commanded by Rear-Admiral Higginson, was expected to capture some point on the seaboard between New Bedford and Fisher's Island. The first event was the capture of Block Island by the fleet. Furious battles were waged at the entrance to Long Island Sound, at Fisher's Island and off Newport; but the result is still in the balance as each side claims the victory, and the arbiters have not yet voiced a decision. Practical experience of inestimable value was obtained by the mock invasion. Perhaps the most important result was the proven inadequacy of searchlights to reveal the approach of a hostile fleet.

The Strike—President Baer's Statement The situation in Pennsylvania has changed but slightly since last month. Some coal has been mined and a few more collieries have resumed operations. With the failures of Senator Hanna and also of Quay and Penrose to terminate the struggle, all hope of solution by outside intervention has been abandoned. By way of making clear the position of the operators, President Baer of the Reading Railroad Co. has enunciated the following statement. He affirms that the operators rest upon the four propositions: (1) That the wages of the miners are fair and just; (2) that an increase of wages would lessen the consumption of anthracite coal by increasing the cost of output, thus depriving the men of regular employment; (3) while they recognize the right of labor to organize, they will not tolerate an unreasonable interference with the management of their business; (4) that varying conditions at different localities render impossible a uniform scale of wages.

The Haitian Affair A feature of the Haitian revolution that has given it international complications is that of the

sinking of the Haitian gunboat, *Crete-a-Pierott*, by the commander of the *Panther*, a German gunboat. Killick, of the *Crete-a-Pierott*, was warned by McCrea of the U. S. gunboat *Machias* that he must not interfere with foreign commerce. To this he gave his word, but no sooner did the *Machias* withdraw than Killick broke faith by searching a German merchantman. The commander of the *Panther* then took matters in his own hands and gave Killick and his crew 15 minutes to leave their vessel. He then filled her full of shot, sending her to the bottom.

Mt. Pelee Again That most awful of death's agents, Mt. Pelee, has given further proof of its malign powers. On August 30 an eruption occurred resulting in a mortality exceeding one thousand, and an extent of devastation that defies statistics to express. Two villages were wiped out and a third damaged by a tidal wave. The talk of abandoning the island has been renewed, as the volcano threatens further outbreak.

* * *

POLITICS—

Roosevelt's Tour The trip of the President through New England, the South, and the North-western trip, so unfortunately terminated at Indianapolis, have done much to strengthen the President's hold upon the people, and to increase the respect which thinking men have everywhere conceived for him. His frank, intelligent and fearless expressions of opinion have evoked the applause of the press and the populace. Roosevelt has continually reiterated his belief that we must extend reciprocity to Cuba, and this subject has been given the first place in many of his speeches. The utterance that has excited the most comment is that relative to the trusts. He says that it is his opinion that only federal action can cope with the problem. Anent the tariff, he agrees that revision is desirable, but that the greatest moderation must be used in order not to upset the industrial system now so perfectly organized.

Political Issues Tariff revision has advanced to first place in the issues about which the political war of the near future will be waged. Closely connected with it is the odious trust question. Imperialism has been relegated to a back seat with money and other dead issues. In the Republican state conventions, the Roosevelt administration has received the support of more than enough states to insure his re-nomination. Tariff revision is advocated by the majority, though New York declared against it. Among the Democrats, trusts and tariff are the slogans. The Henderson matter is being used for political capital. The Ohio convention was noteworthy in that it started a boom for the Cleveland Mayor, Tom Johnson, for the presidential candidacy.

Henderson's Flare-Up

Senator Henderson, of Iowa, Speaker of the House of Representatives, astonished the political world by his announcement that he would not be a candidate for re-election to the Speaker's chair, and that he would withdraw from the Congressional race in Iowa. His reason for this action is the clause in the Iowa Republican platform which declares so strongly for tariff reform. Henderson, so it has been reported, was approached by the party leaders and given to understand that he must not only subscribe to the platform, but accord it his hearty and active support. To this he replied that he had been a protectionist all his life and could not at this late day alter his views. There is small doubt that Henderson has signed his own political death warrant, and his action has excited great commotion in both parties.

* * *

SCIENCE—

Dumont Outdone Santos Dumont must look to his laurels. His achievements in the way of aeronautics were completely cast in the shade by the brilliant accomplishment of Stanley Spencer, a London aeronaut. Starting from Crystal Palace in an airship of his own

device, he succeeded in traveling nearly thirty miles and descended without the slightest mishap. His trip consumed about three hours, and while in the air he performed divers maneuvers, sailing both with and against the wind, to demonstrate his complete control of his vessel. Spencer's airship does not differ radically from Dumont's. It weighs about 600 pounds, is propelled by a gasoline motor and accommodates but one person. It is less tapering in shape than those of Dumont, and the propeller is in front instead of behind. The bag contains 20,000 cubic feet of hydrogen and the frame is made of bamboo.

**Another Germ
Discovered**

Stern, ineluctable science has hunted to its lair another bacillus and has brought it to the light of pathological scrutiny. The offensive germ is that causing "summer complaint" in children and dysentery in old people—although previous to its discovery it was not known that the same germ was responsible for both diseases. The story of its undoing is that the germ, recking not the power of money, attacked and caused the death of an infant Rockefeller. The grandfather Rockefeller donated \$200,000 for the purpose of trapping the unwary germ, and now, after two years research, the lurking microbe has been identified. Great is the power of wealth! Great the workings of science!

The desire to
The Fastest Ever cover distance—
whether on land or
water—at the highest rate of speed is a disease peculiar to modern American millionaires. The latest record to be established is that for a mile on the water, the distance being covered at the rate of 45.18 statute miles an hour—faster than the ordinary passenger train. This tremendous speed was attained by the twin-screw yacht the *Arrow*, owned by Charles B. Flint, on a trial on the Hudson River. The *Arrow* is 130 feet long, with a beam of 12 feet, and is equipped with two curved water-tube boilers and two quadruple expansion engines. The previous record of 42 miles an hour was held by the English torpedo boat *Viper*.

Model Grain Elevator

A grain elevator recently constructed in Buffalo is supposed to contain all the modern devices for storing and handling grain. The structure is made of concrete and steel and all the machinery is operated by electricity or compressed air. The power is derived from the Niagara Falls plant. Compressed air is used instead of water for cleaning and scrubbing. The capacity of the elevator is 600,000 bushels.

* * *

LITERATURE—**Historical Writing in America**

One of the most pleasing signs of the deepening of the literary spirit in America lies in the number and character of the histories recently published and written by Americans. Attention is called to this fact in the "World's Work," and mention is made of a number of American historians worthy to rank with the best of other lands. Professor Herbert Adams of Johns Hopkins is accorded praise for his excellent work as an investigator and author. Foremost places are given to Mr. James Ford Rhodes, the author of "History of the United States from the compromise of 1850" and to Mr. Henry Adams, whose "History of the United States During the Administration of Jefferson and Madison" is spoken of in the highest terms. The work of Capt. Mahan and Mr. Lea is appreciated, and honor given to Mr. McCready, Mr. Brown, Dr. Woodrow Wilson and others.

Jules Verne Answered

Jules Verne's daring assertion that the novel will soon be superceded by the newspaper has awakened a storm of reply. The North American Review publishes a symposium of answers by well known litterati, including Howells, Mabie, Allen, Garland and Bangs. Almost without exception these men take views contrary to Verne's. Howells asserts that Verne has mistaken the passing of a manner of fiction for the passing of the thing itself. Mabie and Allen believe that the love of fiction is inborn and ineradicable. Garland holds that the drama is the real danger to fic-

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tion, while Bangs, true to his calling, flings a handfull of satire at the unlucky Frenchman.

Although Dr. **Edward Eggleston** has written no popular fiction of recent years, his time having been devoted to historical work, yet so widely read and so deservedly popular was his "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and his other stories of Indiana that his name is beloved in countless homes. The news of his death will come as a shock to those who have learned to know the author through the medium of his books. Dr. Eggleston was first a Methodist minister, then an editor, an author and finally a historian. He was always heavily handicapped by ill-health and his work gains the greater admiration from knowledge of the disadvantages under which it was performed.

* * *

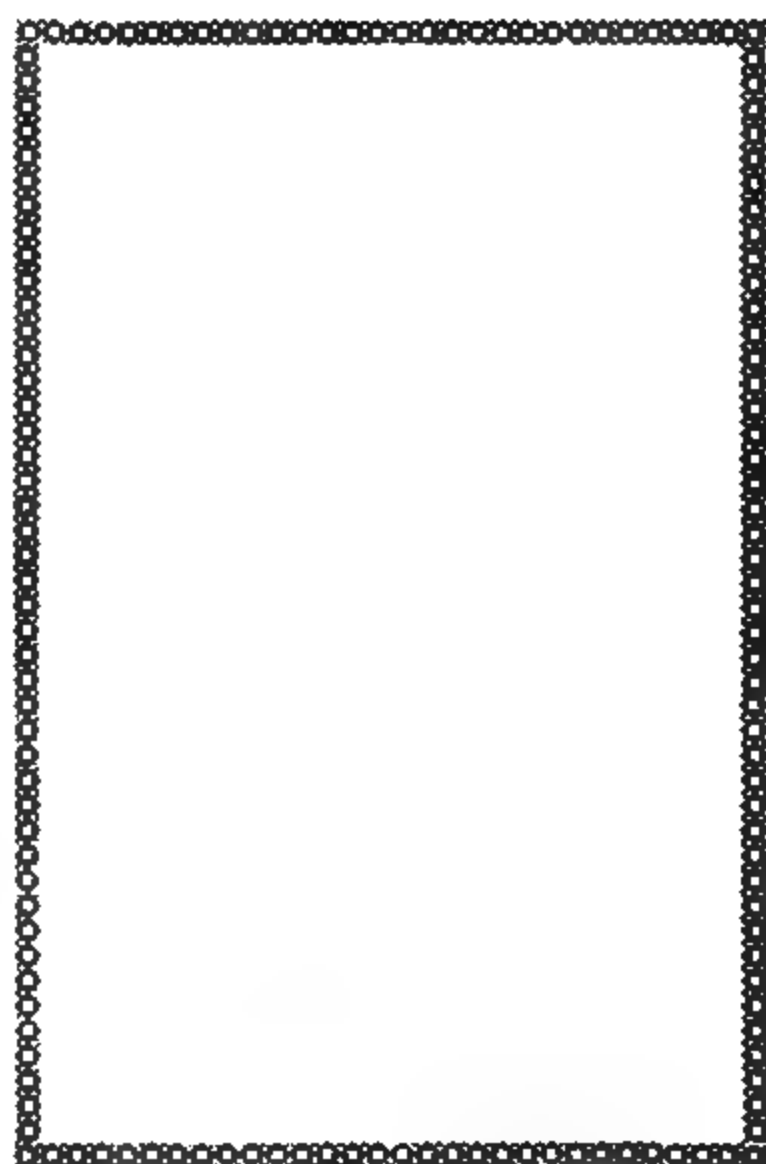
ART—

Addition to the Metropolitan Museum

The Metropolitan Art Museum, New York City, will be immeasurably improved and dignified by the new wing and entrance, fast approaching completion. The addition will be chiefly given over to sculpture, which had no adequate place in the old building. The main hall for sculpture is 103 by 54 feet, with various recesses for busts and mural paintings, similar in arrangement to the Royal Exchange, London.

The Massarenti Collection

A portion of the famous paintings from the collection of the Rev. Marcello Massarenti of Rome, has been bought by Mr. Walters of Baltimore, to be installed in the Walters Art Gallery in that city. The purchasing price exceeded a million dollars. No authoritative list has yet been published, but mention has been made of Titian's "St. Christopher," an "Example of Paul Veronese," a "Portrait of David," etc., sufficient to arouse the curiosity of art lovers to a high pitch.



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Rodin's Visit to England

The famous French sculptor, Rodin, recently paid a visit to England, and his arrival occasioned an ovation in his honor. A body of art students met him at the station and drew his carriage to the hotel with shouts of acclaim. Rodin spent most of his time in the galleries and museums, feasting his eyes on the art treasures there to be found. At a banquet given in his honor, he enunciated his creed as follows: "The humble sculptor becomes in his turn the mirror of nature, an artist who, as malleable as wax, retains nothing of his own personality, and is merely the docile instrument which a superior instinct governs at will."

Dry Oil Paints

Artists have always complained of the practical difficulties and annoyances attending the use of "messy" oil paints. Pastels or dry colors are free from these drawbacks but being chalky they tend to rub and wear off, thus causing the picture to deteriorate. M. Raffaelli, the well known French painter, has devised a system of colors that are half way between oils and pastels. They are in crayon form and are applied easily; they have the brilliancy of oil colors yet they dry quickly, and do not rub off. French critics speak highly of the new "medium."

* * *

EDUCATION—**Co-Education and Chicago University**

The cause of co-education received a severe blow when Chicago University decided that co-education, in so far as it was concerned, was a failure. The same sentiment is becoming manifest in other like institutions and the feeling seems to be growing, not that woman's education should be in the least curtailed, but that it should be administered apart from man's.

Trouble in English Schools

A new phase of the school and church question has developed in England and promises to engender much agitation. The occasion of the trouble is the passage of a bill

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through the House of Commons merging into a common system the "board" schools, heretofore maintained at public cost, and the so-called voluntary schools, supported by religious denominations, mainly by the Church of England. The bill gives the management of the religious schools an effective majority in the new boards and provides that they be supported at public expense, without regarding the religious views of the taxpayers. The non-conformist body is up in arms and asserts openly that such a movement as provided in the bill will be met by indomitable opposition.

* * *

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

Four Millions for Missions Robert Arthington, an Englishman, has left \$4,000,000 as a missionary fund to be devoted to the special purpose of carrying the gospels to all the peoples of the world. He desired, in his will, that at least the gospels of John and Luke and the Acts should be translated into the language of every known tribe, and some of the members of every tribe taught to read.

Roman Catholics and Bible Study A marked tendency is noticeable in the Roman Catholic Church toward a higher type of Bible study and a determined effort to give the Bible a higher place in the life of the Church. In France, a thorough reform in the methods of biblical teaching has been instituted, with eminent men at the head of the movement. In Italy, a new translation of the Gospels and the Acts is being circulated and much popular interest aroused by the "St. Jerome" society, organized for the purpose of inducing a popular reading of the Bible.

To Increase Congregations A professional whistler has been engaged by the South Congregational Church of Chicago to render the "Holy City" and other sacred songs at the church services. The church is thronged with listeners as a result. In London, a slums preacher is using moving pictures and free coffee to attract the people to his mid-day services, and his efforts have met with great success.

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A Strolling Singer

"He sang along the woodland paths
When all the world was warm and gay,
The birds half mocked him overhead,
The shadows cooled his greenlit way.

"The earth was sweet with growing things,
The vintage promised full and fair;
And one with eyes like larkspur buds,
And garnered sunshine in her hair,

"Stood watching by the ilex trees,
A glow, a welcome in her eyes.
He sank, too tired, at her feet
And smiled through wistful little sighs.

"'Dear love,' he said, 'I cannot live,
I shall not see the morrow's sun,
But I am fortunate to die
While yet my loving is not done.

"'And weep no foolish tears for me,
But when the vines with gold are hung—
Think, 'Life was very good to him
For he had lived, and loved, and sung.'"
—Ainslee's Magazine.

* * *

Knew His Business.

"No, no!" says the multi-millionaire to the poor but crafty beggar; "I will give you nothing."

"Boss," suggests the beggar with a rare smile, "do you see that young fellow watching us from that doorway?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Well, he's a reporter for the Daily Whoop, and he's out gathering material for an article on 'the unknown charities of our famous men.'"

"Tut, tut, my poor fellow!" says the multi-millionaire loudly. "Nothing to eat since yesterday?" still more loudly. "Here is five dollars! Take it and get a square meal and then come and let me know what you need to put you on your feet!"

As the multi-millionaire struts proudly away, glowing with the consciousness of having done a good deed at the time to secure proper notice, the poor beggar joins the young man in the doorway, and they shake hands long and silently over the success of their idea.—Judge.

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A Phenomenal Dive.

Prof. Oscar Browning, of Cambridge, tells in the June Century this anecdote of the Prince Consort at Eton school, in which he took great interest:

The Prince used to bathe frequently at the masters' bathing-place, and he found there, on one occasion, two of the staff whom he knew to be accomplished divers. Having a passion for statistics, which he had derived from Professor Quetelet at Brussels, he asked how long they could remain under water, and desired to witness a specimen of their ability. In the middle of the stream was a small island, covered by a willow tree. One of the bathers, afterward a most distinguished bishop, jumped in and swam under water to this island, coming up under the branches of the tree. After resting a few minutes, he entered the water again, and arrived panting at the steps. The Prince was gazing at his watch, and acknowledged that this was a longer dive than he had ever heard or read of.

* * *

Much Ado About Nix.

Macbeth—"How now, my lord? Methinks yonder goes a band o' men who look not like the inhabitants o' the earth."

Falstaff—"By heavings! and they carry leathern bags filled, I wot, with shillalaha."

Belarius—"A thousand times no, me lud; they contain brassies and cleeks."

Gauderius—"And niblicks."

Arviragus—"And putters."

Belarius—"And mashlies."

Macbeth—"Egad! then 't must be a golf club from Hoboken."

The Jester—"Neigh, neigh, old hoss; 'tis the Boston tea party."

Arviragus—"Ho, ho!"

Belarius—"He, he!"

Gauderius—"Ha, ha!"—Judge.

* * *

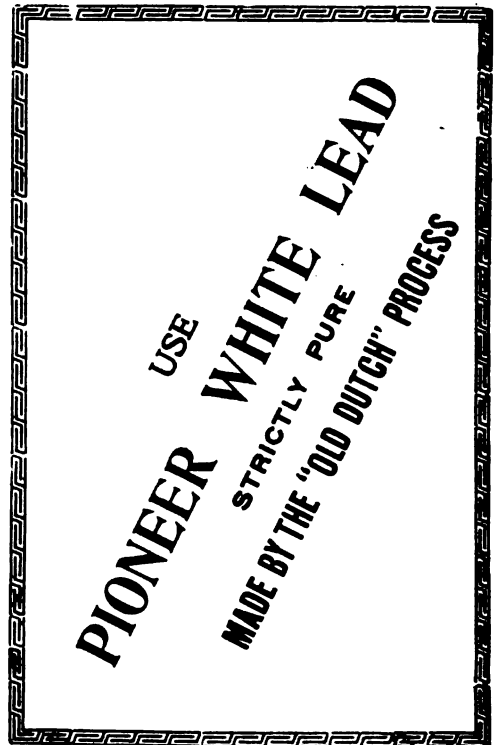
Persistence Wins.

In a talk to workmen the other day Bishop Ingram, of London, said: "Human nature always reminds me of the story of the two frogs that fell into a pot of cream. One of them gave up the struggle as a bad job, and without much ado sank to the bottom. The other, striking out with all his legs, and persevering, eventually found himself resting upon a pat of butter churned by his own efforts to get his head above the level of the cream."—Leslie's Weekly.

* * *

Mrs. Dash—"Don't you ever visit in summer?"

Mrs. Rash—"Oh, no; David always wants to go where he can pay board and act disagreeable when he feels like it."—Detroit Free Press.



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How Friends Fought.

In Frank Leslie's for April, John Uri Lloyd tells the story of a Kentucky village in civil war time, when friend fought against friend, and brother against brother.

"In these matters of principle," he says, "not a hand was raised to prevent a free choice. No feeling of personal hatred stood between those who saw life's duty differently."

A neighbor to the right of a little home called one evening on his neighbor to the left. He kissed the children and shook hands with the parents.

"I may not see you again; tonight I go to join Morgan," he said.

The host went to his little wardrobe, took therefrom his great coat, thrust a pistol into the pocket, and threw it over the arm of his guest. Both were poor men and winter approached; the recipient attempted to return it. "No," said the donor, "no, you take this coat. Your path is to be one of privation; besides, I won't need it. Tomorrow morning I start North to enlist. My government has overcoats to spare, and pistols, too; you who go South may find neither. God bless you, friend; may we return to meet again."

* * *

Mrs. Gush—"How do you do, Manda? How did you like the reading of Brown-ing at the club last night?"

Mrs. Bluff—"Oh, pretty well. But I didn't like the way her dress hung."

Mrs. Gush—"Nor I, either. And it seemed to me she might have held the book more gracefully."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Ping-Pong.

Hail to this, the name absurd—
Ping-pong!

Like some Filipino word—
Ping-pong!

Calabanga and Silang,
Butalong, Ibung, Indang,
Nasiping, Morong, Bambang—
Ping-pong!

Chant caprice's latest gem—
Sing-song!
Sound of "bridge" the requiem—
Ding-dong!

Bat the celluloid about,
Mingling choler, laugh and pout;
One fad's in, the other's out—
Ping-pong!—Judge.

* * *

Hall—"The author tried very hard to make a clean play of that drama."

Stall—"How do you know?"

Hall—"Why, didn't you notice that girl come in five or six times during each act and dust off the furniture?"—Yonkers Statesman.

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There is lobster a la Newburg, which some
people think is great,
And terrapin's a dainty for the cultured
eater's plate;
There are many pleasant dishes for the
man who has the cash,
But there's nothing that quite equals
Hanna's famous corn-beef hash.

We have heard of old Lucullus, who was
famous in his day
For the spreads he gave the Romans—they
were wonderful, they say;
But the daintiest dish he never gave his
grateful guests to share,
For he didn't have the Hanna hash upon
his bill-of-fare.

The prince with pampered palate loves his
bottle and his bird;
By the frog that's placed before him the
gay Frenchman's heart is stirred;
The German likes his wiener wurst, but all
these things are trash
When compared with that concoction known
as Hanna's heavenly hash.

Oh, the hash served at those breakfasts
would have pleased the gods, they
say.
Who on lofty old Olympus used to while
the time away;
The heavenly hash, the Hanna hash, the
hash beyond compare—
Who knows? Perhaps 'twill yet be on the
White House bill-of-fare.

—Leslie's Weekly.

* * *

His Epitaph.

The weather-man lay dying.
Motioning to his sobbing friends, he
waited until they crowded about his bed
to listen to his last words.

After giving directions for the disposal
of his property to the best advantage, and
outlining the general features of his fun-
eral, he murmured:

"And I want you to put up a nice tomb-
stone for me, with these words carved on
it, 'Probably cooler.'"—Judge.

* * *

The light and airy "Panama"—
The real and the sham—
Will shortly exodust and to
The nobby "felt" salaam.

The "felt" will then perform a jig,
With gayety aglow,
Unto the "Panama's" swan song
So touchful, don't you know.
—Judge.

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Have You Heard About Mary MacLane?
Being a merry catch after the fashion of
"The Widow Malone."
Have you heard about Mary MacLane?
So vain!
Who comes from Montana's dry plain;
No rain!
She has written a book,
Which the same it has "took,"
She has, this same Mary MacLane,
So vain!
She has, this same Mary MacLane.

'Twill give you, this book of MacLane,
A pain!
If you read it you'll nigh go insane
Murrain!
For Whitman's not in it—
No, not for a minute—
With the toughness of Mary MacLane,
UncLane!
With the toughness of Mary MacLane.

She's not modest, is Mary MacLane,
So vain!
She hopes to win laurels like Crane,
Or Taine!

"It's a janious I am,
An' I don't give a damn,
So the critics and all may complain
In vain!
So the critics an' all may complain."

She's one wish, has this Mary MacLane,
So vain!
To be wed with the divil, she'd fain,
Insane!

"No, not on your life,
Will I have you for wife!"
Said the divil to Mary MacLane.
So vain!
Said the divil to Mary MacLane.

After radin' this book of MacLane,
So vain!

You rip it an' tear it amain
In twain!

If this sort of thing wins
Praise be! she's not twins!
There's only one Mary MacLane,
So vain!

There's only one Mary MacLane.
—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

Patron—"Do you know anything good for
falling hair?"

Barber—"Before or after?"

Patron—"Before or after what?"

Barber—"Before or after the hair has
fallen."—Ohio State Journal.

* * *

"Billingsley has taught his dog to sing."

"Does he sing well?"

"He sings as well as Billingsley could
teach him."

"I never heard Billingsley. Is he a good
singer?"

"Well, the dog has been shot at seven
times."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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The Panama Hat.

The craze for the Panama hat, which so took possession of America during the summer, is proving a fruitful field for the wearied joke-manufacturers. We append a few examples:

Burglars are stealing Panama hats instead of diamonds, but they are having as much trouble about getting the real thing as if they were devoting their attention to the family silver.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

* * *

Dealer—"You know, of course, the real Panama hat is woven under water." Archie (who is trying to find a number six and three quarters)—"Gweat Scott! How can anybody stay undah watah, you know, long enough to weave a hat?"—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

"What on earth do you mean," her mother asked, "by urgin' your husband to get one of those outrageously high-priced Panama hats? Are you crazy, to encourage such extravagance?" "I shall want some more hats from time to time myself, mamma, dear," the sweet young woman replied, "and he has always kicked so at the prices I pay." "My darling! You always were such a great hand for lookin' ahead."—Chicago Record-Herald.

* * *

SOFT, GLOSSY HAIR.

Any man or woman who wants soft, glossy hair must be free of dandruff, which causes falling hair. Since it has become known that dandruff is a germ disease, the old hair preparations that were mostly scalp irritants, have been abandoned, and the public, barbers and doctors included, have taken to using Newbro's Herpicide, the only hair preparation that kills the dandruff germ. E. Dodd, Dickinson, N. D., says: "Herpicide not only cleanses the scalp from dandruff and prevents the hair's falling out, but promotes a new growth. Herpicide keeps my hair very glossy."

* * *

Renunciation.

The lips we love and may not kiss,
The self we love and cast aside,
The flowery ways we choose to miss
The paths where rue and thorns abide;

The wistful eyes that see the shore,
Thou may not seek beyond the seas—
Ah! Life to Come, hast thou in store
A fit exchange for gifts like these?
—Scribner's.

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PORTLAND, OREGON

The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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Photo by A. French

MOUNT RAINIER (14,539 FEET HIGH) IN THE DISTANCE. TACOMA AND THE SHIMMERING WATERS OF THE SOUND IN THE FOREGROUND

The Pacific Monthly

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NOVEMBER, 1902

Number 5

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT RAINIER

By JOHN MUIR

AMBITIOUS climbers, seeking adventures and opportunities to test their strength and skill, occasionally attempt to penetrate the wilderness on the side of the Sound, and push on to the summit of Mt. Olympus. But the grandest excursion of all to be made hereabouts is to Mt. Rainier; to climb to the top of its icy crown. The mountain is very high, 14,400 feet, and laden with glaciers that are terribly roughened and interrupted by crevasses and ice-cliffs. Only good climbers should attempt to gain the summit, led by a guide of proved nerve and endurance. A good trail has been cut through the woods to the base of the mountain on the north; but the summit of the mountain never has been reached from this side, though many attempts have been made upon it.

I gained the summit, from the south side, in a day and a half from the timber line, without encountering any desperate obstacles that could not in some way be passed in good weather. I was accompanied by Keith, the artist, Prof. Ingraham, and five ambitious young climbers from Seattle. We were lead

by the veteran mountaineer and guide, Van Trump, of Yelm, who, many years ago, guided General Stevens in his memorable ascent, and later Mr. Bagley, of Oakland. With a cumbersome abundance of campstools and blankets, we set out from Seattle, traveling by rail as far as Yelm prairie, on the Tacoma and Oregon road. Here we made our first camp, and arranged with Mr. Longmire,

a farmer in the neighborhood, for pack and saddle animals. The noble King mountain was in full view from here, glorifying the bright, sunny day with his presence, rising in god-like majesty over the road, with the magnificent prairie as a foreground. The distance to the mountain from Yelm in a straight line is perhaps fifty miles; but by the

THE CROWN OF MT. RAINIER

mule and yellow-jacket trail we had to follow it is a hundred miles. For, notwithstanding a portion of this trail runs in the air where the wasps work hardest, it is far from being an air-line, as commonly understood.

By night of the third day we reached the Soda Springs on the right bank of the Nisqually, which goes roaring by, gray with mud, gravel and boulders

from the caves of the glaciers of Rainier, now close to hand. The distance from the Soda Springs to the Camp of the Clouds is about ten miles. The first part of the way lies up the Nisqually canon, the bottom of which is flat in some places and the walls very high and precipitous, like those of the Yosemite Valley. The upper part of the canon is still occupied by one of the Nisqually glaciers, from which this branch of the river draws its source, issuing from a cave in the gray, rock-strewn snout. About a mile below the glacier we had to ford the river, which caused some

through a forest of mixed growth, mainly silver fir, Paton spruce and mountain pine, and then came to the charming park region, at an elevation of about five thousand feet above sea-level. Here the vast continuous woods at length begin to give way under the dominion of climate, though still at this height retaining their beauty and giving no sign of stress of storm, sweeping upward in belts of varying width, composed mainly of one species of fir, sharp and spiny in form, leaving smooth, spacious parks, with here and there separate groups of trees standing out in the

anxiety, for the current is very rapid and carried forward large boulders, as well as lighter material, while its savage roar is bewildering.

At this point we left the canon, climbing out of it by a steep zigzag up the old left lateral moraine of the glacier, which was deposited when the present glacier flowed past at this height, and is about eight hundred feet high. It is now covered with a superb growth of *Picea amabilis*; so, also, is the corresponding portion of the right lateral. From the top of the moraine, still ascending, we passed for a mile or two

midst of the openings like islands in a lake. Every one of these parks, great and small, is a garden filled knee-deep with fresh, lovely flowers of every hue, the most luxuriant and the most extravagantly beautiful of all the Alpine gardens I ever beheld in all my mountain-top wanderings.

We arrived at the Cloud Camp at noon, but no clouds were in sight, save a few gauzy, ornamental wreaths adrift in the sunshine. Out of the forest at last there stood the mountain, wholly unveiled, awful in bulk and majesty, filling all the view like a separate, new-

SILVER LAKE—THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO, SITUATED A

born world, yet withal so fine and so beautiful it might well fire the dullest observer to desperate enthusiasm. Long we gazed in silent admiration, buried in tall daisies and anemones by the side of a snow-bank. Higher we could not go with the animals and find food for them and wood for our own camp-fires, for just beyond this lies the region of ice, with only here and there an open spot on the ridges in the midst of the ice, with dwarf Alpine plants, such as saxifrages and iribas, which reach far up between the glaciers with low mats of the beautiful bryanthus, while back of us were

Here we lay, as best we could, waiting another day, without fire of course, as we were now many miles beyond the timber line, and without much to cover us. After eating a little hard tack each of us leveled a spot to lie on among lava-blocks and cinders. The night was cold, and the wind, coming down upon us in stormy surges, drove gritty ashes and fragments of pumice about our ears, while chilling to the bone. Very short and shallow was our sleep that night; but day dawned at last, early rising was easy, and there was nothing about breakfast to cause any delay. About 4

AN ALTITUDE OF FIVE THOUSAND FEET IN EASTERN WASHINGTON

the gardens and abundance of everything that heart could wish. Here we lay all the afternoon considering the lilies and the lines of the mountains with reference to a way to the summit.

At noon next day we left camp and began our long climb. We were in light marching order, save one, who pluckily determined to carry his camera to the summit. At night, after a long, easy climb over wide and smooth fields of ice, we reached a narrow ridge, at an elevation of about ten thousand feet above the sea, on the divide between the glacier of the Nisqually and Cowlitz.

o'clock we were off, and climbing began in earnest. We followed up the ridge on which we had spent the night, now along its crest, now on either side, or on the ice leaning against it, until we came to where it becomes massive and precipitous. Then we were compelled to crawl along the seam or narrow shelf, on its face, which we traced to its termination in the base of the great ice-cap. From this point all the climbing was over ice, which was here desperately steep, but, fortunately, was at the same time carved into innumerable spikes and pillars which afforded good footholds,

PARADISE RIVER AS IT BURSTS FULL HEAD FROM PARADISE GLACIER

Photo by A. French

and we crawled cautiously on, warm with ambition and exercise.

At length, after gaining the upper extreme of our guiding ridge, we found a good place to rest and prepare ourselves to scale the dangerous upper curves of the dome. The surface everywhere was bare, hard, snowless ice, extremely slippery, and, though smooth in general, it was interrupted by a network of yawning crevasses, outspread like lions of defence against any attempt to win the summit. Here every one of the party took off his shoes and drove steel caulks about half an inch long into them, having brought tools along for the purpose, and not having made use of them until now, so that the points might not get dulled on the rocks ere the smooth, dangerous ice was reached. Besides being well shod, each carried an alpenstock, and for special difficulties we had a hundred feet of rope and an axe.

Thus prepared, we stepped forth afresh, slowly groping our way through tangled lines of crevasses, crossing on snow bridges here and there, after cautiously testing them, jumping at narrow places, or crawling around the ends of the largest, bracing well at every point with our alpenstocks and setting our spiked shoes squarely down on the dan-

gerous slopes. It was nerve-trying work, most of it, but we made good speed nevertheless, and by noon all stood together on the utmost summit, save one, who, his strength failing for a time, came up later.

We remained on the summit nearly two hours, looking about us at the vast map-like views, comprehending hundreds of miles of the Cascade Range, with their black, interminable forests and white volcanic cones in glorious array reaching far into Oregon; the Sound region, also, and the great plains of Eastern Washington, hazy and vague in the distance. Of all the land only the snowy summits of the great volcanic mountains, such as St. Helens, Adams and Hood, were left in sight, forming islands in the sky. We found two well-formed and well-preserved craters on the summit, lying close together like two plates on a table with their rims touching. The highest point of the mountain is located between the craters, where their edges come in contact. Sulphurous fumes and steam issue from several rents, giving out a sickening smell that can be detected at a considerable distance. The unwasted condition of these craters, and indeed to a great extent, of the entire mountain, would tend to show that Rainier is still a comparatively

UP THE ICE-CLAD STEEPS OF THE MOUNTAIN

young mountain. With the exception of the projecting lips of the craters and the top of a subordinate summit a short distance to the northward, the mountain is solidly capped with ice all around; and it is this ice-cap which forms the grand central fountain whence all the twenty glaciers of Rainier flow, radiating in every direction.

The descent was accomplished without disaster, though several of the party had narrow escapes. One slipped and fell, and as he shot past me seemed to be going to certain death. So steep was the ice slope no one could move to help him, but fortunately, keeping his presence of mind, he threw himself upon his face and, digging his alpenstock into the ice, gradually retarded his motion until he came to rest. Another broke through a slim bridge over a crevasse, but his momentum at the time carried him against the lower edge, and only his alpenstock was lost in the abyss. Thus crippled by the loss of his staff, we had to lower him the rest of the way down the dome by means of the rope we carried. Falling rocks from the upper precipitous part of the ridge were also a source of danger, as they came whiz-

zing past in successive volleys; but none told on us, and when at length we gained the gentle slopes of the lower ice-fields we ran and slid at our ease, making fast, glad time, all care and danger past, and arrived at our beloved Cloud Camp before sundown. We were rather weak from want of nourishment, and some suffered from sunburn, notwithstanding the partial protection of glasses and veils; otherwise all were unscathed and well. The view we enjoyed from the summit could hardly be surpassed in sublimity and grandeur; but one feels far from home so high in the sky, so much so that one is inclined to guess that, apart from the acquisition of knowledge and the exhilaration of climbing, more pleasure is to be found at the foot of the mountains than on their frozen tops. Doubly happy, however, is the man to whom lofty mountain tops are within reach, for the lights that shine there illumine all that lies below.

The weather continued fine and we lingered in these lower gardens of Eden day after day, making short excursions of a dozen miles or so to lakes and waterfalls and glaciers, resting, sketching, botanizing, watching the changing lights and clouds on the glorious moun-

SOUTHERN SLOPE OF RAINIER

MT. RAINIER FROM EDGE OF NISQUALLY GLACIER, 7,500 FEET HIGH
Photos by A. French

tain until, all too soon, our Rainier time was done and we were compelled to pack our spoils and take the wasp-trail to civilization and Yelm.

SUNSET ON THE SOUND

Photo by Bart and Cantwell

PETE'S STRATAGEM

By HUGH HERDMAN

TRY as he would, Pete had not been able to win her love—or at least he had not succeeded in getting her to avow it. Hence, his resort to strategy to accomplish what he could not accomplish by open attack.

What he called open attack was mostly a restless shifting from one foot to the other, a vigorous hitching up of his "chaps," and an embarrassed, stammering pleading with Lucy Clarke to "join his outfit."

Nevertheless, it was the best he could do in a campaign of that sort, and since his best had met defeat, he was forced to adopt some other course. He was not discouraged; far from it. If a pitching broncho threw him once, he got up and tried it again, and kept at it till the "bronc" gave up. That is just what he was resolved to do in this love tussle. He had an idea, born of experience, that there is no horse on earth that cannot be ridden, provided a man will keep at it; and he had a similar idea, of unknown origin, that there is no woman on earth who cannot be made to love a man, provided the man approach her in the proper way. He realized, of course, that in each case the man must be the right one; but he had always been the right one for the bronchos, and he believed that he was the right one for Lucy.

It was the third day of the North Dakota State Fair at Mandan, and the great day. The two preceding days had been occupied with horse-racing between the Indians and the white men, lassoing bouts between cowboys of rival outfits, contests between cowponies as to superiority in cutting steers out of a bunch, or in tending one end of a rope, at the other end of which a frantic steer pulled and jerked with all his might, and many other such struggles as make up the life of a Western

rancher. But this was to be Indian day, given over to the antics of the eight hundred or more Sioux Indians who obtained permission to leave the reservation and attend the Fair, where there was gambling enough to suit even an Indian, and where, the law says, there must be no fire-water for white man or red.

So here they were, with all their rags, dirt and thirst, ready to reproduce in imitation all the frontier barbarities of former happy days. After the many other events, and as a grand finale, were to come the exciting attack on the overland stage coach by the blood-thirsty Sioux and the subsequent rescue by a band of dare-devil cowboys.

It was now about the middle of the afternoon. Pete was standing near Lucy and her father, watching a race between two almost naked chiefs mounted on pinto ponies. As the ponies rushed across the finish line near them, Pete said to Lucy:

"See that Injun on the front pinto? That's young Two Toes. They say he's got the fastest horse on the reservation. He's goin' to lead the Injuns when they try to hold up the stage."

"How long will it be before they do that, Pete?" Lucy asked.

"Oh, just after sun-down, I reckon. That's when they usually pull it off."

"Why do they wait till so late?"

"Don't know, 'less it's so people can see the fire when we shoot. Are you goin' to stay and see it?"

"Pete, are you crazy? Of course I'm goin' to stay. What do you suppose I came for, anyway?"

"Oh, I didn't know. I didn't suppose, though, that girls cared much for such things."

"You didn't suppose anything of the kind. You know we like them as well as you do."



"It ain't much fun for me any more," Pete said musingly. "I used to have a deuce of a time crackin' away at them red-skins, and used to try to get some of the girls to ride on the stage, but Sue Jones was the only one that ever did it. All the other girls were afraid—don't know what of, but they were. But Sue was a hummer, and is yet—she married old Si Morton, you know. Lord, but didn't we have a circus that day! Some nights I dream about it yet, and wake up laughin' about it. I thought Sue would die; fact."

"What was the matter? Scared?"

"Scared? Who? Sue? No, no. Just tickled. She laughed so hard that she busted her bel— cinch— her waist-band."

"Pete!" Lucy exclaimed reproachfully.

"Fact. Ain't it, Dick?" he asked of Lucy's father, who had been interested in the actions of the Indians, and had paid no attention to Pete and Lucy.

"Ain't what a fact?" he asked, turning around and facing them.

"You remember the time Sue Jones rode on the stage. Didn't she laugh so hard that—that we had to carry her home?"

"Sure she did. By George, Lucy, ain't you heard that? Better get Pete to tell you about it. I'm going over to see if I can't buy that pinto from that young buck."

"I'd like to hear it, Pete," Lucy said, "if it's a girl's story."

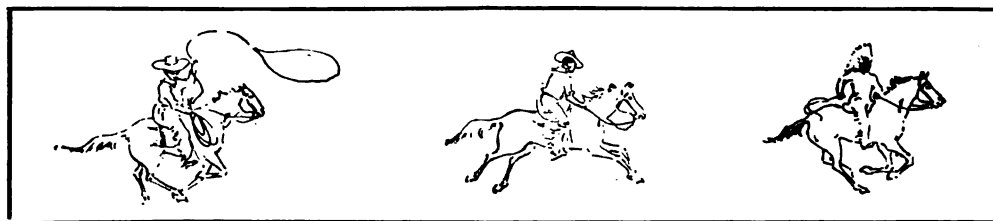
"Course it is," Pete responded quickly. "You don't suppose I'd tell any other kind, do you?" But to himself he said, "Now, I wonder what son of a bob-cat has been puttin' bugs in her ears."

"It ain't no great story, after all. That is, there ain't much fun in it when you tell it. But it was most all-fired funny to see. You see, it was this way. They were going to have this hold-up

just as they are today. I was always pretty good with the ribbons, so they got me to drive the mules. The Fair wasn't near as big as it is now, and of course there wasn't near as many women here. That was before they passed this booze law, and there was a lot of the nose paint on hand. Course, some of the boys got full. There was one old fellow, called Billy Wilson, who was always on deck. Well, this day he came up to me, and says he, 'Pete,' says he, 'I'm goin' to ride the trail with you tonight and get a few of them bucks.' I didn't much like the idea of having him, 'specially as I had asked Sue to ride inside, and she had fooled me by takin' me up. You see, I asked her just for fun, not dreamin' that she'd take me up, 'cause no girl ever had done it, and it took a lot of sand to be the first, more than it would now, though it would take a pretty good lot now. Well, I knew it wouldn't do to make old Billy mad, 'cause he might take a shot at the stage and maybe hurt Sue; so I said he could ride on top.

"We were just about ready to start, and I was hopin' we'd get off before Billy showed up. Sue was inside, and Joe Forrest was on the box with me. But just as they hitched the last tug, Billy started to climb up. I could see that somebody had let him smell a cork and made him full, not fightin' drunk, you know, but just funny. He was a little bit lame in one leg, and this made him a little slow in gettin' on top. But at last he was settled, with his legs hangin' down over the side, and his Winchester layin' across his knees. Then he raised his hand and said, as solemn as a judge, 'Let the funeral procession of the noble redmen begin its doleful march.'"

"At that everybody roared, and the mules shot out of there like scared rabbits. When they jumped, Billy had to make a grab for the rail to keep from



fallin' off, and this made him drop his Winchester. I had the mules goin' where I wanted them to, but they were runnin' so fast that all poor old Billy could do was to hold on to the side rail and yell to me to stop them. The ground wasn't very smooth, and the way that old stage jumped and swung around was a caution. I knew Sue was all right, 'cause the old trap wasn't goin' to turn over, and I thought I would just give old Billy a ride for his money. The Injuns were down there in the cotton-woods, just where you see that tepee, and were ready to attack us when we passed.

"We went by there like a scared cayote, with the Injuns pilin' out after us. Lord, how they did yell and whoop when they saw old Billy bouncin' around all over the top of the stage! They cracked away at us for a minute or two; then one young buck rode up and grabbed Billy by the game leg. Say, maybe you think Billy didn't read that Injun's pedigree! Talk about your cyclone cussers! Joe and I could hear him, but I don't think Sue could. But the more Billy yelled and cursed, the harder the buck pulled. Pretty soon the cowboys began to come, and the Injuns made a sneak—all but the one that had hold of Billy. Finally, as he turned to go, too, he gave one big pull. And that pull did the business. He didn't get old Billy off the stage, but he did pull Billy's leg off."

"Oh, now, *Pete!*" Lucy began.

"Fact. It was wooden, you know. Didn't I tell you that? Well, it was. Maybe Uncle William didn't do some cussin' then! But that Injun! You ought to have seen him. He fell clean off his pony, with the leg on top of him. He jumped up quick, took one look at that leg, another at Billy, let out a yell you could have heard a mile, and broke for the timber.

"When we stopped laughin' to get our breath, we heard Sue inside. She had seen the whole show. The Injun had Billy straight over the side, so that his legs hung down over the window, and there he still hung, kickin' with his one good leg and the half of the other. The boys just sat on their horses and watched him squirm. At last Sue got out of the other door, went and got the wooden leg, which the Injun had dropped, and held it up, sayin', 'I think you dropped something, Mr. Wilson.' You ought to have seen the old man when he heard her speak. He was face down, and couldn't see her; so he looked at me and said, 'Where did she come from?' I couldn't talk; so I just pointed to the inside of the stage. What he said to me then, in a sort of a whisper, wasn't very flattering to my pride, but I didn't much blame him. He made one or two big flops and landed right side up on top of the stage. He looked around sheepish-like at all of us, and then began to grin. 'It's a good thing for me that it wasn't the other leg. Drive on, Pete,' he said.

"That was when Sue sprained her waist-band."

"I wish I'd been there," Lucy said laughing.

"Well, Sue deserved the fun, 'cause she was the only girl who ever had the nerve to take the ride."

A moment of silence followed. Pete was looking at something off in the distance, and Lucy was busy making marks in the dust with the toe of her shoe. She looked up quickly, placed her hand on Pete's arm, and said, "Pete, I want to ride in the stage today."

Pete could not have appeared more surprised if he had not been expecting the remark. "You!" he exclaimed, "ride in the stage! Why, you're clean locoed, Lucy. You'll not do anything of the kind, if I know myself."



"Was Sue Jones locoed when she rode in it? I'd like to know what you've got to say about it, anyhow," she retorted sharply, for Pete's insinuations had nettled her considerably. "What right have you to say what I shall and shall not do? I guess I'm my own boss, and I'll ride in that stage if I want to."

Now Pete wanted her to ride in the stage, and he knew a way to make her determined to do so.

"But, Lucy, only one girl ever rode in it. And, you know, Sue—"

"Oh, I wish you would stop talking to me about that horrid, old Sue Jones. It's Sue Jones this and Sue Jones that, till a person would think there never was any other girl but Sue Jones."

Pete was somewhat disconcerted by this outburst, but he recovered himself in a moment, and went on relentlessly.

"Oh, come now, Lucy, you know I didn't mean to throw any dust in your eyes. I know you've got as much nerve as any of these girls, but—"

"But what?"

"But you don't really *want* to, do you? You're just jokin'?"

"No, I'm not just joking. I want to ride in that stage."

"Well, I'll ask your dad."

"Pete Morey, if you say a word to Dad about this, I'll—I'll—well, you'd better not."

And Pete knew that he had better



not, if he didn't want his little scheme spoiled.

"Well, I'll have to ask Jake about it, anyhow."

"What has Jake got to do with it?"

"He's goin' to drive."

"Oh! But what are you doing to do?"

"I'm one of the cowboys."

"All right; you go and tell Jake that I am sure going to ride in the stage."

So off Pete went, first for just a word with Jake to let him know that everything was all right, and then to his Indian friend, Two Toes. He found Two Toes smoking in his tepee, and had a brief but satisfactory conversation with him, or rather explanation to him. Then he sought Lucy and told her that Jake said he guessed it would be all right for her to ride in the stage, which is just what Jake did say, for he was not told and did not divine the entire plan. He cautioned her that she must not tell anyone about it, and that during the ride she must not let the Indians see her. He knew that she would follow the first part of this advice, and rather hoped that she would pay no attention to the rest. Still he felt that, in the light of later events, the mere fact that he had given it would have its weight with her.

He left her then to see that the cowboys were ready, for he was to be their leader, and it devolved upon him to make all necessary arrangements. For him the time went rapidly, as he hurried about reminding some of the boys of the approach of the hour appointed, and literally pulling others away from the games and places of amusement. After two hours of this sort of work, he had most of them mounted and started on the way to the rendezvous near the river. A picturesque crowd they were as they rushed across the prairie, shouting like demons, swinging their ropes, and firing blank cartridges into the air.

Now one of them would rope another and all but drag him from his horse; then another would ride quietly up behind some unsuspecting fellow, seize his horse's tail, give it a turn around the horn of his saddle and, putting spurs to his own horse, roll both horse and rider on the ground—all to the intense delight of the Indians, who watched them from the edge of the cottonwoods.

Pete was the last to leave the crowd. Lucy watched him ride slowly toward the river, and noticed that he was riding Flip-flop, which Pete said was the fastest horse in North Dakota for any distance up to two miles. She wondered why he held Flip in, for that was not his usual way of riding, and put it down to his dislike of showing off. As he neared the brush, she saw him give the horse his head and then pull him in after he had gone two hundred yards. Then she walked quickly to the stage, which was standing near one of the buildings, climbed in unnoticed, and shutting the door crouched back in one corner out of sight.

A few moments later Jake strolled along, and while pretending to look over the stage for signs of a possible break-down, poked his head in the door and said, "All right, are you? You're a brick, you are. But just lay low. I'll tie these doors shut, so nobody else can get in. Jumpin' Jiminy, won't Dick be surprised when he sees you!" He tied one of the doors, on which the catch was broken; but on trying the other he thought the catch strong enough to hold it shut. Afterward he berated himself roundly for not tying them both shut.

Soon the six mules were brought up and hitched to the stage. After seeing that everything was all right, Jake mounted the box and drove over to the usual starting place, where the crowd was now assembled. There he took on the two guards, one on the box with



him and the other on top of the stage. He cracked his long whip close to the ears of the leaders, gave a shrill whistle, and away the stage swung on its perilous, miniature journey across the hostile plains.

The mules started off at a brisk trot, which they soon quickened to a gallop. As soon as they had left the crowd behind, Lucy forgot all about keeping out of sight, and leaned forward to look out of the door. She saw that they were going more slowly now, and that they were in a deep depression near the line of trees along the river bank, where they would be hidden for a few moments from the spectators. The next instant she felt herself seized around the waist by two strong arms and dragged through the door to the ground. She tried to scream, but she was too much frightened to utter a sound. Her terror was greatly increased when she heard grunted close to her ear, "Ugh! Heap fine squaw," and realized that it was an Indian who had her, and that he was placing her upon a horse and was going to leap up behind her. The stage had rushed on, and Jake and his companions had not noticed the abduction, so quickly and quietly was it done. She heard the chorus of hideous yells made by the Indians, as they swarmed out from among the trees and circled around the stage.

Now the Indian was up behind her. Striking his horse with his quirt, he rushed away with her through the fringe of cottonwoods. Too late she found her voice and uttered scream after scream. Two Toes, for it was he on his fleet-footed pinto, did not try to stop her screaming, but gave all his attention to holding her on and guiding his pony between the trees. They soon emerged from the trees and struck the wagon trail that skirted the river bank.

After what seemed to her an age, she

heard a shout and a shot behind them, and looking back saw someone racing after them. This gave her renewed strength, but she found freedom to use it only in screaming. On and on they rushed, catching occasional glimpses of their pursuer, who seemed to be gaining, but, oh! so slowly. Then they came to the ford. Two Toes urged his horse into the water, and quirted it unceasingly, but they could only make slow progress; so that by the time they reached the bank, their pursuer had come up to the ford. She saw that it was Pete, and holding out her arms to him, cried, "Pete! Pete! Save me, Pete! Save me!"

They were again on dry ground, and the Indian was lashing his pony into a run.

"Shoot, Pete, shoot! Quick! Quick!"

She saw him raise his arm and heard the report. Two Toes uttered a cry, as if in pain, and she, feeling his hold on her relaxing, renewed her struggles. He began to sway from side to side, and the pinto, receiving no urging, slackened his pace. Just as she slipped to the ground, Pete came out of the water and rode quickly up to her. Two Toes revived sufficiently to seize his pony 'round the neck and send him on at a run.

Pete threw himself from Flip, and, gathering her in his arms, covered her face with kisses. "Lucy, Lucy dear, are you hurt?" he cried. "Speak to me, Lucy."

She lay still in his arms a minute or two, then reaching up hers, she clasped them 'round his neck, and said, "Oh, Pete, what would I have done if it hadn't been for you?"

For reply he took further advantage of the tempting opportunity, and then, sighing thankfully, gave the vanishing form of Two Toes a covert glance of gratitude.

THE SITE OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

By W. F. G. THACHER

At a meeting of the Lewis and Clark Executive Committee, held in the early part of September, the tract of land at the foot of Willamette Heights and adjacent to Guild's Lake was chosen by the unanimous vote of the committee as the site of the Exposition to be held three years hence. This selection was reached only after long thought and careful investigation. Various sites, located on both sides of the river, were proposed

city, but two and three-quarter miles by the streets, and is already reached by two competing street-railway lines, thus eliminating the question of transportation from the city. The main line of the Northern Pacific runs near the tract, and spurs could be easily extended to the very heart of the grounds, further simplifying the problem.

The land itself seems to possess every requisite for an exposition site. About

THE SITE VIEWED FROM THE WEST

and considered by the committee, but none which offered so many inducements as the Guild's Lake tract. And now that the heat of discussion is passed, public sentiment has naught but approbation for the choice of the committee.

The tract includes an area of 385 acres, of which 115 are land and 270 water. It lies northwest from the city of Portland, one and three-quarter miles in an air line from the center of the

forty acres, lying adjacent to the lake, lends itself naturally to the uses of experimental gardening and the displays of floriculture, horticulture and arboriculture which are to be so conspicuous a feature of the exposition. Further away from the lake, the ground slopes gently upward to a plateau, comparatively level and affording an admirable site for the main buildings and concessions. To the westward, this plateau

gathers itself into a knoll or spur from which may be had a commanding view of the grounds, the lake and the surrounding country.

From the northeast corner of the section extends a long, narrow arm, known as Guild's "Peninsula" which encloses Guild's Lake, protecting it from the encroachments of the Willamette. From this arm, into the middle of the lake, juts another peninsular body of land, the whole scheme yielding a landscape already charming, but which, when beautified by the gardener's art, will be a veritable Eden.

THE SITE AS SEEN FROM THE EAST

Under natural conditions, the lake—which was the determining factor in the committee's choice—is too shallow for navigation by any craft other than those of the lightest draught. But it is proposed to maintain the water at a 6-foot level—approaching high-water mark—by the installation of a centrifugal pump with an 18-inch discharge, supplying 10,000 gallons per minute and requiring fifty horsepower to operate. A pumping plant of such magnitude would keep the water at the desired level and insure a perfect circulation at all parts, obviating the possibility of stagnation.

The important question of water supply is answered with comparative ease. For purposes of drinking, the mains of the city water works could be extended to the grounds at a slight expense. But for fire protection, sewerage, and water displays, it is proposed to pump from the

Willamette to a standpipe at the highest point, from which the grounds could be supplied by gravity pressure.

A comprehensive survey of the various advantages offered by the site only evokes further confirmation of the wisdom of the committee in making their choice. Standing upon a vantage point from which the whole of the site may be viewed, it needs only a slight exertion of the imagination to conceive the grounds as they will appear three years from now, when the art of the gardener and the architect shall have enhanced and adorned the natural picturesque-

ness of the spot. One can fancy the stately buildings, the towers and domes and columns, representing the architecture of all nations; the laughing waters of the lake, over which ply gondolas, launches, pleasure-craft of every description; the multitude thronging hither and thither—representatives of a happy and prosperous people. And this, bathed in the incomparable radiance of an Oregon summer; while beyond, the triumphant mountains stand guard! Surely no Exposition has been nor can be more ideally situated than the Lewis and Clark.

MIGUEL'S DEBT

By MRS. HENRY D. THOMASON

THE dawn was spreading along the east in waves of pearl and amber and the silver smoke, floating plume-like from the summit of Myon de Albay, flushed to a bright crimson as it lifted lightly, then settled in festoons of cotton-like clouds about that regal slope. The little town, nestling so fearlessly at the foot of the great volcano, seemed the abode of peaceful content, its white houses and quaint old church rising picturesquely out of masses of tropical foliage.

On the bay, serenely calm, one boat was visible with its sepia-brown sail squarely set—it seemed to the eye of the beholder to be floating in space. A solitary figure leaned over the side of the boat. In one hand he held the sail rope and with the other idly dipped up handfuls of water which he as idly let fall in shining drops from his brown finger ends. Miguel Lepardes, the boatman, hardly knew where he was or what he was, so disturbed was his mind. His grandfather had been a fisherman; he could remember him well. He taught him his first lesson in sailing a barca; he also showed him how to build the labyrinthine fish traps. Good old man, he was dead five years next *fiesta Asuncion*—peace to his soul—and Miguel crossed himself reverently. His father was also a fisherman, and should be going out to the traps by this time, save that the whole town was in a state of excitement. The Filipino leader, General Analges, with his few straggling forces, had marched into the town the night before, demanding tribute and additions to his army; and Miguel had been one of the young men selected and pointed out by the Presidente as a likely youth, tall, muscular and more squarely built than the average Becol. But Miguel demurred, and when advised by the old Padre and his father to enter the ranks,

answered after the manner of his people, "*poco tiempo*"—wait a little.

This was at dawn, the hour of all the day when the Filipinos are most socially inclined, and when the gossip of the town is most fluently discussed. Leaving the curiosity lovers gathered about his father's door, he walked directly to the beach, where his barca was turned over on its side. He righted it and pushed it off the sandy shingle and was soon winnowing the bright water with his shovel-like oar. Well out in the little bay he ran up the sail and settled himself to the consideration of the subject in hand.

To connect himself with the army meant he knew not what. "The Spaniards," the Presidente told him, were "tyrants." He did not know about that. Padre Ignacio was no tyrant, of that he was quite certain. He had taken his first Communion from his hand, and every month since he had placed two *pesos* on the refectory table at the monastery, the Padre always receiving them with a smile and the words, "My son, he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." To be sure, it was pretty hard work getting those two *pesos* every month, but he had never missed making his offering since his first communion, thanks to Saint Peter, who was also a fisherman.

Senora Irieles was no tyrant, either. She bought fish of him, always paying his own price. He did not wish to fight a lot of Spaniards whom he did not know. Besides, he liked fishing, his nets were always lucky, and he thought no sight could be prettier than a boat full of silvery fish flopping against the dark sides. It was almost as good a sight as though they were big silver *pesos*. Some times a baby shark got into the traps and its dull, dead, expressionless look always made him cry out

"*mucho loco!*" Surely, fishing was the finest occupation in the world. He was a fisherman, and he always wanted to be a fisherman, and all the talk in the world could never make him a bolo man, while as for firing a "bom-bom," he was quite sure he could never learn to do that. Besides, there was Asuncion.

Asuncion was the dearest little Filipino in the world. She was the daughter of Lopez, the *zapetero*, who was a miserable old scamp, always running about with a *gallo de hino* crowing under his arm. But that did not affect Asuncion. She had been his *poco querida* always. No girl in the pueblo was so *bonito*, so pretty, with such long hair, so black and fine. When she walked in the plaza of a Sunday it shone like a looking glass and emitted odors sweeter than honey; and her eyes!—were ever such eyes, or such white teeth, or such a smile? To be sure her stern stepmother saw that Asuncion's chances for smiling were few and far between. She sat all day before the loom in front of the window, weaving the hues of the rainbow into long strips of a fabric like moonlight. Poor little Asuncion, sometimes she looked so tired!

What if he and Asuncion should run away from rumors of war, stern stepmothers and all unpleasant things? He knew a spot—once he had been there with his father. They had gone on a long fishing trip and a typhoon swept the waters and seemed in its swift fury to merge the sea and the sky together. His father had seemingly set the little boat for the side of a huge mountain range that jutted straight up out of the sea. Their sail bore them swiftly along, the wind being in the right direction, and Miguel thought his father had lost his senses and that they were being driven to their doom, when a narrow passage in the mountain side seemed to open as if by magic. Dropping the sail, they rowed safely in through the narrow inlet and found themselves in the midst of a little bay, rimmed about with high mountainous crags that loomed up toward the sky. How sweet was the calm and quiet of that shadowed place after the roaring of the typhoon! On a flat rock, up which they climbed, they ate

their frugal supper, while the purple twilight filled the grotto with mystic light. Looking up, for the sky had cleared, the heavens seemed like the ceiling of a church, blue as the robe of Marie Madre, studded with silver stars. Why could not he and Asuncion seek that place so calm, so still, so beautiful? The fishing was the best in the world, and no sound of war or fretting stepmother's voice could reach that distant hidden spot.

All these thoughts passed in chaotic swiftness through Miguel's mind as he floated in the placid bay, forgetful that the sun was rising higher and higher and beating with true tropic fervor upon his bamboo sombrero. He turned his boat about and soon beached it and walked quickly to his father's house. The groups of friendly neighbors had not yet disbanded.

"Here he comes," cried one.

"Are you going?" called another.

"*Poco tiempo,*" answered Miguel.

A few hours after he saw Asuncion coming with water for the midday meal. She stood straight as a young palm tree, and as slender, poising on her little head the great red jar, glistening with its sheen of silvery exalation. Her eyes seemed to Miguel more mournful than he had ever seen them. He spoke briefly with her in the shadow of a neighbor's gateway. Afterwards he took his savings and bought a few mats, some cooking utensils and a bag of rice and a bunch of bananas.

There was no early moon that night and the excitement of the presence of the great General Analges in their midst, who was to be banqueted by the Presidente, prevented any undue notice of his actions. While the banquet was at its height with merriment, a little figure stole down to the beach with a big *canasta* poised lightly on her head. Miguel took the basket and put it in the boat on top of his nets. Asuncion stepped in and seated herself in the stern. Miguel gave the boat a push, and was soon paddling softly out into the bay. There was no word spoken, and well out from the shore he set the sail of the slender little craft and they were soon speeding over the rippling water as if driven by

a new impulse—the impulse of love and freedom.

They were very poor. Miguel had only a *medio peso* left in his money box and Asuncion had never had a *peso* of her own in all her life. True, she had plenty of *camisas* and *pañuelos* and *zapaterias*, for her stepmother had a sort of selfish pride in seeing the girl provided with raiment beyond her station. As they swept into the waters of the sea of Lagoyoy, the moon came up softly, radiant as only tropic moons can be, and made a golden path of light across the dark water. A fresh breeze filled the sail, the little waves about the humble prow sang sweetly, and a pure and gentle happiness settled upon the young lovers.

The next evening Miguel steered his craft into the narrow entrance and moored it in the mountain-circled bay he so well remembered. It was just at twilight, and the purple shadows were filling every nook and cranny. A spot more beautiful, more peaceful and more conducive to their sincere and simple love could not well be imagined. Miguel fixed for the site of their dwelling the flat rocky ledge where he and his father had partaken of their humble meal so long ago, quite above the reach of the highest tide. Through the narrow inlet, Miguel brought wood and bark from the neighboring islands and fashioned his house with dull hands, unaccustomed to that sort of labor. And because Asuncion missed her wonted tasks at the loom, he took a heavy boat load

of finny treasure along the coast of Catanduanes, for there he was unknown, and sold them, and with the proceeds bought a half-worn loom and some hemp. Afterwards he could look up from the beach from where he was mending his nets and see Asuncion at her loom before the window, weaving and smiling at the same time, and was that not joy enough for a mortal?

Never was there a better little *mujer* than Asuncion. She knew how to prepare the small fish, and brown them crisp and golden in their own fat; she knew how to cook rice so the kernels stood out like myriad seed pearls; and she kept her jet black locks as shining and bright as in the days when she sat under her stepmother's supervision at her loom before her window.

For many months Miguel and Asuncion lived in peaceful content, seeing only each other, hearing only each other's voices. The days were marked by sunrise and sunset. The seasons were in no way different, always sunshine, warm skies, green trees, growing plants, silvery rains. No cold winds ever blew upon their fragile habitation, no frost ever blighted their rows of *taro*, no day dawned that did not hold superb gifts of beauty which, even to those untutored minds, sweetened and brightened the performance of humble tasks.

Of all the hours of the beautiful day, Asuncion loved best the twilight hour, when the grotto filled with Tyrian hues, when the moonlight and the starlight fell in floods of radiance. To Asuncion

it seemed like the church at home in fiesta time, when amid the purple incense the candles shone on the high altar. At such times Asuncion told her beads with happy intonations, and never a day did she not say her Pater Noster and whisper "Jesu, Maria and Jose" with a soul full of thankful energy for Miguel and all his goodness to her. There is a tremulous sorrow sadder than can be expressed in happiest moments, for the great autocrat change is omnipresent. Rarely, if ever, is happiness based upon conditions unsubjected to change.

One morning at sunrise, Asuncion, smiling brightly, gave into Miguel's arms a babe, with just such midnight hair and big dark eyes. Smiling, too, she seemed like a little reflected Asuncion. But, alas! the little mother closed her dark eyes and sank into a deep sleep from which Miguel, in spite of all his wild entreaties, could not awaken her. Her happiness had been so deep-seated she could not lose the look of it.

And because a wee Filipino cannot live on rice and fish, the little Asuncion also closed her pretty dark eyes and could not be awakened. Like her mother, she, too, smiled as she slept.

Miguel sat on the rocky plateau and looked about him despairingly. At last he went to the beach and, taking his sail down, brushed it carefully, then carried it up to the little *casa* where his two Asuncions lay sleeping. He laid the tiny Asuncion in her mother's arms and spreading the sail on the floor, gently laid the two together on it. Then, with strips of bamboo he sewed it up in a seam rough but tight. He stopped weaving the strips to and fro when he came to Asuncion's face—she smiled so sweetly—then without a tear he went on until the seam was finished and the bodies carefully encased in the sail. He lifted the burden and carried it down the steep incline to the beach and placed it in his boat, where he fastened to it with bamboo strips a huge stone. Then, rowing out to the middle of the mountain circled water, he lifted it over the side of the boat and lightly poised it there an instant, saying, "Adios, Querida." It sank quickly out of sight, the eddying circles spreading wider and wider until

there was not even a ripple to be seen. When Miguel looked up, the purple twilight Asuncion loved was filling the grotto, and one single star, the first of many that would appear later, smiled down upon him. As he rowed wearily away, he turned and looked back on the scene of his former happiness and saw among the purple shadows a white figure waving as if in farewell from one of the great niches in the side of the steep rocks, which Asuncion had so often compared to those in the church at home where the saints abide. The figure still continued waving and beckoning. Miguel cried out once more in an ecstasy of grief and fear, "Adios, Querida." The echoes in the cavern answered "Adios, Querida—Querida—Querida," and Miguel thought it was the voice of Asuncion.

Three days after, a haggard young-old man crept into the side entrance of the church of San Francisco and ran rather than walked till he reached Padre Ignacio's confessional box. It was occupied by a native priest who told him Padre Ignacio had gone to Manila, and perhaps would never return. He whispered long and rapidly into the ear of the listening Padre who, after a long pause, bade him rise and come with him. He took him into a secret chamber and gave him firearms, a revolver, a Mauser, bullets in a belt, a wide-bladed knife with an edge as thin as paper, and bade him travel night and day until he reached Nueva Caceres, where he would find a new army rising for defence against a new foe. For a great and powerful people had invaded the islands. With this newly organized army of his countrymen he must unite himself for penance of his crime in fleeing from his duty and persuading another to flee from her's.

"My son, fight valiantly, first for your church, then your country, for they are and ever must be one and inseparable. Only by so doing will you gain indulgence for yourself and respite for the soul of Asuncion, held fast in nameless torment for her sins. Could you know the height and the depth of her sufferings at this moment, you would leave nothing undone to appease them." Miguel shuddered at these words, and a look

of stern resolve mantled his hitherto gentle features. He did as Padre Sabedeo bade him, and no more intrepid soldier was to be found in the ranks of the Filipino army. His energy and ever tireless ambition to meet the enemy won for him in a short time recognition from his superiors. He was a desperate fighter, and seemingly scornful of danger. The hands so long used to the oar, the sail and the subtleties of the net, became deft with lock and trigger; no jungle depths dismayed him and the long cruel marches seemed devoid of fatigue.

One day, in a fierce engagement, he found himself isolated from his comrades and with but one cartridge remaining in his belt. Placing it in his rifle, he

aimed at an officer and fired, and almost simultaneously a private, standing by the dying officer's side, sent a bullet crashing into the Filipino's breast. Miguel smiled once up into the faces of those who crowded about him and whispered one word—for his voice was very weak—and that word was "Asuncion."

So Miguel paid his debt and Asuncion's also, to time the world and the higher civilization. His only remaining creditor being One who judges not as men judge, but compassionately and with long suffering, administering mercy to thousands upon thousands of thousands, each in their day and generation.



A M i r a c l e

By Jean Cutler

I stood within a harvest field alone—
A field so brown and dead and desolate
There seemed no hope, no promise left.
"Behold!" I cried, "the end of all,
When hopes have perished, friends have fled
And life alone is left, thus dead and desolate."

Again I stood, and Love was by my side;
But lo! A miracle had changed what once I saw,
And now the fields were green
And promise gave of harvests rich and full.
A miracle? Or had Love wrought the change?
I pondered long and said:
"Perchance a miracle; but Love hath opened now mine eyes
To see the beauty of the fields—
Else were the miracle in vain."

By William Bittle Wells

"Manifest Destiny"

THE proper recognition of existing conditions, whether applicable to the nation or to the individual, is one of the essential elements of growth and progress, if not of true greatness. There is a hidden danger for the individual who does not recognize his real limitations or possibilities. There is hope and more for one who does. A full measure of self-realization is only possible when one is able to assume the mental attitude of weighing his actual abilities, or lack of them, his stamina, *himself*, with the elements that oppose him. One who knows himself, who knows the foes that he must meet, has the battle half won. This is true of the field of carnage. It is true of men in their struggles for supremacy, for success. It is true of nations. Men and nations must recognize themselves as they are.



It is fitting and proper, therefore, that as a nation we should recognize the position that we occupy in the world and the possibilities that are before us. If it be true, as we believe it is, that the American nation is, in many respects, the greatest the world has ever seen and destined to become far greater than we can at present conceive, there need be no apology for any investigation of facts by the American people themselves. The history of our country is at once strange, wonderful, fascinating. According to a prominent Pacific Coast divine, the hand of destiny is plainly visible from the landing at Plymouth in 1620 up to the battle of Manila, and only a fool cannot see it. Certain it is that as a nation the United States is peculiarly favored. Who could have believed that in two fierce battles between modern warships (Manila and Santiago) our navy would come out practically unscathed? Strange as this may be, the mighty and gigantic forces of peace that are making for American conquest of the world are more apt to excite our wonder and bewilder our minds with the possibilities that lie before us. Some idea of this is given in a letter of G. E. Tarbell, recently published in the daily papers. He says:

This is the richest country on earth. It is estimated, for instance, that we are worth \$15,000,000,000 more than Great Britain. Our population is growing faster than that of any other country in the world. We manufacture more than England, France and Germany combined. We have 10,000 more miles of railroad track than all the other countries of Europe put together. Our farmers are in a class by themselves—not at all to be compared with the agrarian population of other nations. We grow one-quarter of the wheat of the world, and four-fifths of the world's cotton. Just now we are harvesting the greatest corn crop ever known. [The corn crop of

the United States for 1902 is 2,589,951,000 bushels, or more than the entire crop of the world for last year.—W. B. W.] Oats, rye, buckwheat, barley, tobacco and other lesser agricultural products show increases of almost unprecedented size, while only twice in our history has this year's wheat yield ever been exceeded.

Factories of nearly all kinds are far behind their orders, and this is true by many months of the iron and steel industries. In fact, it is well known that we are importing both iron and steel from the other side. Building projects planned recently in New York and other cities are at a standstill for want of material. The business of the railroads was never so good. It is said that one great railroad company alone, to relieve the freight congestion on its main line and various branches, is spending millions on new rolling stock, having just ordered 250 high-class freight locomotives, at a cost of \$3,250,000, to say nothing of some 15,000 new steel freight cars and other smaller improvements. That company's competitors are keeping pace with its aggressiveness, and we have only to read the daily papers to see, if we do not know from actual experience, that these are the days of great things in railroads, which are practically the pulse of the country.

After having reflected on these things, look around you at the smaller industries and affairs of life, and you will see that the individuals, high and low, reflect these conditions. They are prosperous; they have money to spend, and some to lay by for the future—more in the aggregate than they have ever had before. Talk about the golden age—it is now, it is here. Read your history, and show me any age half so good to live in as the present, from the standpoint of prosperity and progress.



Not only from all parts of our own country, but from Europe as well, comes the realization of the wonderful progress that the United States is making, and a suggestion of its brilliant future. The less favored regions of the world may well fear the economical encroachments of such a power. This note is sounded by the *London Financier*, which says:

As long as the United States continues in its present prosperous condition, absorbing all it can produce in the way of iron and steel, British manufacturers need not fear serious competition. But this prosperity cannot last indefinitely. The home demand must fall off to a greater or lesser extent when, owing to the present increase of output all over the country, we shall probably see an over-production exceeding anything ever heretofore experienced. Preparations are being made to meet this contingency, so that when supply greatly exceeds demand in America everything will be in readiness to carry the surplus to Europe and other countries more economically than ever before. * * *

While the whole country is in a condition of great prosperity, perhaps it is more noticeable, comparatively speaking, in the South than in any other part. Not that the Southern States are really more prosperous than the Northern, but the contrast is so much greater than what it was a few years ago. The increase in exports and imports in the principal Southern ports in the last two years is a reflection of the growth in commerce and trade. Railway traveling has been very much improved, and the railway companies are assisting the farmers and manufacturers, knowing that their profits depend upon the resources of the South, and as a consequence no effort is being spared to encourage the development of the industries along the various lines. The development of the oil industry has done wonders for some of the States. Not only has it brought immense sums of money, but the low cost of oil has caused it to be used as fuel on steamships, locomotives, etc., reducing the costs of manufacture and transport to no inconsiderable extent.

Trusts

Continued from October

By J. M. Long

Analagous Cases—Railroads, Banks, Etc.

Many years ago the different States of the Union found it necessary to regulate and control the affairs of banking institutions and insurance companies and railroads. Likewise the general government passed a law regulating inter-State commerce. Thus the State regulates and conducts the railroad within the State and the general government between the States, thus retaining a harmonious hold; and, aside from a few Western States, the policy of the States and of the general government has become so thoroughly settled and understood between the people and the railroads that there was scarcely any agitation whatsoever until the great flurry in stocks of the Northern Pacific last year, followed by the organization of the Northern Securities Co. Thus again the railroads of the United States have been called into the political arena and new laws and new methods demanded for the regulation of their affairs; and without doubt the railroad question will be early solved and will not further disturb the people of this country for many years. Then the States deemed it advisable in the interest of the general welfare and public policy of the State to regulate and control banking and insurance companies, and, step by step, they graduated the affairs of these institutions until they practically dictate the method to be pursued in banking business, and the care and protection of the funds of the policy holder by the insurance company.

These were all attacked in various courts as unconstitutional, as attacking the liberty of the individual, preventing him from exercising his power under the law and the stifling of trade; but all this opposition went down before the

rule of public policy. There is no reason why the same rule that has been applied for years to railroads, banking and insurance companies and kindred institutions should not be applied to all corporations. The Legislature has undoubted right to deny to the people the right to organize a corporation. The State may declare that it is against public policy to have them. If it has that power, then it has power to limit corporations.

In New York State there has been a law for years that allows railroad corporations to be capitalized on a basis of the cost of its road, and it seems to me that the remedy is simple and quickly applied.

A foreign corporation has no greater powers or rights in the State than domestic corporations. The Legislature should pass an act that all corporations hereafter organized should be subject to limitation, regulation and control by the Legislature, and a board created to pass upon the applications for incorporations and inspect and see that their capital stock is actually paid at par value, and that the objects and purposes of the corporation do not tend to create monopolies.

The sentiment that is now abroad of opposition to any law that is an abridgement of the individual rights, and of their desire to be a law unto themselves, must be curbed.

This sentiment of opposition to organized government, and the desire and purpose to abuse the rights of life, liberty and happiness is not confined to our common people, but is found among the wealthy.

Today we are confronted with the spectacle of the Speaker of the House of Representatives declining to stand for re-election because the people of his

State, more than one hundred thousand strong, have demanded a revision of the tariff necessary wherever it would have a tendency to abridge monopolies and trusts. With childish glee he makes faces at his masters, and seems to have forgotten that he is in front of the Juggernaut of public policy, and his passing will be like the dropping of a pebble into the sea, and even the waves will be discernible only to those closely scrutinizing the surface of the water.

When our fore-fathers were boys, their fathers pointed with pride to the successful man who, by honesty and industry, raised himself from poverty to wealth, but today modern honesty no longer regards it immoral to obtain, by means which our fathers regarded as crime, that portion of another's goods that he has been taught to believe he was unjustly deprived of, if it can be obtained under the semblance of law.

Competition in the great industries of the world is almost extinguished, and in a corresponding ratio unions have been organized and today they are really the only big back-fire we have against trusts.

They agitate and call the attention of the people to the condition of the state of affairs, and cause business men to stop and think why these conditions arise. And if they continue in the future as they have in the past, they will arouse public sentiment to that point that the people will enact such laws as are essential to meet the conditions of modern commercialism.

A few years ago there was scarcely a monopoly or trust in this country. They have so multiplied within the past ten years that they are today capitalized in the United States alone at over ten billion of dollars, governing and controlling in almost every instance the necessities of life.

The Remedy We all agree that these trusts and monopolies are evils that must be curbed, and it seems that the discovery and application of a proper remedy should not be difficult or long delayed.

Some of our distinguished people are suggesting publicity, others federal control, but neither of these is sufficiently

drastic to meet the demands for immediate relief.

Publicity excites and gratifies vulgar curiosity, and would increase rather than eradicate the evil.

Federal control falls short of the case to which it is applied. In my judgment the proper remedy for controlling trusts lies in the examination and regulation of the corporation itself. Co-operation of men and combination of capital have become ingrafted upon the economic forces of the future. The little workshop around the corner has gone out of business forever. Combined capital and labor can produce a better and cheaper

J. M. LONG

article than individual labor. We must accommodate ourselves to this order of things and seek to remedy rather than to change the combinations themselves.

No good reason has ever existed why this combination should not submit to public examinations and regulations, be limited in their power to organize, be, as the banking and insurance companies are, subject to the control of the people, as are all matters of public utilities.

Financial institutions of this country that are regulated and strictly controlled by the government are the ones that give the greatest security to the individual depositors. And States that are

strict in the enforcement of the laws regulating the form of policy to be issued, providing how their reserve fund shall be deposited and controlled and handled are the ones that give the greatest security to the policy-holder. The very security of capital itself lies in its regulation and control by the government, for when they are so controlled, the people themselves are satisfied with the conditions that exist because it is their laws that control them. And the same reasons which the courts have assigned so long for the right of control over railroads and banks and other public utilities apply in an equal degree to all corporations and combinations, for they are presumably created not for themselves alone, but the grant is made because it is a benefit to the people. No person would suppose that any class of men would have the right to enter into a combination or corporation unless it is for the public benefit, and if it is not for the benefit of the general public it is clearly injurious to the public.

Our fore-fathers declared that whenever any form of government became destructive of the rights of the people, then it became the duty of the people to abolish that form of government and institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such forms as shall secure life, liberty and happiness. There is no necessity for changing our constitution. Our constitution is not inimical to the best interest of our people. The power is left with the people, and all laws which secure life, liberty and happiness are constitutional. Therefore, when we find any laws that have been enacted by our Legislature that are destructive to the rights of the people, it becomes the duty of the people to abolish these laws and insist on enacting new laws, as our fore-fathers said, "laying the foundation upon such principles and organizing its power in such form as will secure life, liberty and happiness," this being destroyed under the law already in force.

The American people have found that when the law enacted, supposedly for the benefit of the people—and under which these trusts and monopolies are being formed—is abused, and the rights

of the people not subserved, it then becomes the duty of the people to so modify the law as will best subserve the interest of the people. In this case, the law supposedly enacted for the benefit of the people has been taken advantage of by speculators for combining capital to control the necessities of life, and it becomes our duty to abolish those laws.

The remedy must be applied through the Legislatures of the States. Supposing that the Legislatures of the different States had six years ago passed a law providing that all corporations thereafter organized should be subject to the regulation, limitation and control of the Legislature, of the ten billions of dollars now represented in monopolies nine billions would have been subject to the Legislatures of the States, and could have been stamped out in thirty days. It is not too late to act now.

The Legislature of this State and all States would do well at their first session to provide that all incorporations hereafter made should be brought under the Legislative control, and by requiring all inter-State corporations doing business within the State to submit to the same laws as domestic corporations.

As I have said, these corporations are permitted to organize because it is for the public benefit. Experience has demonstrated that they are willing, whenever their selfish ends are at stake, to bring on a condition which I have described. Therefore, the public interest and public welfare demands that a law should be passed compelling all these public institutions that receive sanction to do business under the law should submit to arbitration, which should provide for the settlement of difficulties and disagreements between employer and employee.

And wherever we have a law granting special privileges, or protecting any particular industry that is itself undertaking to control the necessities of life, or those that have been made necessary by reason of our commercial condition, repeal that law, and whenever it is found that the tariff on any particular article has a tendency to create a monopoly, we can do no more than abolish the tariff, if necessary, in order to curb the monopoly.

Santos-Dumont

It is not generally known that the birthplace of Alberto Santos-Dumont, the foremost aeronaut of the time, was in Brazil, South America. And that fact has had no inconsiderable bearing upon his career; for in the great desert distances, the pathless wilds of his native land, was born the love of freedom, of unrestricted motion, which now finds expression in his efforts to solve the problems of aerial navigation.

In his childhood he was forever flying kites; or launching into the air miniature aeroplanes constructed of bits of straw and driven by propellers moved by springs of twisted rubber; or inflating little silk-paper balloons, watching in an ecstasy of delight their graceful flight into the regions of thin air, until they were lost in invisibility.

Also, he devoured all the books accessible on the history of aeronautics, and read with keenest joy the marvelous stories of Verne, whose fancy so readily supplies the secret of the airship and sends his heroes spinning through the further voids.

A favorite game with young Alberto and his playmates—and one which resembles the "Beast, bird or fish?" of our own childhood—was called "Pigeon flies." The leader of the game would call out, "Pigeon flies; crow flies; eagle flies; etc. At each call the children would raise a finger. But sometimes the

leader would substitute an animal or fish for the bird, and then the unwary one whose too ready finger was raised at the call, "Cat flies; cow flies;" was compelled to pay a forfeit. Alberto was

ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT

Courtesy of McClures

an easy victim, for as sure as "Man flies" was called his finger came up, and resolutely did he maintain that he was right.

Never more perfectly has the old proverb "The child is father to the man," been exemplified. The dreams and long-

ings of childhood are finding the realizations of accomplishment.

Andrew D. White

But few men in America can look back upon so distinguished a career as that of Andrew D. White, who, until his recent resignation, on his seventieth birthday, was the American Ambassador to the German Empire.

Attache, teacher of history, State Senator, President of a great University and finally incumbent of a diplomatic post of exceeding responsibility and dignity, his services have been great not only in quality but in variety.

A graduate of Yale, '53, he was soon appointed to the American Legation at St. Petersburg. Years succeeded, spent in study in Berlin and Paris, fitting the young student for the important posts that awaited him. In '57 he began teaching history at the University of Michigan, filling the chair with honor. But in '62 infirm health compelled him to resign. Returning to Syracuse, N. Y., his former home, he entered politics and was elected to the State Legislature. While serving in that capacity he was associated in the "committee on literature" with a man who desired to devote his wealth to public uses. He came to White for counsel, and together they formulated plans the outgrowth of which was Cornell University.

In '79 Dr. White was appointed Minister to Berlin; in '92, Minister to Russia; and five years later President Harrison named him for the post he has just resigned. Although Dr. White's active labors may be over, it is hoped that he may be granted many years in which to enjoy the honors he has so nobly won.

Great Men as Cooks

I am perfectly willing to rise or fall, says Deshler Welch in *Good House-keeping*, with Thackeray, whose *boullabaisse* was a wonder in maturation, elaboration and animal and vegetable misalliance; Napoleon, with his special dishes, beginning with "Chicken a la Marengo;" Samuel Johnson, with his happy aids in the work of deglutition, who said that he could write a better book on cookery than any woman; Alex-

ander Dumas, whose belief in the sincerity of his friends was only when they allowed him to make special dishes in their kitchens; George Augustus Sala, whose ambition in life was to become more famous as the author of a good cook book (and he accomplished it in his *Thorough Good Cook*) than by his literary work; and so on *ad infinitum* among authors, philosophers (such as Savarin), poets, soldiers and chemists (such as Mattieu Williams), and down to modern times among such men and *bon vivants* as John Chamberlain, Charles Delmonico, Ward McAllister, Tom Ochiltree, Henry Guy Carleton and Russel Henderson! And I am further willing to stand or fall among such princes as actors and good fellows in their love of the chaffing-dish as Richard Mansfield, John Drew, Maurice Barrymore, Ed Holland, William H. Crane, J. K. Hackett—and all the good fellows in the Lambs' Club!

A Famous Caricaturist

The overthrow of Tammany in New York City, says Pearson's, will recall to the enemies of that society the mighty upheaval that put an end to the Tweed Ring and sent Tweed himself into hiding in Spain. It is not known to everybody that Thomas Nast's cartoons were the cause of the capture of the fugitive. One of the Spanish police, having seen the cartoon representing Tweed in a criminal act, caused the exile's arrest, and thus justified Tweed's fear of Nast's pencil. Arguments might be answered or defied; they were beyond the understanding of many of the boss's followers. But the picture brought conviction—in both senses.

Thomas Nast has left the arena to younger men, but he has lost none of his interest in the good fight. When President Roosevelt was a Police Commissioner, the veteran cartoonist was so delighted with the efforts of the practical reformer that Nast made a call upon him and heartily congratulated Commissioner Roosevelt upon his work for good government. To his surprise and delight, Nast was heartily welcomed, and Roosevelt said, "Mr. Nast, I learned politics from your cartoons in Harper's Weekly."

Archives of Oregon Historical Society

Under this heading will appear, from time to time, copies of interesting documents bearing on the early history of the original Oregon.

The following is the marriage certificate of probably the first couple ever married on the Columbia river:

"To all whom it may Concern:

"This is to certify that Mr. Cornelius Rogers, and Miss Satyra Leslie were united in the bonds of matrimony according to the form prescribed by the Methodist Episcopal Church. The rites were celebrated on the 2nd day of September 1842, on board the Brig Chenamus Columbia River.

"Given under my hand this 18th day of November, 1842 at Honolulu Sandwich Islands.

"JOHN P. RICHMOND

"Late Missionary to Oregon"

Early in February, 1843, Dr. Elijah White and Nathaniel Crocker, of the 1842 immigration, W. W. Raymond of the Methodist Mission, ten miles below what is now Salem, Cornelius Rogers and wife (above referred to), and Mrs. Rogers' young sister were on their way from the Mission to the Falls (Oregon City) in a large Chinook canoe, manned by four Indians. Arriving at the rapids above the falls, where the basin and breakwater is now located, they attached a line to the canoe, as was the custom, and Mr. Raymond and two Indians walked along the rocks to hold it while approaching a landing place just above the falls. As the canoe came alongside a log Dr. White stepped out, and instantly, his action having sent the craft out into the stream, a strong current caught the stern, snatched the line from those on the bank and carried the canoe, with its precious living freight, like a flash over the falls, only a few rods distant. The canoe was dashed to pieces

and four human lives swallowed up in the whirlpool below.

The "George Washington" referred to in the following bill is a colored man, who is believed to be still living in Centralia, Washington. He was the first settler in that vicinity. When he came to Oregon is not known, but it was in a very early day:

"George Washington Bought of D. Leslie

"1 pair of shoes.....	2.00
"1 piece of hdkf.....	1.10
"1 bedspread	3.00
"36 yards of gingham.....	9.00
"6 Blue edged plates.....	1.50
"1 creamer25
"2 glasses25

17.10

"Willamitte Falls Oct 3 1843"

"Yarba Buena 23d July 1837

"Mr W Gulnack—Sir—Should Mr. Edwards be in want of Powder please let him have it & I will returne you the same by first chance or pay for it as you and he may agree

Yours &c

NATHAN SPEAR"

Walla Walla Valley Pioneer Association

On the 29th of September the Pioneer Association of Walla Walla Valley held their annual reunion and business meeting at Walla Walla. About 200 of the old-timers were present; many old acquaintances were resumed and old experiences brought to mind. A parade was a feature of the day, and the free basket lunch served at the fruit fair pavilion was thoroughly enjoyed. The day's exercises were successful in every sense, and great credit is due to those who were responsible for the arrangements.

The business session in the afternoon was called to order by President Blalock, and several new members were received. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. N. G. Blalock; First Vice-President, Milton Evans; Second Vice President, A. C. Dickinson, Waitsburg; Secretary, Marvin Evans; Treasurer, Levi Ankeny. After the lunch a number of short speeches were made and a series of reminiscences were given. The fruit fair was inspected, and toward evening the party dispersed. Since the last meeting, a year ago, four members of the association have died—W. H. H. Brunton, John Toles, B. W. Bussell and G. W. McKee. The society has funds on hand, and it is hoped in the future to gather and publish a volume of pioneer sketches.



Olympia, Washington

Olympia is one of the oldest settlements in the Puget Sound district. The territory comprised in the town of Olympia was originally a claim held by Levi Lathrop Smith, and known as Smithfield. Smith came to the Northwest from Wisconsin, hailing originally from New York State. He built the first cabin in what is now the city of Olympia, on Main street, half way between Second and Third. The structure was 16 feet square, made of split cedar and roofed with 4-foot shingles. It boasted a stone fire-place, a stick chimney, and a window containing three panes of glass. Mr. Smith was elected

to the Legislature, but did not live to take his seat. He left a curious and interesting diary, giving a detailed account of his experiences and hardships.

On the death of the original owner, Smithfield was occupied by Edmund Sylvester, who, in 1850, laid it off and dedicated it as a town. Thither came M. T. Simmons and C. H. Smith, who brought a cargo of merchandise in the *Orbit*. To encourage trade, Sylvester gave the new firm two lots for business purposes. On this site was erected of rough boards a building two stories high and with ground dimensions of 20 by 40 feet. Here the cargo was displayed for sale, a profitable trade was the result, and the foundations laid of the business which thrives in the modern Olympia.

Authorities differ as to who suggested the name, Olympia. In one history, the credit is given to C. H. Smith; but Bancroft gives S. N. Eby as the originator of the title. At any rate, the name is a most fitting one, as anyone can testify who has seen and marveled at the majestic, snowcapped peaks that are so clearly visible from the city.

Mother Makes the Home

It is home where the heart is, and thus it follows, in the way of nature, that mother makes the home, and that when mother is gone, home is gone. It was mother who travailed in pain at childbirth. It was mother who fed and tenderly cared for the helpless babe. It was mother who made the garments which first were worn, and who, as time brought childhood out of infancy, caressed and watched over the early morning of life. The presence of mother's loving heart, the unremitting devotion of mother, made the home. Mother may have been worn and weary by multitudinous cares, she may have been borne down and made nervous and irritable by the wild ways of her offspring, and possibly by lack of necessary home supplies. But mother-love never failed. When sickness or misfortune brought distress to any member of the home circle, it was she who nursed and spoke words of comfort, albeit the body was weak and in pain and the heart was breaking from lack of sympathy and appreciation. The true mothers always have been, and they always will be, the most real types of heaven which are permitted to adorn the earth. And just in proportion as the mother forsakes her noble calling, will she fall away from the heights which her sacrificial life has made forever sacred. As the mother leaves the true home-making, as she becomes restive under the restraints of her life-giving for the sake of the family, as she abdicates the queenly position she was divinely designed to fill, she must cease to command the highest respect of the world, and homes will be barren of the heart which has made them worthy of the name. Home is where the heart is, and mother is the heart.

Geo. M. Gage

The McCorkledy Veranda

(Continued)

Marie McCorkledy usually sits in the dim parlor, flirting with Horton P. Van Dyke's shipping clerk, who lives next door. She keeps one ear open to the veranda, however. And her voice floated out, after Mr. Gargoyle had finished his narrative, "Our mother is not a worrier. We're thankful for that. True, she has worried considerably about those bill-boards across the street, since the public discussion over them, but we trust it will wear off. Before the discussion she never saw them."

"Oh yes, I did," said Mrs. McCorkledy, from her placid rocking chair on the veranda. "I never said anything, but it was the silence of despair."

"We girls think the bill-boards are just lovely," said Doran Josephine. Mr. Gargoyle gazed critically up at the full moon, clasped his arms a little tighter around his knees, and remarked that he believed that there were two sides to that question, himself. This deeply scandalized Sarah McCorkledy, who is an earnest and highly cultivated grammar school teacher, but he only insisted further, without taking his gaze from the moon, "And the esthetic element is not all on the opposing side by any means, as I am prepared to prove to you. There are——" But just then Mr. McCorkledy's swinging, solid-citizen tread sounded in the foreground, and the next moment, with big soft hat settled comfortably on the back of his head, he had swung himself down beside his friend Gargoyle.

"You're late—the Committee must have held an extra session," said his wife, affectionately. Mr. McCorkledy breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction. It was so good to get home. "That's right. They did," he said. "Held it pretty much all over Portland; from Sellwood to Peninsular, from out Montavilla way to Council Crest. Tramped through brush, dust, hollers and hills. But say,

I'm fresh as when we started out! See those shoes?"—extending a foot which fairly loomed in the moonlight. "I'm mighty glad you made me get 'em, Luella. They're dandies—the brutes! Look how they fit all the reefs and the knobs and parapets and plateaus on my feet—fit 'em like a soft glove! Look at that sole now—ain't that a promenade deck for you? Why, I felt so comfortable all day I had all the advantage. I could keep cool and calm and collected in a debate, and know where I was at. Nothing upset me. It's all my wife's doings. She made me get 'em. And I said if you want a lot of citizens to get something done, just shoe 'em all like that!"

Lucia Van Cliff Chase

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How Shall a Man Dress?

Sundry terms are used to designate the aspect of trimness, grace and ease that mark the garb of a gentleman, but as yet an adequate expression is lacking. What is that subtle something, that indefinable air, that for want of a better word, we call "smartness"—whence does it arise, how is it acquired?

Broadly, the art of dressing may be divided into two things—harmony and fitness. Harmony in dress means that each part must be reconcilable to the other; that there must be no jarring contrasts; that color must match color and form match form; that, in short, the ensemble must be soothing, flawless. Fitness in dress means that the apparel must correspond to the occasion, to time and place.

In these two elements—harmony and fitness—the art of dressing is crystallized; all else is tributary. Smartness applies as much to the wearer of clothes as to the clothes themselves. The "smartly" dressed man does not derive distinction from his clothes, but rather imparts it to them.

Thus we come to personality in clothes,—the secret in good dressing. The man who wears his clothes with an air as though they were a part of his individuality, who contrives to make

them seem of himself, has mastered good dressing. Thought, observation, and study of self are the cardinal requirements.

There is a knack in wearing clothes, the same as there is a knack in anything else. A man must carry his clothes well, and never be uncomfortably conscious of them.

Correct and appropriate dressing is really using one's good sense, and the man that "keeps up with the times" and adopts every novelty in the way of dress is not always the best dressed man. It depends entirely upon "the style of the man" whether the article will make him well dressed or otherwise. Some men cannot, with safety, wear bright colors, and it only lays them open to ridicule if they don red neckties and bright hosiery.

There are certain things which we see every day that are really ridiculous, if you come to think of it. Stout men invariably wear white waistcoats, which only emphasize their rotundity; the tall slender young fellow wears vertical stripes, which only make him look the taller and slenderer. He should wear light mixtures and soft plaids. The short, thick-set fellow almost always wears big plaids and wooly fabrics, when he should wear strip effects in smooth fabrics.

Now the man who dresses in best taste dresses in inconspicuous nicety. He follows the fashions as far as they are adapted to him; modifies them, when necessary to fit his particular case, and is dressed in fashion ever. The question of fashion resolves itself into a question of good taste. A man does not show good taste, if his apparel is so different from that of his fellow men as to be particularly in evidence, yet he should never go to the other extreme.

If a white or colored waistcoat is not becoming, a man need not wear it. If the latest shape of trousers is ridiculous on you, modify it so that it looks well; if a shapely coat does not make you a good figure, don't wear it. The present fashions are flexible enough to allow any man to dress in good taste and at the same time correctly.

James A. Beckett

Jezebel

By LaFayette McLaws

Price, \$1.50

Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

It is a matter for some wonderment that the life of the great Queen Jezebel has so long escaped the eager cruisers after material for historical romances. Surely, few lives have been more dramatic than hers, more closely woven into the stirring events of a stormy period.

Lafayette McLaws, the woman who has dared to undertake so formidable a task as the exposition of the character of the beautiful and passionate Queen, has done her work well. Jezebel, as portrayed by her, appeals irresistibly to the sympathies and the interest of the reader. A daughter of kings, mate of the most kingly, beautiful beyond compare, powerful beyond rebuke, she is at times the imperious Queen, at times the loving wife, always a vital, ardent, passionate woman.

About Jezebel's dominant figure the author has woven a story, partly historical, partly imaginative, wholly captivating. An Egyptian dwarf, a servant of the Queen, is made the narrator of the story, and also plays an important part in the dramatic events that transpire in and about the palace. A great many characters are introduced—so many, indeed, that the reader is somewhat confused by their multiplicity, and is put to some pains to carry in mind their various identities and inter-relations. The same fault is true of the narrative, which suffers from a complexity and confusion of minor incidents and sub-plots which detract from the principal motive.

However, there is no gainsaying the fascination of the story. It teems and throbs with action, and the swift play of plot and counter-plot.

Elijah, the prophet, although appearing but seldom, is one of the commanding figures; and the Biblical account of the test of fire from Heaven between the prophet of Jehovah and the priests of

Baal forms one of the most impressive chapters of the book.

The author has taken full license for the play of her imagination in the depiction of Old Testament times and persons. At the same time, the picture that she draws bears the impress of careful investigation, and the Antiquarian will find little to disapprove. On account of its trustworthiness, it is a distinct addition to the fiction-literature of the Bible.

* * *

In the Shadow of the Rope

E. W. Hornung

Price, \$1.50

New York: Scribners

A detective story, of course; and one that is but little above the mediocre. Its weakness arises from the fact that the plot, which is sufficient for a short-story (the hyphen is authorized by Brander Mathews) of good length, is totally inadequate for the needs of a 400-page novel. Haply, the assertion which recently appeared in the public prints is true: that the publishers require a certain length for a novel, and will accept nothing far short of that. Be that as it may, the story is too long by half. A detective story must be a detective story and nothing else. The infusion of any other element is sure to be resented by the reader, and The Reader, in mass, is the Court of Last Appeals.

Overlooking the padding, it is an acceptable piece of work, wrought by no unskilled hand. In the latter half of the book it flashes into real form and takes firm hold of the reader's interest. It may not be exactly pleasant to follow a chain of circumstantial evidence, welded link by link, until it seems irrefragable, and then to find that your deductions are all wrong, and the man on whom the guilt seemed to rest so certainly, is as innocent as a babe; but at least it has the zest of novelty.

There is more of an attempt at character portrayal than is customary in

books of this class, and a noticeable effort to escape from the conventional. This, however, as has been said, is a source of weakness rather than strength. To improve on an accredited form requires a greater artistry than is at Mr. Hornung's command.

* * *

The Invisibles

By Edgar Earl Christopher

Price, \$1.50

Akron, Ohio: The Saalfeld Pub. Co.

If you want the shivers to chase themselves up and down your spinal column, your flesh to creep and your hair to raise itself on end—in fine, if you feel the need of a good thrill, "The Invisibles" is likely to give you that sensation. "Likely," we say, for it is by no means certain, for there are those whose taste would be so offended by the literary crudity of the thing that the effect of horror would be lost.

The "Invisibles" is a secret organization of Nihilists whose membership is world-wide, embracing many of the most famous in all the walks of life. They have their rendezvous near Chattanooga, Tennessee, in a great cave in which is concealed wealth untold and all the instruments of their diabolical schemes for subverting the Russian Empire. A French detective, who has spent his life in the endeavor to ferret out their secret workings, plays the villain's role in the melodrama, contriving at last to gain admission to the awesome cavern, when a terrific explosion of gas brings the whole affair to a fitting end. No effort is neglected to freeze the blood of the reader, but the author's methods are too rude to produce the obsession at which he was evidently aiming.

* * *

Folly in the Forest

By Carolyn Wells

Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

Those fortunate individuals who accompanied Folly on her tour of Fairyland will be pleased to know that this interesting child has been favored with some new and startling adventures—quite as amazing as those which befell her on her previous excursion.

The scene of her latest exploits, it must be understood, is no commonplace forest, for it is peopled—if that verb is admissible—by no others than the animals known to us through mythology, history and other literature. The forest is divided into three parts, termed respectively, Litrachuria, Historalia and Mythologica; and the beasts and birds and creeping things keep rather closely to their own precincts, except on great occasions, as the "Horse Show." And such delightful animals as they are! From Pegasus—Folly's guide through Mythologica—down to Robert Bruce's Spider, each one is original and amusing, and more than ready to contribute something to Folly's entertainment on her tour of the forest. The Sphinx plies her with riddles, the Phoenix burns himself and arises rejuvenated from the ashes and the Dragon and the Hippogriff wage a most awesome battle.

True, some of the creatures develop tendencies and characteristics quite unsuspected. Who would have thought of the noble Centaur playing polo with fish balls and boomerangs? And nearly every one tells a story or recites nonsense verse, and there is no end of absurd puns and odd quips to enliven matters. Indeed they are a most engaging lot and many thanks are due to Folly for permitting us to make—or rather to *renew*—their acquaintance.

* * *

Mother Goose Paint Book

Price, \$1.25

Akron, Ohio: The Saalfeld Pub. Co.

As a device for amusing and at the same time instructing children, this is about the most ingenious and acceptable that has appeared for some time. It is a book of generous size, alternate pages of which contain the Mother Goose Rhymes dear to the heart of every child. And opposite each bit of verse is an illustration in outline; while fast to the cover is a dainty little tray of water-colors and the necessary brushes for coloring the pictures. The little one who fails to be fascinated by such a marvelous combination would be indeed a strange child, and many a dull, "shut-in" day may be rendered a time of happiest employment by its use.

GENERAL SURVEY—

Settlement of the Strike

During the past month, the coal strike has overshadowed all other events. The imminence of cold weather, and the appalling suffering which must inevitably result from the coal famine, aroused public opinion to such an extent that the crisis was precipitated. The price of coal soared high, reaching \$20 a ton. Increased unrest and tendency to outbreak was manifest among the strikers until it became necessary to call out all the militia of Pennsylvania. Grim resolution still characterized the attitude of both parties, and no solution seemed possible until President Roosevelt, keenly sensitive to the awful menace of the situation, called a meeting at the White House of the operators and the representative of the strikers. Without entering into the discussion of the issues, he appealed to each one on the grounds of humanity. He urged them to sink their respective claims in some agreement which would relieve the intolerable situation. Mr. Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers, replied promptly that they were willing that the President should appoint a tribunal to determine and settle the differences between the two parties. George F. Baer, speaking for the operators, reviewed the situation and claimed that if protection was furnished they could operate the mines with non-union men, but declined Mr. Mitchell's offer. And thus the conference ended.

The operators were universally condemned for their attitude, and public opinion reached fever heat. Various meetings were held and great excitement prevailed. One conference, in New York, included Governor Odell. Upon the remark of one of the operators that they would resent political interference, Odell jumped to his feet and exclaimed in a passion that, as Governor of New York State, he would use every means

in his power to terminate an intolerable situation.

After some days, the operators, realizing that their position had become untenable, proposed to submit the matter to a board, to be appointed by the President, but to comprise:

"First—An officer in the Engineer Corps of either the military or naval service of the United States.

"Second—An expert mining engineer, experienced in the mining of coal and other minerals, and in no way connected with the coalmining properties, either anthracite or bituminous.

"Third—One of the judges of the United States Courts of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

"Fourth—A man of prominence, eminent as a sociologist.

"Fifth—A man who by active participation in mining and selling coal is familiar with the physical and commercial features of the business."

This was not agreeable to the miners, as it ignored the Union and gave them no representative. But finally the personnel was modified and the board, as appointed by the President, was accepted by both parties. It includes:

Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, United States Army, retired, late Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., Washington, D. C., as an officer of the Engineer Corps of either the military or naval service of the United States.

E. W. Parker, Washington, D. C., as an expert mining engineer. Mr. Parker is Chief Statistician of the coal division of the United States Geological Survey, and editor of the Engineering and Mining Journal, of New York.

George Gray, Wilmington, Del., as a Judge of a United States Court.

E. E. Clark, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Grand Chief of the Order of Railroad Conductors, as a sociologist, the President assuming that, for the purposes of such a commission, the term sociologist

means a man who has thought and studied deeply on social questions, and has practically applied his knowledge.

Thomas H. Watkins, Scranton, Pa., as a man practically acquainted with the mining and selling of coal.

Bishop John L. Spalding, of Peoria, Ill. The President has added Bishop Spalding's name to the Commission.

Carroll D. Wright has been appointed recorder of the Commission.

At the convention of miners' delegates, held October 21st, the strike was declared over by a unanimous vote of the meeting, and the miners will return to work immediately.

Plea for Roumanian Jews Secretary Hay's "Note" to the Powers protesting against the treatment of the Jews in Roumania, as a flagrant infraction of the Berlin treaty of 1878, has aroused no little excitement. Never before has the United States so daringly meddled in European affairs. The Secretary's ground for interference is that the Jews are being forced to emigrate to this country, and while we are ready to welcome all voluntary immigrants, it is not our purpose to "afford another state a field upon which to cast its objectionable elements." Furthermore he rests his interference on broader grounds, not only from the "resultant injury," but in the name of humanity. No formal action in answer to the note has yet been taken.

Settlement of the Friar Question The vexed question of the friar lands in the Philippines has at last been brought to a solution which, though not complete, is sufficiently so to make possible a statement of the situation. The proposal made by Commissioner Taft to the Vatican that the friars be all withdrawn and the dispute submitted to a tribunal of arbitration was rejected, and not without logical grounds. The basis upon which an agreement was finally reached is that the Church in the islands be re-organized, the Spanish friars be withdrawn and their places filled as rapidly as possible by native priests; the money accruing from the sale of the friar lands

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be used for the benefit of the Church in the islands and not for the religious orders; and that the acceptance of a priest rest with a majority in each parish.

The "Ocean Trust"

The great shipping combination known as the "International Mercantile Marine Company" is now an actuality. The capital is \$120,000,000, and Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia, is the President. The Board of Directors consists of 8 Americans and 5 Englishmen. It is reported that an understanding has been reached with the British Government that there will be no discrimination against the companies comprising the corporation in the matters of carrying the mail and in supplying transport ships. The Cunard Line—not a member of the combination—receives an annual subsidy of \$750,000, but this is not regarded as antagonism to the new company, as some of its vessels, belonging to the White Star Line are also subsidized. The interests involved in the new concern are said to favor a United States subsidy bill.

* * *

POLITICS—

The Coming Elections

As yet but little interest has been manifested in the approaching elections and it is considered probable that the contest will not be particularly spirited. A statement from Joseph H. Manley of the Republican National Committee betrays an anomalous state of affairs. He avers that while the Republicans will make a strenuous fight in every district in which they have any show, "it must be admitted that it would be better for the Republican party in the Presidential contest of 1904 if it should lose the present House of Representatives." The reason advanced is that even with a majority, the Democrats would be powerless to pass any legislation, "but they would so show their hand that the Republicans would be greatly strengthened throughout the country."

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The New York Democrats

The New York Democratic convention which was held recently at Saratoga was interesting to an unusual degree. Senator Hill proved himself the master mind and his program was carried out, Bird S. Coler receiving the nomination for Governor. The sensation of the affair was the ousting of the notorious "Bill" Devery and the other delegates from the Ninth Assembly district, New York City. Fraudulent elections was the reason given. The platform adopted demands tariff for revenue only, and the governmental control of the anthracite coal mines under the right of eminent domain.

Alger in the Senate

The vacancy created by the death of Senator McMillan of Michigan has been filled by the appointment of Gen. Russel A. Alger to fill the seat until a senator is elected by the legislature. His selection is regarded as a blow at the "machine" in the state, and also as a personal vindication of Mr. Alger, who suffered so great criticism and contumely while serving as Secretary of War during the Spanish war.

* * *

SCIENCE—

Peary's Return

Lieut. Peary has returned home after a sojourn of more than 4 years in Arctic regions. During that time he has not reached the pole, nor has he attained the highest latitude. But he has distanced all American explorers and he has accomplished much in the way of map-making and adding to the sum total of knowledge of conditions in the far North. In regard to the possibility of reaching the pole, he states emphatically that it can be done. What is needful, he believes, is for a properly equipped expedition to establish their winter quarters as high as 83 deg. and to make their "dash" from that point. Regarding himself, he says that he is obliged to terminate his work in the Arctic regions, but if he

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were a man of independent fortune, this would by no means end his journeying northward.

New Type of Cruiser

The new cruiser, *Des Moines*, launched from the Fore River ship yards, Quincy, Mass., represents somewhat of a departure in naval construction. The chief merit of the new vessel is her immense coal capacity, giving her great "steaming radius," or, in less technical phrase, staying powers. She can go, if necessary, 10,000 miles without re-coaling. Her speed is moderately rapid and her armament consists of rapid fire guns from 5-inch down. Her exposed parts are lined with corn-pith cellulose, closing automatically in case of injury, and sheathed with copper plate.

Electrical Power in the U. S.

At a meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers held recently in New York City, President Scott said that since the organization of the institute in 1884, the value of electrical installations in the United States outside of telegraph and telephone plants had increased from \$1,000,000 to over \$4,000,000,000.

"The United States," he adds, "with only one-fifth of the population of Europe and Great Britain, has two and one-third times the kilowatt capacity in power stations and three and one-half the mileage of electrical railways. The power houses in operation and under contract in New York City would replace all the central stations for lighting and power in Great Britain or Germany; they would operate all the electric railways of Great Britain and Europe combined; one alone would be sufficient for the railways of Germany, and the output of a single generator would run all the railways of Switzerland."

Two Pacific Cables

There is no little activity in the work of laying the two Pacific cables; one the American, from San Francisco to the Orient, the other connecting Canada and Australia. The land end of the latter has

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already been laid and the cable steamer started on her long trip for Fanning Island, thence to Fiji, thence to Australia, paying out about 160 miles a day. The first link of the American cable has been completed in England and is on its way via Cape Horn. It is 2,143 miles in length, sufficient to connect San Francisco with Honolulu. The strands are from 1 to 2 inches thick and are wound on 3 enormous spools, each 30 feet in diameter. The great rope weighs fully 10,000 tons.

* * *

LITERATURE—

The Death of Zola Emile Zola, the greatest of the French novelists of the period, and one of the world's foremost thinkers, died by accidental asphyxiation, September 29, at the age of 62. A defective stove, in which a fire was lighted for the first time in the season, was the cause of the sad casualty. Zola, awakened from his slumbers, tried to leave the bed, but fell to the floor where the denser strata of the poisonous gas suffocated him. His wife, who remained in bed, will recover. Zola was the acknowledged leader of the realistic school of writers. His theory of life was that each individual is the product of heredity and environment, and his books were written to demonstrate and illustrate his views. To serve this end, he made use of the most repulsive material. No vice was too black, no character too gross for him to reproduce if it administered to his purposes. But it was never for its own sake that he introduced such obnoxious elements. Some of Zola's best known books are "Lourdes," "Rome," "Paris," "Truth," "Justice" and "Fecundity." The great realist has been brought in especial prominence through his fearless support of Capt. Dreyfus, in whose behalf he has exerted every effort, and braved every contumely.

Literary Men in Politics Winston Churchill and Booth Tarkington are not the only authors with an itch for politics.

Some years ago John Kendrick Bangs ran for the mayoralty of Yonkers, N. Y., but failed in his effort to convince the people that he was serious in his intention. The same fate has befallen his fellow humorist, Jerome K. Jerome, who is making stump speeches in England with a view to gaining a seat in Parliament. Everywhere he has been greeted with uproarious laughter and his most serious utterances have been twisted into jokes. It is whispered that Sir Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope have also the parliamentary bee in their bonnets. The Rev. Chas. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," etc., was offered the nomination for congressman-at-large from Kansas, but declined.

**The Lewis and
Clark Reports**

The 1814 edition of the reports of Capts. Lewis and Clark, on their explorations in the Rocky Mountain region a century ago have been reprinted in 3 volumes, by the New Amsterdam Book company, New York, at \$3. The original edition of this valuable historical work has long been quoted at prohibitive prices.

* * *

EDUCATION—

**Work of the
College Entrance
Examination
Board**

At the meeting of the Board on College Entrance examinations, composed of the heads of most of the leading institutions, most gratifying progress in the work undertaken was reported. The number of places in which examinations were held this year is 130, against 69 last year. The number of candidates increased from 973 to 1362, and the number of colleges to which admission was sought by the candidates examined, increased from 23 to 35. The principal points in which the work of the board represents an advance with respect to examinations that have hitherto been held for admission to college are, according to the report: (1) The principle of co-operation between colleges, to supplant the distrust and rivalry which has heretofore existed. (2) Stability in the subject in which examinations are held,—to be based on

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definitions drawn from the most authoritative sources. (3) Co-operation between secondary schools and colleges in points in which each are vitally interested. (4) Uniformity of academic standards with a view to measuring educational efficiency of the various institutions. (5) Economy in time, money and effort in the administration of college entrance examinations.

The National Memorial University The first of the series of 12 buildings which is to compose the National Memorial University at Mason City, Iowa, has been opened. The chief aim of the new institution is the teaching of American History, although a liberal curriculum in addition to this will be provided. When completed the university will comprise the following departments: College of American History, College of Liberal Arts, Military Academy, College of Dentistry, Preparatory Medical School, Conservatory of Music, School of Art, School of Elocution and Physical Culture, Battalion and Naval Reserve. There will be a fully equipped preparatory department to prepare students not only for the university, but for any college in the land. A course of study consisting of languages, literature, science, civics, history, mathematics, biblical study, and reading has been arranged.

It is continually growing more difficult to provide school accommodations to care for the normal increase in school population. Especially is this so in New York, where 70,000 children are compelled to come but a part of the day, and 10,000 have been turned away entirely.

The high efficiency of our school system is well demonstrated by the figures on illiteracy recently issued. The improvement is most gratifying; especially in the South, where the negro population makes the question so difficult to deal with. Nebraska has the best showing with a percentage of children able to read and

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write of 99.66. Next in order come Iowa, Oregon, Ohio, Kansas, etc. Louisiana is still at the bottom with one illiterate out of every three children.

* * *

ART—

Mr. Morgan's Acquisitions

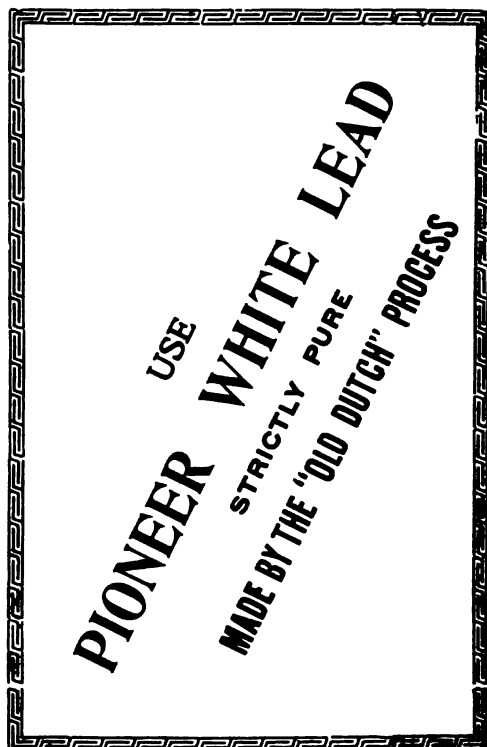
The "American Invasion" is a catchphrase applicable not alone to matters of industry and finance. In Art, too, Americans are possessing themselves of much that is the best, and which formerly was owned by the European nations. As in the financial "Invasion," so in this, Pierrepont Morgan is a leader. Recently he outbid four nations (Russia, England, Germany and France) for the ownership of certain prized panels, their worth being estimated at nearly \$1,000,000. The Gutmann collection of silversmiths' work went also to the same buyer for \$750,000, and it is reported that he paid one and one-fourth millions for a rare collection of books and MSS. Mr. Morgan pays huge prices, but probably he doesn't strain his bank account.

The Massarenti Collection

Last month was noted the purchase of the Massarenti collection by Henry Walters of Baltimore for the gallery bearing his name. Now follows the report that Mr. Walters—whose reputation as an art critic is held high on this side of the water—was gloriously swindled. One prominent Berlin paper refers to the collection as a "notorious aggregation of counterfeit daubs" and estimates that the real value of the pictures was not more than a thirtieth of the price paid—about \$150,000. This may be an honest opinion, but it is more than likely that it is simply pique that an American should acquire what a European was unable to buy.

The Borghese Museum

The Villa Borghese, situated just outside the Porta del Popolo in Rome, is to be made the nucleus of a group of galleries and museums belonging to the State. In it will



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be placed the Borghese pictures and the Boncompagni statues. Near the Villa, and joined to it by a bridge, is the Pincian park, in which is to be placed the equestrian statue of Umberto I., in honor of the murdered king.

* * *

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

Business Like Management of Churches

The record of the Grace Baptist Church of Philadelphia is sufficient to prove the wisdom of keen business management in the administration of church affairs. The pastor, Russell H. Conwell, has introduced strict business methods and the result is apparent in the vitality and progress of the church. The congregation exceeds 3,000. The Sunday school enrollment is 4,200. In a single year the church has expended \$65,000 for objects external to its own support. The pastor's principle is that even in religion there is a definite money value. Every pew in the church is rented and paid for by some one. "The church," reiterates this up-to-date divine, "is not an eleemosynary institution." And the best of it is that he seems able to substantiate his theory.

The Socialistic Church

The establishment of an altogether new kind of church is the proposition of Rev. G. E. Littlefield, a Unitarian clergyman of Haverhill, Mass. His idea is described as a "system of co-operative departmental churches" in which shall be merged all the "liberal and reforming interests, including the new thought cults, ethical culturists, socialists, co-operators, spiritualists, trade unionists and others." The Golden Rule—with a socialistic interpretation—is the only creed proposed. For the support of the church, and to put into practice their principles, it is proposed to establish a department store, from which the church members are obliged to purchase their supplies.

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Autumn.

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fields.

Her draperies play jigs in the wind
That whistles through the whiskers of the
corn.

The leaf-befreckled fingers of the dusk
Throw frost gems on the blooms that linger
■ ■ ■ ■

Beside the pond and on the upland slope,
Where pirouettes the taurine quadruped.

The pop-corn pops; the doughnut, rampant
now,

Thumps on the bosom of its tambourine,
While in a dream we see the leathern disk
Of joy and woe, yclept the buckwheat cake.

The apple's red upon the bending bough;
The rose is on its uppers; and the pig,
That dances in the gloom crepuscular,
Is drifting into juicy sausagehood.

The crow above the thicket idly drifts;
The hound is barking in the rabbit's wake;
'Tis all these facts that cause us to uplift
Our toot and say, "The rosy autumn's here."
—Judge.

* * *

What do you know about this man's reputation for truth and veracity?" asked the lawyer of the witness on the stand.

"Well," replied the witness slowly, with the air of a man who hesitates about speaking ill of a neighbor, "If this party you refer to should ever tell me I was looking well, I would send for a hospital ambulance immediately."—Syracuse Herald.

* * *

A Tragedy.

"So this is the end?" he cried. "I had thought— Ah, but I might have known. You are all alike. You lead a man to hope, and then, when your fickle fancy turns, you leave him for another." He laughed aloud in his frenzy; then of a sudden his mood changed. "But you shall not rob my life of all it holds. I shall blot you out—forget you. I shall find another by and by to fill your place—one who can make flannel-cakes that are fit to eat and who will not burn the roast."

Without another word he paid off the last hired girl and turned to support his wife, who was about to faint.—Judge.

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Lines to an Old Joke.

Poetasters of Pompeii scrawled you on a kind of clay; and, coming thence, you might be dubbed a trifle tufa-fetched; Yet, along with Amaryllis in dead verse of N. P. Willis, I behold your family likeness austindobsonesquely etched. You 're the jape yclept by Chaucer "ye beasts thynges that evre I sawe, sirr!" and on you doth hang a Canterbury tale; Yet you 're prevalent in Asia ere that Pericles' Aspasia sets the wits of Athens by you in a gale. Coming down to modern times now, within sound of Bow-bell chimes how frequently to flavor punch you have been used! Hath the savory jest of Homer lost no jot of its aroma? Should your mummy come to life . . . 't would be refused!

—Century.

* * *

My Thoughts Are Birds.

My thoughts are birds that haste away to thee,
Winging the miles that hold us now apart,
And then at night, worn out with ecstasy,
Drift homeward to be hovered in my heart.
—Ella Higginson in the Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

Mark Twain's First Bible.

(As told in the Century by the Rev. H. M. Wharton on the authority of the original of Becky Thatcher.)
"Sam was always up to some mischief," said "Becky" to me. "We attended Sunday school together, and they had a system of rewards for saying verses after committing them to memory. A blue ticket was given for ten verses, a red ticket for ten blue, a yellow for ten red, and a Bible for ten yellow tickets. If you will count up, you will see it makes a Bible for ten thousand verses. Sam came up one Sunday with his ten yellow tickets, and everybody knew he hadn't said a verse, but had just got them by trading with the boys. But he received his Bible with all the serious air of a diligent student."

* * *

"This is a good bill," said the lobbyist, "why won't you vote for it?"
"I have conscientious scruples that prevent me," replied the legislator.
"Come off! When did you ever get those things?"
"I have always had conscientious scruples against doing something for nothing."—Philadelphia Press.

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An Autumn Field.

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 Was the lush grass which, in this ample
 field,
 Grew riotously glad! How prodigal the
 yield
 Of every flower whose absence had made
 less
 The bounteous whole! Now, where that
 sweet excess
 Abounded, to itself has bareness sealed
 The thriftless sods: reft, like a glorious
~~field~~
 Of all its wrought and painted loveliness.

Yet not quite all; for here and there be-
 hold

A flower like those which made the
 summer sweet
 Puts forth some meager tint of red or
 gold,
 To make the barrenness seem more com-
 plete.
 Such overflow of life, such wealth of
 bliss;
 Now for remembrance and endurance—
~~hold~~

—Atlantic.

* * *

"Uncle," said little Johnny, "tell me
 how you charged with your war-horse up
 the San Juan hill at the head of your
 troops."

"Well," said the battle-scarred veteran,
 "I mounted the fiery animal, drew my
 sword from its scabbard, rose in my stir-
 rups, cried 'Forward!' and sunk the spurs
 deep in the quivering flanks of my gallant
 steed."

"Yes!" exclaimed the boy, breathlessly.
 "Go on, uncle. Tell me the rest of it."

"There isn't any more to tell, Johnny,"
 said his uncle, with a pensive sigh. "The
 horse balked."—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

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The Pacific Monthly

Edited by William Bittle Wells

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A BIRTHDAY

With this number *The Pacific Monthly* closes the fourth year of its existence. During the past four years it has outlived about ten monthly publications on this coast, of which three were absorbed. We wish to express here at this time our deep appreciation of the friends—subscribers and advertisers—who have stood by us in our fight for success, and we promise them a very much better magazine for this coming year. We are taking in now nearly a thousand new subscribers a month—a big business—and we are mighty well pleased. We know you will be, too. Here's to success to everybody, a merry, merry Christmas, and the happiest New Year ever.

THE CRUCIFIXION The culminating tableau of the series forming the Passion Play as presented by the Indians. The figure of Christ is not human, but a life-like image. The Roman soldier with the spear and Mary kneeling at the foot of the cross are prominent figures. *Photo by Edwards Bros., Lancaster, Pa., O.*

The Pacific Monthly

Volume VIII

DECEMBER, 1902

Number 6

THE SECHELT PASSION PLAY

The Biblical Tableaux presented by
the Indians of British Columbia,
rivaling in impressiveness the famous production at
Oberammergau

By C. H. GIBBONS

IT is the convenient fashion of this hurrying day of advanced American civilization to condemn contemptuously that which we do not understand. It is a simpler process than is laborious investigation—and as a general rule it suits us quite as well. That it may incidentally be manifestly unjust to the

red brother of the plain—lacking his matchless courage, his truthfulness, his dramatic instinct and all his fine ideals of honor, art and poetry. Certainly if we took the trouble to probe the mysteries of the self-contained "Siwash" nature we would be amazed to learn what treasures it contains. We would be forced,

THE WAY OF THE CROSS—The procession of Indians, three quarters of a mile in length, moving slowly from one tableau to another and singing a wierd chant as they proceed. Photo by Edwards Bros, Vancouver, B.C.

other party is matter of subordinate concern.

Perhaps that is why we people of the Pacific Coast are usually so ready to concur, without either argument or protest, in the hackneyed verdict that the less picturesque aborigine of the Pacific Coast is incomparably the inferior of his

perchance, to hastily revise our superficial judgment, and re-class the native of the Pacific seaboard as the equal and more than equal of his prairie kinsman in all the finer attributes of character. I have but penetrated his very outer shell—yet already I feel myself compelled to yield him sincere and honest tribute as

imbued with all the finer instincts of hospitality, keenly alive to fine effects of natural scenes of beauty, possessed of priceless treasure in the literary beauty of his legendary lore—and withal and above all inspired in almost all cases with the very essence of truest dramatic power, the ability to become so self-forgetting, so thoroughly self-hypnotized in an assumed role as to be utterly oblivious of surrounding circumstances, of the observant throng, of hunger, of torture-pain, even, at times, of death. Fanatical frenzy

ter art, the more zealously hidden from the curious and (to the native) the sacreligious gaze.

Once prove yourself a friend and sympathizer, however, and you will marvel much at the facility of expression and the depth of dramatic power that these humble people are capable of disclosing. Acting a part made vivid with human feeling, yet gorgeously spectacular, is with them the serious assumption of another and a richer mental life.

* * * * *

In the early morning the Indian women kneel before the Crucified Savior, praying and adoring Him
Photo by Edwards Bros., Vancouver, B. C.

it may be, but none the less a strong dramatic instinct that is all worthy of serious consideration.

Not that the great white public is to be blamed for holding the musical, the literary, or most of all, the true dramatic art of the Coast Indian in very light regard, for reasons that are very well presented in the peculiar nature of the Indian himself. His aim is not to win the plaudits of strangers who do not understand his race, his thoughts, his legends. His art is bashful and retiring—the bet-

The Indians of British Columbia are already arranging to make the coming summer memorable with a production at the city of Vancouver of the immortal Passion Play. The story of the Redeemer's blameless life and matchlessly tragic death will be unfolded at the little mission which nestles white and peaceful, at the foot of the towering hills and just across the blue water of the Burrard Inlet from where the shrieking trains and steamships of the white men make British Columbia's busiest mart of trade. Already

the good priests of the city and the districts under Bishop Dontenwill are making preliminary preparation for the great occasion, and those who know the Indian only as a stolid and allegedly stupid member of a degraded race, will have the opportunity to study him in a new, and to them, undreamed-of role in art.

It is the Roman Catholic church that has been most instrumental in bringing these aborigines to Christ. And as long ago as 1891 the priests of Sechelt, having

To be sure it was not the Passion Play of Oberammergau—it lacked the finish of fine-drawn European art intelligence, but what it missed in this it admirably atoned for in convincing earnestness, in a strong, if crude, simplicity of setting, and in a dignified and original adaptation of the world-known story of the Saviour and Calvary's tragedy to the hereditary history and temperament of the Pacific seaboard native.

The production at Sechelt in 1890 was,

Christ exhorting the daughters of Jerusalem. The intense earnestness of the actors is impressed upon their faces. *Photo by Edwards Bros., Vancouver, B. C.*

taught the Indians the marvelous story of the world's redemption, conceived the daring project of not only countenancing but encouraging and assisting the Indians in a religious play, giving the native converts opportunity to display both piety and art in illustration of the lessons they had learned. Father Chirouse became the guide and counsellor in the important innovation, and at the Sechelt reservation just twelve years ago, the Passion Play was first presented upon Canadian soil.

it must be said, somewhat experimental in its scope—the enthusiastic assurances of the good Father Chirouse outweighing the natural skepticism of the Church authorities, and leading them to give their countenance and permission for the play's performance. Once it was given, all doubts were made an end of. Since then the policy of the Church has been and is to make the annual representations among and by the Indians as complete and as elaborate as can be made by loyal

co-operation on the part of native parishioners, and months of conscientious aid in preparation from the faithful priests.

* * * * *

The second British Columbia Passion Play performance was at St. Mary's Mission, scarce two hours' run out of Vancouver city. There were two thousand Indians gathered for the production, which continued throughout the major portion of a busy and most eventful week. Again the Sechelts bore the important part of the dramatic work, assisted intelligently and loyally by their cousins of the Squamish nation. Since then, these kindred tribes have been the principal actors in the recurring festivals, which more and more are claiming the deep attention of whites as well as reds. Nor is the representation of the play restricted to the seaboard tribes, although with them originated. Kamloops and Nicola, far in the interior, have had their great "productions" of the Passion Play, and even in far Northern Cassiar a minor attempt has been already made to teach the great central truths of Christian faith

by combination of the powers of the church and stage.

Last year the presentation was at the village of Chilliwack, a quaintly retired hamlet in the verdant heart of the Fraser river farming region, and there quite three thousand gathered—white men as well as red—to learn the Gospel lesson as portrayed in living flesh and blood, solemn, inspiring, dramatically convincing. The attendant natives included the remnant families of thirty-three once great tribes, each and all of which were humbly or conspicuously represented in the play. Right Reverend Bishop Donatenwill himself directed the arrangements, and while he chose to title the production a "Biblical tableaux story," it was notable that the connecting dialogue of the thirteen pictures differed but slightly from a direct translation of the book of Oberammergau's production. All the attendant natives had a part in the great processions, and there was in all and over all the spirit of reverence and deep feeling that had its natural effect upon the white visitors—it was again an

The Roman soldiers stripping Christ of his clothing. Here again the respectful sincerity of the participants may be plainly seen. *Photo by Edwards Bros., Vancouver, B. C.*

illustration of the truth that those who came to scoff remained to pray.

"The play or tableaux, whichever you may choose to call it," said one of the good fathers on this particular occasion, "are intended to be an object lesson for the Indians, who look upon the production in its every attribute with greatest reverence. It is the quickest and most effectual way in which to educate them in the various episodes of our Redeemer's passion—for it enlists all their sympathies and all their faculties in understanding and appreciation."

"Our Indians are just like little children," said another. "It is easier to train them by the eye and personal interest than by the printed book."

The clergy who on this occasion bore the brunt of the preparatory work included His Lordship Bishop Dontenwill, Rev. Father Chirouse of the Sechelt and Fraser river mission, Father Paytavin of the lower Fraser, Fathers Marshall and Le Jeune of Kamloops, Father Rohr of

Lillooet as musical director, Father Tavernier of the big Indian school at the mission in the Fraser valley, and Father Wagner, by whom the translation of dialogue was arranged.

* * * * *

It was at three o'clock in the afternoon of a sunny summer day that the great festival commenced. The Fathers had held special services on the reservation almost hourly for five days previous, bringing the Indians from all parts of the province up to the proper frame of mind for the great and solemn occasion. As the hour struck, the vast multitude of Indians—men and women and little children—took their places for the procession which was to pass each group of figures arranged to illustrate the several chapters in the complete earthly life of Jesus Christ. There were old men and women, with "one foot in the grave"; there were mothers with children upon their backs—their stolid, heavily-built husbands by their sides; young bucks and round-

limbed maidens, and hundreds of neatly clothed children with wide open wondering eyes.

The spacious grounds of the reservation were indeed a sight to gladden the eye. All around the six acres, bounded by neat and clean houses on either side, were festoons of evergreens. An arch in the center was draped with the Union Jack of Britain, the Canadian ensign, the green emblem of Ireland, the tricolor of France, and the American Stars and Stripes. At one end of the reservation

and so the address was then translated for them into "Stalo". The Father bade his humble people to remember their sins as they passed each living group representing the passion and the death of the Saviour—and the signal for the procession to set forth was then given.

As the unique and impressive procession was about to start, the Indians began a weird chant, while one—standing apart—informed the spectators that this was called "the way to the Cross," whither the procession led, relating the story of the suffering and death.

Thomas Michael, one of the best known Indians of the Pacific province, led the way, carrying the cross. Behind the uplifted emblem of Christianity walked Sisters of Mercy in black and Mission girls in dresses of contrasting color and fashion.

Then came the representatives of the thirty tribes, with each chief at the head, in order of strict tribal precedence.

The Fathers walked between the lines and encouraged the chanting, which was kept up continuously for two hours or more, telling the Biblical story of the Christ from its beginning to the very end.

The procession was at least three quarters of a mile in length, and moved with funereal slowness—and all the time the Sechelt Indians who principally composed the tableaux, had to remain posed, while the procession passed around and onto the platform above which was the representation of Christ upon the Cross, the last in the effective series.

To say that these silent interpreters of the picture posed as though carved in stone, would be to use a trite expression where it applies literally. Certainly their stoicism under the tremendous muscular and mental strain few white men could equal.

As for the costuming, it was largely in accord with the ideas formed by the general judgment of the Indians themselves as to respective fitness, the priests lending occasional counsel, but interfering only where absolutely necessary in this minor part of the arranged detail. The Passion pictures came in the following order:

First: The Garden of Gethsemane, showing St. Peter, St. James and St. John asleep and Christ praying.

The Klotchman—Indian woman who enacted the part of the Virgin Mary in the production of the Passion Play. Copyright photo by permission of Edwards Bros., Vancouver, B. C.

was the permanent chapel; at the other end a temporary altar had been erected, a conspicuous decoration, on which was red, white and blue bunting, on which were inscribed the inspiring words, "Gloria In Excelsis Deo."

Before the procession started, Father Rohr addressed the assembled multitude of Indians in Chinook, the language of barter and of commerce between whites and reds. There were some few Indians from the Fraser who did not understand,

Second: The arrest of Our Lord—Judas and the servants dramatically portrayed.

Third: The judgment of Pontius Pilate, told with seven characters.

Fourth: The scourging by Pilate—four characters.

Fifth: The crowning with thorns—four characters.

Sixth: "Ecce Homo"; Pontius Pilate showing Christ to the people—four characters.

Seventh: The falling of Christ under the burden of the Cross—four characters.

Eighth: The meeting of Christ with the Virgin Mary—eight characters.

Ninth: Christ consoling the woman—eight characters.

Tenth: St. Veronica anointing the feet of Our Lord—two characters.

Eleventh: Stripping the clothes off Christ preparatory to the crucifixion—five figures.

Twelfth: The crucifixion, showing the cruel nails in His hands and feet,

with the blood streaming from face and body—four figures.

Thirteenth: The death of Christ.

* * * * *

The last group was taken part in by all the Indians who had figured in the preceding twelve. The figure upon the cross was, and herein is found a fine example of the reverence of the Indians which characterized the entire presentation, not human; it looked, nevertheless, extremely life-like. The Roman soldier was there, with his sharp-pointed spear; and Mary Magdalen knelt grief stricken at the foot of the cross. The cross itself was hollowed and contained machinery to operate a vessel of red fluid which represented Christ's blood. Leading from this vessel were lead tubes, all of which were controlled from the base. The pulling of a string at the foot of the cross caused the sweating of blood to appear upon the forehead, and then on hands and feet, while finally—at the appropriate passage in the dialogue—the soldier

plunged his spear into the side, and the blood gushed forth, mingling with water, in a flood.

All the Indians not actually participating, knelt while this scene was being enacted, and on the conclusion Father Rohr gave an extended explanation in Chinook. The address or sermon, which was most impressive, was listened to with marked attention. The Father told in graphic and pathetic, yet simplest, language, of the dreadful agony suffered by Christ, and pointed the lessons that all must take to heart, from the Passion and Death—instancing how the lives of all attending could be and should be influenced by the production of which they had been spectators.

Then, silent, with tear-dimmed eyes, they one by one withdrew.

Chief Charlie of the Sechelt tribe, took the part of Christ in the ceremonies precedent to the death upon the Cross. His cousin, Chief Joe of Squamish, enacted

Pontius Pilate; while a powerful young Indian of a northern tribe impersonated John the well beloved.

* * * * *

For the great presentation during the summer of 1903, it is proposed that the dramatic features of the "play" shall be intensified, and the scope and character of the impressive dialogue will be revised accordingly.

It is a daring thing to thus present so incomparable a tragedy by aboriginal actors almost within the corporate limit of British Columbia's principal city—for the Squamish mission, next to be honored, is merely across the harbor and within plain view of the city proper.

Sincerity of purpose, earnest zeal, and true dramatic temperament upon the part of the humble impersonators of the colossal figures in Biblical drama, may be counted upon, however, to prevent any grievous miscarriage of the good priests' intent.

Christmas Bells

B. Keene

The bells ring out in merry peals anew,
Their sweet vibrations filled with mirth,
Echo their chimes with silver voices true,
Heralding again the Saviour's birth.

O'erhead the Angel voices speak—
Their message fills the soul with joy,
Calmly, the bells re-echo, lowly, meek—
'Tis homage to the Saviour boy.

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nly
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FOR those who had a taste for the music-halls and who had the dollars to make it worth while, Christmas-night in Dawson was not passing so badly. At those resorts the black-jack tables were already crowded to the entire satisfaction of the hatchet-faced rascals who presided over them, at the bars a literally roaring trade was fast reaching the limit, and from the rough stages near by could be heard a bevy of frisky-footed blondes, mingling opera ballads and coon songs with old-time hymns and carols—all without the slightest sense of incongruity, and all equally acceptable to their more or less drunken and home-sick audience.

In adjoining rooms the fiddles set those same blondes a-waltzing with the lucky vanguard of Eldorado, the luckier officials with fat billets from Ottawa, or the stalwart, red-coated Canadian troopers who keep the King's peace in the Far North.

Yes, everything was going with a swing at the music-halls. But back on the mountain in old Sourdough's cabin were three disconsolates—*chechacos* in the parlance of the North—who shivered and cursed their luck in anything but a Christmas spirit. I was one of them. As to the others, Sterling was a remittance man who had been unfortunate enough to stray beyond regular postal communication, and had been minus his remittance for several months

England. The other fellow was Benson, an Englishman also, but *via* Australia, which seems to make a difference. He was tough as whip-cord, slim, cheeky, friendly or pugnacious just as you pleased—in fact he had all the makings of a good fox-terrier in him. And having put in a year or so in Coolgardie he had picked up considerable knowledge of mining that was of no manner of use in Klondike. In the far Australian diggings he had known all that too much sun and too little water may mean to a man—short of death; had seen new chums go daft with heat, and stumbled over the shriveled bodies of those who had gasped their last in the dust of springless deserts. With the handful of gold that he got for it all Benson made up his mind to get rich, as he said, in some other variety of Hell. So he set out for Klondike.

All that Christmas day we had been working hard—or rather during the time that passed for day. A few hours of dawn reached out to meet a few hours of twilight; a spectral sun rose between, glided about for a short space without venturing far from the horizon, and then, as if affrighted at the white desolation of the World, sank weirdly out of sight. During the last few hours, however, the Northern Lights had been turned on full, and were rocketing through the Arctic sky most gloriously. And there was not a blot of cloud in sight; uncounted stars blazed out of the fathomless violet overhead; there was

an opalescent glimmer along the track of the Milky Way; and the very stardust itself scintillated as it never does in regions less forlorn. It was a sky for the dead to dream in. And under all lay the universal shroud. Yet the snow made the most of what uncertain light Heaven was pleased to send down—truly a blessed virtue in the Far North.

But little heart had we for all the wonders above us that Christmas-night—we three, cold, hungry mortals tramping back to an abandoned cabin after ten hours hard work. Benson slammed and barred the door after we were in, and we set about to make a fire and get up some pretence of a meal. Our commissariat consisted of an old coal-oil can nearly full of boiled rice frozen like a rock, a bag-full of hard-tack, and just about enough bacon for one. That, with coffee and brown sugar, was all there was in sight for a feast.

"Never mind, Lansing, old chap," said Sterling, as if I were the one who had been doing all the grumbling, "never mind, you take a turn and do the cooking and we'll make a night of it yet—see if we don't! I'll just whistle Yankee Doodle while you're about it, to encourage you a bit, you know."

I did not mind doing the cooking (it was better at least than watching the Englishman do it) but I drew the line just then at any remittance-man whistling patriotism to encourage me. I was sick of myself, anyway. Christmas-night—thousands of miles from everything I cared for—shut up in a cabin eight by ten—and realizing to the fullest how different it might all have been if only I had shown a little common-sense a year or so before. "The light of other days" had come round me in that cabin, with memories fleeting and melting through it till the air seemed fairly tremulous with them. Memories of a great, spotless, rafted kitchen in a New England farm-house where I first learned to know what Christmas meant—and savors of the good things cooking there on Christmas day—and then, in spite of myself, pictures would pass before my eyes of another home in a far-off city, thousands of miles from that frozen,

gold-cursed wilderness. Once in a while it happens that a man is made to feel what a fool he was and is and probably always will be, but it is an experience distinctly irritating. However, Benson and Sterling seemed to be undergoing similar enlightenment, for each was expressing an opinion of himself and the other in terms that comforted me a little. After all, it is some times a good thing to know there are others.

As the cabin grew warmer, however, Benson and Sterling found a more agreeable pastime in making each other's mouths water with reminiscences of swell London restaurants, discussing dishes I had never tasted.

By this time the fire was burning well, and I had just got the frying-pan out when—thump, came the unexpected! It came suddenly, of course, as it has a habit of doing, and in this case was announced by a heavy, muffled knocking at the cabin door. We stared at each other for a moment, for visitors were almost as much out of our line up there as they would have been in mid-ocean.

"Go and see what that is, Benson," I said, and Benson rose accordingly.

"What are you going to do if it's old Sourdough come back?" he asked.

"Oh, what are you going to do if it's a polar bear on his way South—just about as likely," was the only response he got as we waited for him to open the door.

Now every one of us has a different notion of what happened that night. But widely as we differ about subsequent happenings, we are all agreed that when Benson unbolted and drew back the door there staggered in a very tall, thin man dressed in furs. It seemed to me that in a dazed sort of way he attempted a bow, but one so extravagant that he went to the floor for his trouble. And there he lay motionless. A banjo case which he carried clattered to the floor with him, and at the same time his beaver cap rolled off, showing a mass of bushy, iron-gray hair over a clean-shaven, aquiline and rather gaunt face. He might have been any age from thirty to sixty. His eyes were closed.

"Well, *I say!*" exclaimed Sterling, as

he always did when he could find nothing to say.

"Unbutton his coat," I said to Benson, "if he's not drunk, he's fainted."

While Benson was removing the man's wraps, Sterling got our only bottle from the shelf, but our patient's eyes opened before we could get anything down his throat—eyes of "a large blue color," as Benson afterwards described them. Then the stranger spoke in a slow, drawling way which I thought at the time was the result of his weak condition, but which I afterwards found to be habitual.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he began, looking around at us, "sorry to intrude in this fashion—interrupting Christmas festivities, I fear. But fact is, I was lost. Have been looking for the house of a friend which I have most unaccountably missed. The extreme cold bewildered me in some way, and but for the opportune glimmer of light through your window—"

"Oh, that's all right. You just lie still and keep your mouth shut for awhile and you'll soon be better. Here, take a nip of this," and I took the bottle from Sterling and gave him a taste of the rye. He gulped a little of it down, closed his eyes and lay still for a few moments, and then drawled out again:

"Ah, sir! I thank you very much—very much, indeed. With your kind permission I shall sit up now."

Benson helped him up, and Sterling placed a box for him near the stove.

"You are very good, gentlemen—very good," he went on. "As I was saying, I went astray somehow on this hill, and I assure you a little while back I began to think I was parting company finally with this long body of mine. But now I begin to feel myself coming back into it, thanks to your hospitality. Well, this life of ours is very uncertain, is it not? What is it they say—a vapor—a smoke—ah, yes, a smoke—why certainly a smoke—that sounds like a reasonable proposition, doesn't it? Doubtless you all smoke. Now, if you will hand me that overcoat, sir—let me see—in this pocket, I think—good! Permit me to offer you gentlemen what I flatter my-

self is as fragrant a bit of Havana as is to be found in the North this night."

Here was an unlooked for bit of luxury that put us all in good humor at once. Benson tried to say something about entertaining angels unawares, but he and Sterling soon found they had nothing else to do but sit still and listen while our voluble guest thawed himself out, and this they did, puffing their cigars in great content over it all.

Certainly the stranger was a bit fantastic in his speech, but there was a lazy melody in his voice that was good to listen to. I cannot now remember what all he talked about, but he kept us so interested from the start that we did not interrupt him even to ask his name. And while he was talking I made things ready for supper.

"But I say, you know," said Benson at last, as the stranger threw out some suggestion about resuming his journey, "you're not very fit for a tramp into town tonight. You'd be a stiff before you reached the next cabin. Better stop with us. We can fill you up on rice and hard tack, anyway, and give you a blanket to roll up in."

Of course we seconded Benson's invitation, and the stranger was again most profuse in his thanks.

"As for rice, gentlemen," he continued, "why, I would ask for nothing better. Most nutritious food. Doubtless you find it somewhat insipid without condiments. But that is all a matter of taste, and taste is neither here nor there with me, I assure you. Taste is an easily controlled sensation if you think about it in the right way. Merely a matter of combining will and memory—nothing more. Now for my part, with practically little more effort than is required in drawing my breath, I can draw in, so to speak, to a comparatively flavorless medium, such as our friend is warming here in the pan, any flavor I wish—at least, any flavor which I can recall. For instance, that rice now—if I choose, it will be for me fried sole, roast beef and a little roquefort cheese to top off with. Simple matter when once you understand it, gentlemen, although quite a passable miracle until you do."

Benson and Sterling smiled significantly at each other.

"You're going to have a nice time with yourself, aren't you?" said Benson.

They evidently thought he was a trifle light-headed, and I certainly should have thought the same but that I noticed an odd twinkle in the stranger's eye, and the amused way in which he answered, "Yes, I *am* going to have a nice time with myself, and I am going to have you gentlemen all join in with me," made me somewhat dubious.

Now as a rule I am not nervous, but I know I gave a jump when our guest, suddenly rising to his feet and changing his tone to one of quick, incisive command, ejaculated:

"Look at me!"

Benson and Sterling were seated in front of him, and they did look up in startled attention. I stared from the side, where I was cutting the bacon in strips for the pan. The stranger began to wave his hands in what seemed to me a singular and quite unnecessary manner, as if he were engaged in some great oratorical effort. But almost at once he resumed his easy, reiterative and rather pedantic way of speaking.

"You gentlemen," he went on, "you gentlemen have been for many months now isolated from your proper surroundings. You are veritably exiled—banished, I might say—and your fare has been hard indeed. And the luscious fruits with which you would have been supplied in your favored homes through the perfection of modern commerce—pineapples in midwinter—melons ripened in the South—hot-house grapes perhaps—ah, how you miss them!" He lingered over the names of these fruits in a tantalizing way. "But what is it, now?" he continued, with peculiar emphasis on certain words. "Hard tack and bacon—bacon and rice—insipidity and salt—*salt—always salt*. You notice, now that I call your attention to it, the dull, saltish savor in your mouths. *Salt*—yes, the taste of it is there—*fixed* there. How could it be otherwise, living as you do? You wish that you could get rid of that salt taste—but you *can't*. Bah! it's enough to turn one's blood to brine."

And with that, making a wry face, he closed his short and unaccountable address. But something certainly had taken effect—an effect which I for one did not propose to admit. Benson and Sterling, however, were looking at each other in a puzzled way.

"Oh, hang it all!" said Sterling finally, "that's what we get for coming to a bally rotten ice-box of a country like this."

And he spat on the floor—a thing Sterling was quite above doing as a rule.

"I say, you know," said Benson, "I never noticed it before, but there *does* seem to be a salt taste in my mouth. Yes, by Jove, there *is*! We'll all be down with scurvy, first thing we know."

"Well, don't talk about the beastly thing any more," resumed Sterling, "We've got to stick it out now till Spring anyway."

"Right, sir," said the stranger, yawning comfortably, "quite right. Let us forget it all in the flavor of these excellent cigars. Can't help praising them if they are my own. And that coffee is just beginning to spread an appetizing aroma. Come, gentlemen, we may as well forget our troubles in the warmth and shelter of the present hour. *Carpe diem*, say I."

"Oh, don't begin throwing scraps of Latin at us, Professor. These fellows haven't been very long out of school yet, and I guess that sort of thing's liable to infect them. But say," I added, picking up the banjo case which had been left lying on the floor where it had fallen, "give us a tune."

"Willingly, sir—willingly, gentlemen. Like little Tommy Tucker, I'm prepared to play for my supper. A very good suggestion, too. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast they say—no offence to you, sir," he had the gall to add, turning and bowing to me. "But soothe—*soothe*—splendid word that. Forerunner to sleep. And I for one agree with Sancho Panza in saying, 'God bless the man who invented sleep.' Weary as I am myself, I cannot help noticing that you share that condition with me—by no means an undesirable one, either, in a warm, snug, little cabin like this, and with a long winter night

before us. Dear me—pardon my yawning again—I feel a happy and irresistible inclination—ah, there I go once more."

Sterling pardoned him by following his example.

It was a smart looking banjo that came out of the case, its ebony neck ornate with pearl and ivory, and the rim of it heavy with silver. The parchment was drawn taut by the dry atmosphere, and the preliminary chording and

tuning was in itself a delight. For crisp, stimulant rythm, commend me to a banjo well handled, and it was not long before the quick, jolly plunk of a rag-time two-step set me cake-walking all around the cabin.

It was at this time, as the stranger's nimble fingers picked the strings in spirited staccato, that I happened to notice a queer looking ring on his right hand. It was heavily made of some dark alloy, and, gipsy fashion, enclosed a moon-

stone—a thing round and liquid looking as a tear drop. There was a bluish light moving through it, and it showed off prettily as he played.

Two-steps led to coon songs, and presently Benson abased a very good baritone to declaring that he was somebody's baby, or bumble bee, I forget the exact trash he commenced with, but at any rate it was not long before Sterling had fastened on to a chorus, with a do-or-die sort of expression on his face. The stranger himself did not sing, but began swaying slowly to and fro as he played, encouraging the others with an occasional interjection. One song glided into another with scarce any cessation until they had worked back from modern days to a plaintive, grotesque old plantation hymn. How those Englishmen came to know it was a mystery to me, but they sang it in true plantation style, and seemed to go off gradually into genuine, campmeeting ecstasy. Then the music went softly, and their voices sank down with it—lower and lower till they were little more than a whisper. And at last the stranger was merely drumming and patting the strings with his left hand, meantime waving the other slowly before him. It was then that I noticed Sterling's eyes were closed. Benson was staring in a dazed way into vacancy, and after a little twitching and blinking his eyes closed also.

"Sleep!" said the stranger in that deep, easy voice of his, and the music stopped with a last faint twang of the strings. And sure enough there were those two fellows as innocently asleep as babes in a crib. I did not like the look of it all.

"Benson!" I called. No answer. The stranger looked at me with a smile that was vastly exasperating.

"I would not waken them if I were you, Mr. Lansing," he drawled.

I stepped across the room, and fairly shouting, "Benson, you fool, wake up!" shook him vigorously. It was no use, however. Both he and Sterling were as limp and unresponsive as rag dolls. I knew well enough then what was the matter with them.

"See here, you! What the devil do you mean by all this hocus pocus busi-

ness. I'm onto this game, my slim friend, and let me tell you if you don't wake my partners up again pretty lively it'll be the worse for you."

Of course I knew better than to try any gun play in Canada, but this slim stranger I felt to be something quite out of the ordinary, and my hand was on my hip pocket as I spoke.

"Softly, sir—softly! I am quite unarmed, I assure you, and there is not the slightest occasion for uneasiness on your part. A pardonable bit of pleasantries, Mr. Lansing. Your name is Lansing, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, Lansing is my name, but don't think you are going to play me for any fool Englishman—"

"Quite so, Mr. Lansing—quite so. Your Americanism is unmistakable, sir. But I beg of you to permit me to explain what undoubtedly is something of a liberty I have taken with your friends; but," and here he bowed again, "first allow me to introduce myself."

And he handed me a card whereon I read—at least I think I did, although I never could find the card again—*Pretzel Burke, M. D.*

"That's all right, Pretzel Burke, M. D., but you are going to wake my friends up first and do your explaining afterwards.

"But one moment, Mr. Lansing. Let me confess that the surmise you have made, although not expressed, is quite correct. Your friends have indeed been hypnotized—mesmerized would perhaps better describe the condition in this instance. But I had not the slightest intention, believe me, of bringing such a thing to pass when I forced myself upon your hospitality. The thing would have been impossible in your case in any event. But I found your friends under such opportune conditions, physically so exhausted, mentally so rueful over the flesh pots of Egypt, which said pots doubtless their own folly has put beyond their reach—they were so ready nevertheless to share with me such meagre fare as they have—one good turn deserves another you know—in short, I yielded to the temptation, sir, to provide them this night with a banquet suitable to the occasion—a banquet, sir, that shall be sec-

ond to none. I shall awaken them presently, Mr. Lansing, but while you and I partake thankfully of rice and a measure of bacon, your friends here will be having a ten-course dinner, provided, sir, from my recollection of the dainties of every clime. No harm at all can ensue, sir. Let them indulge to the utmost and enjoy to the limit—there will be neither aching head nor disordered stomach in the morning. The experiment will afford us the satisfaction of seeing these good fellows in an environment quite in accord with their taste, and there will be a little harmless amusement in it at the same time."

Well, here *was* a proposition. This suave individual had a subtly persuasive tone and way about him that was hard to resist. Besides, it was a new idea to me, and my curiosity was aroused to see how it would work out. And I knew that I could stop the affair at any time if I saw it was going too far.

"All right, Doctor! Go ahead and bring on your dainties, and I'll bring on mine."

I divided the rice on five tin plates, with a couple of biscuits apiece. There was also a couple of slices of bacon for each, but the Doctor intimated that bacon would be wasted on the sleepers.

"Plain rice for them, Mr. Lansing. Quite good enough for men who will soon be turning it into blue points, green turtle, brook trout, turkey, terrapin with champagne and burgundy ad lib. from a coffee pot. Ah, I see you admit the point well taken," he concluded, as I put five slices on his plate and five on my own. Coffee was poured out, and then the Doctor went up very gravely to Sterling.

"Dinner is quite ready, sir," he said, in the confidential half-tone of a well-trained butler.

Then the dumb show began. Sterling opened his eyes, rose, and bowing and smiling offered his arm to some companion invisible to me. Then he advanced to the head of the table. And with what an air! Poor old Sterling—he was to the manner born and no mistake! And now some Lady Fantasma by his side was evidently making him radiant with happiness. Benson apparently was in equal high state, and in equally delight-

ful company. They played their roles splendidly, only they were as silent as Rip Van Winkle's goblins over it all.

The Doctor and I sat opposite each other, and fell to at once on our rice and bacon. So did the other fellows, but how manifestly different it was for them! They made frequent pauses—between courses, perhaps—and they were turning and smiling continually to each other, and to the invisibles. Their lips moved as in conversation, but there was no sound.

"Make them talk, Doctor. I want to hear what they think they are saying."

"Presently, sir—presently. Let us first satisfy our own needs somewhat, for I confess I am delightfully hungry. Now hunger is a condition—excuse me for talking between bites—is a condition, sir, very hard to reason with. He is an adept, indeed, who can dispel it in any other than the conventional way. But our friends here, having something substantial upon which to base their fancies, derive all the enjoyment and all the benefit which it is possible for palatable food to afford. Yes, sir, this is indeed a royal science—this science of mine. An art also. With these poor materials, see what I have builded! You remember perhaps to what splendid purpose the fairy god-mother changed a pumpkin and some mice in Cinderella's kitchen? But *her* magic lasted only till midnight. Mine shall endure till dawn at least, and my properties, so to speak, some rice and two candles, are they not as homely as those upon which the old fairy displayed her power? But they are the broken bits of glass in my kaleidoscope, sir, and you see them from the wrong end—or rather from the outside. But if you were looking at them now through your friends' eyes you would see this rough cabin no more, but the oak-paneled banquetting hall of an old Tudor mansion. You would behold wit and learning, valor and beauty, gathered at this board. There is fine company here tonight, I can tell you. By the way, I have made a duke of your friend Sterling—just as easy for me as merely knighting him, you know. That cracker box on which His Grace is now sitting is a combination of oak and leather fit to seat the King himself. On the finest linen, and under the rose light

of shaded candles, cut glass is sparkling here in most intricate brilliancy. And here, antique silver is heaped with fruits and confections of richest flavor. Red and white camelias are lying scattered among green tendrils from the ducal conservatories, and we are waited upon by the best-trained servants in the world. Yes, indeed—it is a great art, this art of mine. To know it, to study it, to practice it in all places and under all conditions has been an aim—a hobby, if you will—for which I have sacrificed the hum-drum opulence and standing of a prosperous physician. No doubt I could have ranked high in my profession had a chosen—but pshaw, sir, let others do that. For me, the proper study of mankind is man—the poet is right enough in that—but not his body with all its despicable diseases. But I wonder now if this is a new application of the art! Let me see—you remember the case of the prophet Daniel? Now do you think that you, sir, could—”

At this point the Doctor's discourse was interrupted by a jolly peal of laughter from Benson.

“Dear me! I have let him weave his own dreams, and they seem to be taking a facetious turn. Probably something from Punch has drifted into them. Very well—let's have funny jokes from Punch. Do you happen to have learned any English joke, sir? Oblige me by recalling one if possible. No?—h'm—sorry to say, I cannot, either. But no matter—one can be just as amusing without. I'll try the Duke.”

The Doctor thereupon turned toward Sterling, and pointing his finger at him, said, “Ah, ha! your Grace—ah, ha! I see you!”

His Grace was surprised at such rudeness. A look of mingled hauteur and bewilderment passed over his patrician face, but as the Doctor continued to look at him, he responded with a grin which grew broader and broader, and finally ripened into happy but repressed laughter—laughter which he evidently was trying to keep within decent limits. It was no use, however. The Doctor's *bon mot* was quite irresistible, and presently His Grace was holding his sides in an ecstasy of merriment. And Benson—what a roar of a laugh that fellow had! Positively

the thing was infectious. I could not help it, I had to join in with them—and they *were* such merry, happy fools. And the Doctor could not help laughing either; he leaned back and threw up his hands for the fun of it all. And the moonstone on his finger—how fascinating the blue light that kept moving through it! And then as I watched it, the motion ceased—but a radiance vivid and fierce awoke in it—and around that radiance a ring of darkness that grew and grew until it hid all else. And strangely the laughter died away in that darkness—died away into a low, moaning sound. But I knew it for the blind wind of a midwinter night that moaned and moaned as we left it behind, for we traveled too fast for it to follow. But we reached the house at last—and in time. For as I went up the front steps, I could hear the children's voices inside. I slipped in quietly so as to give them a surprise. And in the parlor I found the two little tots romping about a Christmas tree. But they were changed somewhat—older—and I did not like seeing them in black.

“Hello, Bessie!—hello, Baby!” I cried.

But they took no notice of me; they did not seem aware of my presence even. Then I left them to their game and went into the library. And there was Nellie! Dear heart!—she had fallen asleep at my old writing desk. And she, too, was in black—black relieved only by the gold cross at her throat. How wan she looked! Over her shoulder as she slept I read the letter that lay unfinished before her.

“Jack,” it ran, “dear old Jack, *do* come back to me. I do not know where you are nor even where to send this, but oh, I am so lonely and miserable without you, and tonight I feel that I just can't stand it any longer. I don't care if it was my fault or your fault, I want you back—just *you*—”

That was all that was written, but how distinctly I remember reading it! It was then that I bent over and kissed her.

“Nellie!” I said softly. She awakened quietly, and for a moment her eyes looked wide and wonderingly into mine. Then they filled with light and gladness such as I knew had not been in them for a long time.

“Oh, Jack!—Jack!—is it really you

at last? I've dreamed it so often, dear, and now—now—"

And in the fire of that moment the scroll of two wretched years rolled up and was burned into oblivion. And arm in arm we went into the parlor to watch the children. They saw me this time, and came running to me. And then before I knew it, they had me on all fours to play horse with them, and both had climbed on my back and were riding me round and round that Christmas tree. Bessie was shouting, and Baby was blowing his horn lustily. And Nellie dancing and singing beside us! Faster and faster I went, till children and Nellie and twinkling tree were all blended in one gleeful whirl. * * * It was dark again. And then I remember I was looking at the children tucked away in their white cots. Baby had the horn still clasped in his chubby fist, and Bessie had a doll snuggled up to her innocent little breast. Afterwards I stole into Nellie's room. It was all hushed and dim in there. But one ray of moonlight passed through the lace curtains—just enough to show the coil of dark hair above her sweet, white face—just enough to show the tear on her black lashes—glimmering—glimmering like a moonstone—

* * * * *

I think we all wakened about the same time. The fire was going well, there was

coffee boiling on the stove, and it was past dawn.

"Hello, you fellows!" called out Sterling, "I say, you know, I've got a rum sort of feeling. Where's that long, thin chap?"

That was what we all asked for many a day after, but we never found any trace of him. And we did not like to say too much outside about it, for there was a ridiculous difference in what each of us remembered of the night he spent with us.

But on the table we found a letter addressed to myself. I still have that letter, or rather Nellie has, and she guards it as a thing sacred—curt enough though it be. It reads:

Mr. J. Lansing, Klondike.

Dear Sir: Please present to your friends my best wishes for a prosperous New Year. They will be none the worse for last night's indulgence. As for yourself, I could not help perceiving that you entered into a dream that was not all a dream. If you will take the advice of an older, and in some ways wiser, man than yourself, you will go back to your wife, and go without awaiting a letter that may never reach you. Sincerely,

P. B.

That morning I sat down and wrote a letter myself, and before the ice had broken on the River that Spring I was heading South. For I followed the Slim Wizard's advice—*thank God!*

Dry Diggin's

Annie Laura Miller

*The mine lays over G'lice Crick ways,
Ol' dry diggin's they call it now,
But I kin recerlec' as how
'Twuz mighty rich in them fur-off days,
The days uv forty-nine.*

*An' me? I guess I'm played out tu,
Jest like them diggin's, dry an' old;
But mebbe the Lord 'll find some gold;
They must be nuggets, jest a few,
Lef' still in the worn-out mine.*

A NEW TYPE of BATTLESHIP

By FRANKLYN GODWIN

THE two battleships for which Congress made provision by act of Congress of July 1 last, will be, when finished, the finest of their class in any navy. Steadily, season by season, the size of these great fighting machines has grown. Today we have reached a displacement of 18,000 tons full laden, and there is no assurance that the next of the type won't be still larger twelve months hence. Four million, two hundred and twelve thousand dollars seems a pretty large sum to pay for the hull and machinery of a fighting ship—especially when the guns, armor, miscellaneous equipment, and stores complete, when ready for sea will demand quite a couple of million more. But the peace of the nation calls for these safeguards, and the welfare of every one of our rich ports demands this protection in time of war; it is a treasure spent the better to guard still greater wealth.

Before a line of the present vessels was drawn, the Board of Construction

thoroughly discussed their essential features and, incidentally, settled for a long time to come many much-debated questions which have provoked differences of opinion for years back. Sheathing and coppering were disapproved; the extent and thickness of armor protection were increased; the batteries were improved and better sheltered; torpedoes were relegated to other classes of vessels; the application of electrical motive force was considerably widened; and coaling facilities (the bugbear of most vessels) were amplified vastly, while the ammunition supply, by the introduction of a very novel feature, was increased to a degree considerably in extent of possible rates of fire. The advantage of this, apart from a bountiful feed to the gun station, is the speed with which a ready supply can be brought up to the firing position within a short while.

A comparison between the batteries of these ships and the British battleship "Commonwealth," rates of fire and muzzle energies being duly considered, shows

the "Connecticut" and "Louisiana" to be distinctly superior.

The coaling arrangements will be quite unique. They will consist of six electrically-driven deck winches and a dozen booms—six on each side, together with all necessary fixed chutes, etc. The booms will be so placed that three can be worked to a barge, and it will be possible to coal from four barges at a time—two on each side. Some of the working gear will be automatic. It is not possible to tell now just what rate of coaling will

be, but it is manifestly sure to be much more rapid than any present system.

The nation is to be congratulated upon the promise of these ships, and Chief Constructor F. T. Bowles has marked the first ships designed under his administration of the Bureau of Construction and Repair with a stamp of distinct advance over anything yet turned out by the department, and every contributive bureau has lent its best efforts within its province.



Oh! Let Me Learn

Ada Thomason

O let me learn that out of darkness light
Has its beginnings---out of weakness, power;
Out of dull weeping, out of sorrows blight
Joy springs---life's perfect and most radiant flower;
That out of pain's utmost oblivion
A vista opes on twilight realms of ease,
That from reproach often fair fame is won;
That out of toil comes rest's supreme release;
That war's black, mocking visage, dread to see
Is ever brooded over by the Dove;
That at Hate's root, deep hidden though it be,
There thrills the seed of God's great banyan, Love;
That Death surnamed the End, on treading free,
Opens the door Into Eternity.

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THE SENDING FORTH of LITTLE JANE

By LUCIA CHASE BELL

THEY had talked it all over, and had come to a conclusion that was dreadful—heart-breaking—to him, at least. His wife said: "I'm glad we've decided it at last, Alec. It is terrible, but Providence does not expect us to do the impossible. And now this letter coming just at this time seems so clearly a leading."

In the depths of his soul Alexander Dane did not see it that way. Indeed, he felt that he saw nothing, understood nothing. Often he had looked at these looming walls of the mountains which shut in the little sky-loft of a parish where he preached and worked, and his heart had been warmed with the feeling that these encircling peaks were like the Father-heart holding him and all his small doings in safe and loving hand. Now from the little dusky window of his study he saw big flakes of snow falling like a veil between him and the vast black fret-work of pines over the mountain side, and his heart was chill.

Other soft fallings of snow had touched all his consciousness into reverent peace, though it did mean miles of upward floundering around dangerous cliff edges, funerals to be held among the drifts, sick people to be visited though he must go on snow-shoes, meetings to be held in spite of all, if the pastor would keep his hold upon the scattered membership, or think of adding to his flock.

Now the snow seemed to work fiercely, not gently, as he watched. Soon the flower-beds in the yard were all mounded over like graves—little children's graves. He turned away from the window.

Perhaps he ought never to have brought home little Jane. He would agree that this might be true. It was of a piece, probably, with other foolish luxury-loving things he had done when his wife was not near to give gentle warning. He had never attended a con-

ference in the city without bringing home some preposterous treasure, joying in it until he met her despairing face. It made no difference how shabby he was, himself; no difference that when the people did not fill up their share of the general assessment for missions it must come out of his own lean purse, and generally did; no difference that for ten years he had sorely needed a vacation, with never a dollar to spend that way. He was incorrigible. Once it was a costly rifle for Jack, his eldest boy. Once a superb album of original photographs of sculptures and paintings, announcing blithely, "Now we'll take that trip to Europe, my dears." Once a cage of lovely—but expensive—canaries, with a merry "Here's a cageful of summer in the middle of winter for you,"—and these only instances out of the long catalogue of innocent sins.

Last of all, Little Jane. Not little "Jane" at first. Her real name was Florence Marie Ramone. He had found her one day in San Francisco carrying a great mug of beer up a grimly tawdry stairway. She had dropped the mug, breaking it and spilling the beer to the last drop. Then he saw a creature in a flopping thing called a "tea-gown" swoop down and with wild fists rain blows upon the baby shoulders. The child's mother had "suicided" the day before, it was told him there in the wretched cant of the lodging house and the street. And here was the child for somebody to keep. The unspeakable Tea-gown did not want her. Mercy only knew who did. "Then give her to me," he said, and took her that very afternoon on the train with him, going back to his sky-loft, the happiest man in the world.

He had always longed for a girl. Yet there had come to him five consecutive boys and never a daughter. He wanted a little girl, with long, soft, angel curls,

and starry eyes, with little delicate frilly frocks, and soft ways, clinging to him, basking in her father's strength, as no son could, filling his days with sunshine and sweetly lifting home cares from her mother's shoulders by and by.

This was a homeless, loveless child. She would fill such a little place, too; it could hardly be noticed in added care or expense. She would be good for his rough boys; a little sister for them to shelter and care for.

It was one year now since he had brought her home. The little mother had received her with a sweeter welcome than he had dared hope for, even with his invariable confidence in the happy outcome of his investments.

No one could describe—he never could forget—the child's immense joy, and instant confidence, in the sweet immutability of home. She had climbed upon his lap the second evening and said, "Papa, I should like to have a new name, I should like to be called little Jane. The people across from the meeting-house call their littlest girl Annie Jane. But I'd like to be just Jane. When you're Jane it seems's if you're born here." And the child was so eagerly in earnest that he gave her the name, "Little Jane."

Little Jane had bossed the boys with immediate subjugation. It was a delightful bossism, full of merry daring, and it included a worshipful trotting after them, hour by hour. Caps went mysteriously to nails where mother liked them, school books appeared miraculously at the appointed time, balls came forth from hiding places, fairy fingers were ready to tie up bruised thumbs.

Little Jane could not endure a shade of crossness between "the ones in the family." The least inflection of anger or impatience brought from her a pleading: "Oh, don't—don't say it—I can fix it—I can find it—don't you care!" It was as the grief of an angel might be if some dread day hateful anger were heard in heaven—grief and wounded surprise.

Little Jane had loved to go with her hand in his, into the bright world of out-of-doors. Close in his heart he held a picture of the dear head bobbing about in the warm sunshine among wild weedy

things, the absorbed child opening all the curious pods, "to find out the prettiness," with little prying poet fingers. "Oh. I wish Gold *could* make another day like this!" she exclaimed in rapture, happy face uplifted to the blue sky.

* * * * *

But it was all over. The times were very hard. Two of the richest members of the church, the only large givers, had died within the year and their estate was being divided up among families who thought enough had been done by them already. It was hinted that if this church did not prosper to a greater degree in the coming year, the general association would join it to another weak church and put a younger, cheaper man in charge of both.

One woman to whom the church looked now for its strongest support had expressed her opinion confidentially to all the women, that the pastor had committed a sin in adopting an extra child. It was a slap in the face of Providence. That child should have been placed in an institution, not saddled upon a poor congregation like this. This confidential opinion grew and grew, until it became an aggregation of opinions, and promptly found its way to the ears of the pastor's wife, stinging her into frantic apprehensions of unheard-of evil.

Then the letter had come. It was a letter from some Miss Constance Cobb, in Connecticut, who had only lately heard that her niece, the child's mother, was dead, and supposed it was her duty to take little Jane, though the niece had never been a credit to her "raising" and she had no expectation that the child would do much better. She would undertake, however, to do well by her, until she might become self-supporting, at least. Immediate decision was asked, after which she would forward a check for traveling expenses.

This was the "leading." By some miserable chance the contents of the letter had escaped the family circumference, and outside opinion became insupportable.

Sitting alone, his hands clinched and hot, his face turned away from the mimic graves in the mounded snow, the pastor's thoughts pounded wildly through

his brain. "Do not I earn what I get? Is it not mine? The child has put her roots down here—a precious flower. What will she ever trust in, cast out from *here*? I am willing to eat less, to wear a thinner coat all my days, for her. The mother would be willing, too—the boys, too—God bless them, if the others would let us alone. Was it not a leading, when I found her alone and bruised and brought her home? Who is the infallible interpreter?"

He rose and walked to and fro in the narrow room, and the tempter walked beside him, foot to foot. Why not drop this life of miserable dependence? There were things he could turn his hand to, even now. He had not been an incapable weakling when in the enthusiasm of his young manhood he had left everything to follow the Master.

Then he wrestled with the tempter. How could he know that it was not the love of God, to give the child this wayside rest for a little time, then lead her on to wider opportunities? Perhaps the things she had learned here would quicken some other lives into rare and beautiful fruitage in years to come. He had never asked God to give him an easy field. Could he desert his colors now?

In the morning little Jane was told. Abraham's agony could hardly have been deeper. The child sat in his lap and looked into his face with wide, tearless eyes. She patted his cheeks with little warm comforting hand; she stroked his forehead, his chin. And she said, in a small, strained little voice, "Don't feel so bad, papa. You wouldn't give me away if you could help it. There's so much things to buy, and the church is so poor. Don't feel so bad, papa."

She begged to have a party, a good bye party—not "cakes," to trouble mother—just all the children to come, and have apples to eat, may be, and play. And when they came, little Jane filled the house with the maddest, merriest uproar.

"I do love you all so! I do love you all so!" she said, and hugged every one again and again.

When the time came to "choose out" for the games, in some mysterious way little Jane was unfailingly found to be "out." The pastor heard the children

laugh, "Every time it's little Jane! How funny!" He called her to him and asked, "Why are you always 'out,' little Jane?"

Little Jane whispered, with finger to her lip, "It's so they'll have the best time, papa," and then, with a wise little smile, "You know I *am* the one that is out!"

The snowfall had been light. The stage could still follow its regular trips, but it was the season for dangerous storms which might shut in the valley for weeks from the lower world, and arrangements were made as quickly as possible for little Jane's departure. It happened that the widow Riley had a son in the hospital, down in the city, very ill. She could not possibly leave home to go to see him, but offered to pay the pastor's expenses that he might visit him, which seemed the next best thing. By this means he was enabled to take little Jane thus far on her way.

In the city, after the visit to the hospital, the two wandered in the soft half-tropical sun from place to place, always with hands closely clasped, putting in the time with as brave faces as they could, but with sore hearts, thankful for the sweet solitude of the busy street. At last the time came. He could not stay to put her on the eastern-bound train, but there was a good friend of his who would keep the child and carefully see her on her way when the hour arrived. Around that block upon which the friend's house stood they walked many times, dreading the leave-taking. Now it could not be put off. He led the child to the steps, and she ascended, stopping just above him to turn and clasp her arms around his neck. Unsteadily she said, "Shall I sing you a little song?"

It was a brave little voice, though it broke and quavered and fell far flat of the key; and the lips tried to smile, but a great tear fell upon each cheek, as she stood and sang:

*"Say au revoir, but not good-bye,
Tho' the past is dead, love cannot die.
'Twere better far had we not met,
I loved you then, I love you yet!"*

Queer song for a little child to sing, with its cheap grown-up tang of the concert hall, picked up one knew not how;

but he could not smile, so sad was the little, broken, loving voice.

She stopped, and there was silence. He loosened his arms. Then he heard the door opened, and dumbly knew that little Jane had passed within, and he would see her no more.

* * * * *

The days crept on in the old way. Only, somehow, in the midst of his heartache, he fancied that in some of the rudest places, up nearest the sky, where only a few miners and a handful of women and children gathered to meet him, the people seemed to understand. They said, indeed, that they "missed little Jane," for he had taken her up there with him sometimes. Now he felt vaguely that they were making an effort toward him, somehow, with warmly human heart if not religious motive. He heard, after the sermon, murmured colloquies:

"Well, you know, they never ask *us*—they sort o' like to run things their selves down there—he thought a sight of her—he's mighty fond of children—why, when he buried my little Mindilla—" but the pastor moved out of hearing.

He never had been able to win these people in any sensational way, but always had given them his best. Men came to hear him now who had never come before and they listened soberly to the plain Bible truths he gave them. A faded woman, with the mountain loneliness in her eyes, told him, "Your preachin's the first I've heard in forty years. I'm awful glad I came. Those things you tell seem strange, but I guess they're so."

Two old people, a man and his wife—very old and bowed and wrinkled—said, "Parson, we guess we'll jine." He had importuned them many times, but they had always protested, "We jest can't give up dancin'!" Not that they could

dance—stiff with rheumatism as they were! But they "loved to set 'an look on" and they "'lowed the spurret was the same." And as they

"—SHALL I SING YOU A LITTLE SONG?"

had set up this test for themselves, he had at last let them alone, to wrestle out the matter with their own consciences.

Now they were cordially ready to "give up dancin'."

Up at Gringer's Bar, when Bill Jackson in his big mining boots clumped over the rough floor to pass the hat, he did it with startling unction. "Here, you Jim," he demanded in peremptory stage whisper, "dig up a quarter!" To another it was, "Plank down your four bits, son!" and to the next, "Say, Joe—a dollar!" until the pastor felt obliged to admonish him to desist.

They seemed to care, now, what he thought of them. This was not much of a step, spiritually, but it was something. After the preaching a hot dispute arose at the tavern between Bill Jackson and Jim Rhodes as to their respective evidences of piety. Was it not Bill who got up the subscription to fence the graveyard? On the other hand, was it not Jim who went 'round with the hat last week for them God-forsaken Griggses? This was acknowledged, but it was also insisted that to fence the graveyard cost a great deal more than to feed the Griggses. To this came the hot rejoinder, "Wa'n't it worth more to feed the livin' than to fence in the dead?" After a few drinks, everybody's temper became so roused that the barkeeper cleared the place and closed up the bar for a while, and so a fight was avoided. Anyhow, Bill declared, they wanted the parson to see that he had not been a-expoundin' up here year after year and not a thing to come of it. He was appreciated up here.

Down in the home valley, among the mills and the little alfalfa farms, the church debt seemed as impregnable as ever, the improvement to the building just as far off. Christmas time approached, and the little cluster of people up at Gringer's Bar sent down word that they were going to have a tree on Christmas Eve and thought the pastor ought to come up this year, especially as Christmas would be on Sunday and it was his preaching day up there anyhow.

The pastor went—part of the way on snow shoes. At sunset Gringer's Peak, with its forests all covered with snow, looked like shining brass, glorious in beaten work of pomegranate flowers and wings of cherubim, holy and beautiful.

The peaks around it were all in purple shadow; he was struggling upward through the shadows as he gazed.

The splendor had vanished when he reached "the Bar." A group of men stood before the door waiting for him in the crisp, sweet dusk. They seemed happy as big boys, shaking his hand with grips that hurt.

"It's inside—in the dining-room," they announced. "No other room would hold the folks. Gringer has shut up the bar, so it's all right. Why—they're comin' down from the Queen Jezebel, and away out at Gold Forks, and 'course, from Lone Gulch. And you'd ought to see that tree! But you go right in—Mis' Gringer's got supper waitin' in the kitchen."

All the evergreen trees in that country are called "Christmas trees," summer and winter. They are known by no other name, in every-day speech. And in the country of Christmas trees, Bill Jackson with his trusty followers had climbed to a difficult shoulder of the high hills and brought down the most glorious green creature that could be captured and carried with its savage beauty inside of four walls.

It stood there, peerless, sending its tonic fragrance through every cranny of the old tavern. The bar was closed, sure enough, and it had a calico curtain of subdued color hung wholesomely in front of it. The benches used for Sunday meeting had been brought over and ranged in the big dining-room. The tree stood at the opposite end, screened from premature observation by an immense tent-cloth.

A splendid hot supper was waiting for Mr. Dane. Mrs. Gringer served it in a state of triumphant exaltation bordering on frenzy and quite inexplicable even in view of these supreme festivities. Really there was scarcely time for the hungry man to do justice to that supper, so promptly had the crowd gathered.

"We want you to begin with prayer," said Mrs. Gringer, breathlessly aside. "After the prayer, the children will sing 'Joy Bells.' We've been a practicin' 'em all the week, an' it just lifts you right up to hear 'em. Our Abe's to be Santa Claus. He walked clear down to Yreka

to git the bells for his outfit. Bill Jackson went down and brought up two pack-loads of things for the tree an' us women made consider'ble. It's all dressed, and looks splendid. There ain't never been anything like it on the Peak. I hope the children won't skeer at Abe. There'll be something fine for everyone, men folks and all."

The pastor's brief prayer won the buzzing room into stillness. Then "Joy Bells" brought the tears to the men's eyes. They cleared their throats and tried to smile it off. The tree was indeed glorious, with its golden lights, its motley gifts. Santa Claus ambled in with a torrent of sleigh-bell music, behind a real deer (Mrs. Gringer's pet). He unloaded a hundred bags of candy, then began his task of stripping the tree. The place fairly shook with a roar of talk and laughter. It went on and on, till at last a whisper began, "Where's the preacher's present? Say—they haven't left him out, have they?" Whereupon others with an odd expression of indulgent forbearance hushed them with a warning, "Come off! What is proper to do is to wait!"

But gift after gift came down, distributed by blushing, tiptoeing little girls, until at last there seemed nothing—nothing! Only tattered strings of popcorn caught in the tree, only a torn paper star here and there, only the failing lights. The pastor looked on, smiling, enjoying. A strange silence fell. Then Bill Jackson stood up and cleared his throat portentously. "Folks!" he said, "If Sandy Claus will look as sharp as he'd do if he was a-lookin' for a present of his own, he'll find something more, tied to a twig under the big star at the tip-top. Git a taller ladder, some o' you fellers."

Bill was nothing if not dramatic. The ladder was brought, and in full view of the multitude a tiny parcel was disengaged and handed to him. It was of cylindrical form, carefully wrapped in a succession of papers, the last one bearing an inscription which he read in a loud, perfunctory tone, entirely unsuggestive of rhetorical pauses or punctuation:

"A happy Christmas to the preacher from a few friends respectf'ly wishin' him long life and prosperity and the

blessin' of God Almighty forever amen. Bill Jackson, Andy Bunce, Jerry Wilson—" and so on, through a list of nine names. Then he handed it to the rosiest little girl to give to the pastor: simply a small bottle—but it was filled with gold dust and its stopper was a splendid nugget, and altogether it was worth six hundred dollars.

"That's the way we do things on *our* side of the Peak!" whispered Bill as he took his seat next to Jim Rhodes, and wiped his moist brow. To his amazement Jim arose, gasping with excitement, but struggling to speak with becoming dignity. "Ladies and gentlemen, the pastor's gifts are not all distributed," he announced with an impressive wave of his long arms. "The ladies will now bring in the remainder.

Necks were craned. Short people stood on tiptoe. The children were uplifted in their mothers' laps. Then the door opened, two or three motherly women filed in, beaming. The pastor dizzily saw Mrs. Gringer coming last, leading—oh, could he be dreaming?—a little girl in a warm scarlet frock, with a mist of golden curls and brown, brown eyes turned like stars upon him—a little girl devotedly shouldering a great Christmas doll, and who flew that minute into his arms, doll and ail, and was clasped there, while the crowd fell to weeping, until some good soul tactfully started "Joy Bells," and then they raised the roof.

"That's the way we do things on *our* side the Peak," blandly explained Jim to Bill. "You see the mine superintendent was a-goin' east anyway, an' we got him to go and fix it up with the aunt (it was mighty easy to do), and we jest had the parson's little girl brought back and smuggled up here for Christmas. We reckon the money he gits is his money and he can do what he blame pleases with it. There'll be enough to go 'round, after this."

And Jim further explained to a group of admiring listeners, "You folks'll all like to know, mebby, over at Lone Gulch, we've made up a little purse ourselves, and it's the pastor's little girl's back salary. There's more to come."

The tree was so beautiful, it simply could not be taken down till after Christ-

mas. Somehow the thirstiest man at Gringer's did not want the bar opened on that Christmas Sunday, and so the meeting was held in the old tavern, and everybody came.

That sermon! To this day the people reckon times from "the year of the Christmas sermon." It sounded out thrillingly, winningly with its message of cheer and good will—out to all the lonely camps, through all the high valleys, and it brought men—but that story must wait.

Then the pastor and little Jane and the doll went down together, and the way led between acres and acres and thousands and thousands of Christmas trees, each casting his happy separate shadow upon the glittering snow.

"Am I surprised?" laughed the little mother, at home, "why, precious ones, I knew it all, ages ago. They couldn't keep the beautiful secret all to themselves. And the people down here are so jealous—they are going to give a lovely children's reception to little Jane!"



THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF CHRISTMAS TREES



DAN, THE TRICK HORSE

By W. F. G. THACHER

ONE of the most intelligent and highly educated horses in the world is owned by Robert Lowry, the proprietor of the Pacific Hotel, Aberdeen, Wash.

"Dan," he is named, and those who have watched his performance pronounce it to be little short of marvelous. His extreme tractability is the more noteworthy from the fact that, in his colthood, Dan displayed more than ordinary perverseness. Indeed, so strenuously did he resist the ignominy of bit and crupper, and so many evidences did he give of a vicious temper, that his original owner became disgusted and disposed of the obstinate three-year-old to Mr. Lowry. Dan's new master was an old and experienced horse dealer and

liveryman, and understood thoroughly the idiosyncracies of the equine temperament; and in Dan, he soon realized, he had a horse of superior intelligence and tractability. And so, after Dan had learned the ordinary rudiments of a horse's education, including "Whoa," "Back," the meaning of certain pressures on the bit, etc.—he concluded to give Dan a special post-graduate course in various tricks. Dan proved an apt pupil, and it was not long before he developed into an accomplished trick horse.

In his extensive repertoire of "stunts," he includes many that are highly amusing. At a word he will lie down and roll or feign death. Or he will deliver a stump speech, standing on a large block and moving his head and lips as though

he were William J. Bryan discussing the money question. He will kneel down and place his nose on the ground as if in prayer, and utter the most dolorous groans in imitation of an old colored

mammy "gettin' 'ligion." If a pipe be placed in his mouth, he will sit down and give every evidence of enjoying a good smoke.

But Dan's masterpiece, his most appreciated trick, and one of the most unique ever taught any animal, is the "horse laugh." Dan sits back on his haunches, throws back his head, opens his mouth and gives voice to a series of sounds that bear some resemblance to a neigh, but more to the bray of a donkey. His appearance when giving forth these peculiar sounds is so ludicrous that roars of laughter invariably follow the performance; and it is the opinion of those who have seen him that if a horse *could* laugh, that is certainly the way he would go about it.

Unlike many of his masters in the human race, Dan's higher education has no whit unfitted him for work. On the contrary, and in spite of his many accomplishments, Dan performs the duties of an ordinary livery horse and takes his turn on the hotel "bus." Mr. Lowry, his owner, has never seen fit to make capital of Dan's acquirements, although it is unquestionable that the horse would be a great attraction for fairs, side-shows and the like. Instead, Dan, who is now eight years old, performs the honorable duties of his kind, and is a beloved and respected member of the family and the community.

Dan's Masterpiece—the Famous "Horse-Laugh."



The Thunderstorm

Lou Rodman Teeple

*A low, deep roar on the hot air,
An answering growl, as if to dare
The inky battlements up there,
A swift, incessant flash,
A dazzling glare, a boom and jar;
The rattling peals of giant's war,
As onward sweeps each battle car,
To meet with deafening crash.*

*With blazing seams the clouds are rent,
And by the fiery glory lent,
Is seen the rain-drenched barley bent,
Its beard upon the sod.
An ominous lull, anew to start;
With flame the skies are torn apart;
A stunning shock—and to his heart
The agnostic whispers, "God."*

By William Bittle Wells

Awake! Awake!! Awake!!!

whole Pacific Coast today is a field laden with innumerable opportunities. Every man who has eyes to see may see them if he will. Yet, as always, men are blind—blind, when the very grass they tread, the bracing air, the rain, aye, even the charred hulks of fallen forest giants have written upon them in letters so large and plain that they almost shout aloud, "OPPORTUNITY! OPPORTUNITY!" The atmosphere is breathing it into your ear and into mine. Energy, enthusiasm, pluck, determination—these are the requirements today! Young man, if ever in your lifetime, rouse yourself here and now. Think and think, and then DO. This is no time, no place for the laggard. The Pacific Coast wants MEN—men who will say "I will" and who WILL; strong men, men with COURAGE. Here we have the garden spot of the world spread out before us—everything that Nature can give or man's trained imagination can conceive. Beautiful and fertile valleys, glorious and majestic mountain and river scenery, wonderful forests, mines of gold, silver, copper, nickel, and what not, rivers teeming with delicious fish, sunshine, rain, and yet not a cloud to disturb the equable, the unapproached condition of affairs. We have it; we are in possession of it—this garden spot, this land pregnant with hidden resources, possibilities that almost stagger the imagination, opportunities!! It is for YOU—YOU—for US. A thousand million tongues are shouting "*Awake! Awake!! AWAKE!!!*"



"Twenty years ago," says the man who lost his opportunity, "I could have bought a certain lot in this town for \$1,500. It is now worth \$25,000." Twenty years hence there will be a man who will say practically the same thing. Opportunity is here NOW. The whole Pacific Coast, and especially the Pacific Northwest, has never before been so prosperous, so full of opportunities. The population of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and British Columbia is increasing so rapidly that it is impossible to make an approximately correct estimate of what this section contains. The census of 1900 is ancient history. Everett, Washington, has nearly trebled its population since then, and the same thing is largely true of Whatcom. Portland and Seattle have passed the 100,000 mark by leaps and bounds, and a race is on between the two cities that is full of spice and interest. Baker City, Oregon. Boise, Idaho, Spokane, Washington, Vancouver, B. C., the Willamette Valley, Southern Oregon, the Gray's Harbor country, and British Columbia are all feeling the impetus of a phenomenal increase in population. And yet, if indications point true, all this is only the beginning of a great movement to The Pacific Northwest that will make prosperity still more prosperous. Land will be cleared for farms, factories of nearly all kinds will be erected and great ships will ply from our ports to the Orient. The pressing need of this region—people—is being rapidly supplied, and at no very distant day we may expect it to assume the importance to the world that its position and unparalleled advantages make inevitable.

Our Industrial War

THERE are two great causes which produce and maintain a nation and bring about its degeneracy and destruction. One cause is the acts of the men who think in every collective body of people, and the other is the spirit of destiny exhibited in the masses. These causes are continually at work, either in unison or in opposition.

As the men who think are, so is the government, until this spirit of destiny in opposition produces a reaction or revolution. This spirit of destiny seems dormant at times, and shows itself strongly only when great questions arise, and at such times it is like an irresistible billow sweeping over a nation.

The majority of men do not have time, or do not care to think on a governmental question, and the men who think long and deep mold the minds of the majority often to travel in a road which that majority would not go, providing it thought as hard and planned as deeply as the few.

If these few planned solely for the good of the majority, in accordance with the rule laid down by the great Teacher, or if the majority were firm to uphold that rule, conditions such as now exist could not be; and the failure to live up to this rule has brought these conditions upon us. In other words, we have cast down the golden rule and have exalted the golden calf, and now are paying the penalty.

Self is the supreme motive power which has produced our industrial system and its apparent evils, and its agents, the moneyed men, can no more change these conditions than the leopard can change its spots; it is therefore necessary for the spirit of destiny to arise in the majority and find the remedy.

It is said, whom the gods destroy they first make mad. This was a deeper meaning than appears on its surface, for the gods destroy solely to build anew, and man, made mad by experience, builds the

civilization to be. In this, spirit of destiny, and the gods, are synonymous terms.

Alexander, mad, brought to Greece the civilization of the east. Cæsar, mad, gave to Gaul the arts of the Romans; and the monk, Peter, mad, caused the crusades and bestowed on Europe the learning of Asia. In our own times, the people mad, broke the bond of slaves, and won triumph through civil war.

Would it be out of place to compare Pierpont Morgan with Alexander? Diogenes thought the mad Macedonian unworthy of his notice, and perhaps, philosophers of today may think likewise of Morgan; but today is raging a greater war than ever devastated Europe or Asia, and Morgan is the supreme chieftain leading his chosen warriors over the world.

Once there was a time when clubs gave way to spears, and spears to the catapult; then iron gave way to gold. Gold is the weapon which fights the battles today; Chief Morgan looks on the golden calf, and many men do homage to his god. We are in the present fight, we are all drafted, and the only question to be solved is how to win the victory. If Persia had not lived in luxury and corruption under Darius, Alexander would not have traversed it, and perhaps, if we had not been sleeping on our rights, Morgan would not now have us surrounded with his arsenals; they were blind, and the world was enlightened through their acts; we are blind, and when this industrial war is over the world will have advanced a degree in the scale of civilization.

Man today is civilized only so far as he has proceeded in the scale of evolution from barbarism to civilization, and as he arises only through experience and suffering, so will he find the remedy for present evils through like experience and suffering. All the wars and conquests of

the past have been necessary for the elevation of the race, and the elevation of the race is the law of destiny. Blind and selfish man must yield to this method of procedure for his good, and it is only after many battles have been fought and won, will he discover that if he had thought and acted differently he would have been more leniently dealt with.

Some people look to socialism as the result of this industrial war; yet, can it be? Money is the harlot of nobility, and nobility a monger with corruption. The proletarian is fast becoming a nincompoop. Can such breed socialism? The theory of socialism is older than civilization. The cannibals of Terra del Fuego practice it. Whoever has read the "Ecclesiazuzae" by Aristophanes will know how strong it was in ancient Greece. For all of this, whenever men have learned the power which property rights give to individuals, socialism fades before this power, civilization repeats

itself, men worship the golden calf, nations become corrupt and pass away.

In this industrial war there will be battles, and battles, and battles. The present strike has been settled, but others have been settled before this one. It is bound to be trained veterans against the populace, and it is the middle classes who must make the final stand. The golden calf will be a god, and Chief Morgan, as figurehead, will traverse the world. He will fall as Alexander fell, mad and destroyed. Then, like Phoenix, rising from sleep, will a new civilization arise and come upon us, and those who live after us will know that the hand of destiny has smitten well, although it has destroyed countless thousands of homes.

We can prescribe remedies, but can not give them until the people have suffered more and become more virtuous. This war must run its course, and it is our children's children who will make the last stand and win the day.

Valentine Brown



The Time's Demand for Greatness

In a sense more significant than ever before, the United States is a World Power. The evolutionary processes which have led up to present conditions are matters of historical record, and it is both agreeable and profitable to study and speak of them. From discovery to colonization, from colonization to confederation, through blood to constitutional republicanism, thence through blood again to homogeneity in State constitutional rights and guarantees, and at last through blood to a supremacy over detached and distant Oriental islands and peoples. The very rapid development of our national resources, the wonderful progress in transportation facilities, the possibility of speedy and universal communication by telegraph and telephone, all acquired within the memory of many who are still engaged in active life-pursuits, have produced results upon the American Continent much greater than in the countries older and with, in some respects, more restrictive governmental organizations.

Present conditions are such as afford opportunity for big men; men whose

mental caliber and scholastic achievements are such as qualify them to comprehend gigantic enterprises, and who possess executive ability of the highest order. The field for operation by men thus qualified is probably less restricted now than ever before, and more inviting in the United States than in any other nation.

Nor is this call for greatness more imperative in business enterprises, than in education, in the administration of our government, the making of our laws, and in that always highest realm of being, the culture in spiritual things. We are not only a World Power. It seems almost inevitable that we pass, in many respects, to supremacy among World Powers.

It seems not unlikely that the States of the extreme Northwest are to be the theater of greatest activity, as at present, in the near future and so indefinitely in the coming years. What responsibilities, as well as possibilities, belong to citizenship in the undeveloped States of Washington, Montana, Oregon and Idaho!

Geo. M. Gage

Charles M. Schwab

Fifty thousand dollars represents a comfortable little fortune for the ordinary American citizen, and many a man who is considered very well-to-do is worth no more than that. And yet there is a man whose yearly wage is just that sum. Fifty thousand dollars is the salary that Mr. Schwab receives every year from the United States Steel Corporation for his services. Of course, that represents but a tithe of his earnings, for his interests in the corporation yield him dividends that make the fifty thousand look very inconsiderable. But it is significant because it is the largest salary paid to any living man.

Does he earn it? That is a natural question, but one to which anybody at all cognizant of the steel industry will answer promptly and decisively, "yes." If a salary represents an equivalent for services rendered, then there is no wage paid in the world that is more fully earned than the one paid Mr. Schwab, for to his individual efforts, his unbounded energy, his enormous resourcefulness and organizing ability, more than to any one factor, is due the colossal success of the steel trust.

At seventeen, Charles Schwab was a grocer's boy, earning \$2.50 per week. Shortly after, he was driving stakes in the engineering department of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works; and in six months was a superintendent in charge of the construction of blast furnaces.

Thereafter his advance was simply marvelous. In every new position he displayed such ability that he was promptly called to a higher. At twenty-five, he was superintendent of the Homestead works, which he had recon-

CHARLES MICHAEL SCHWAB

structed and enlarged, making it the largest in the world of its class. A few years later, the Edgar Thompson works came under his jurisdiction. In 1897, when he was thirty-five, he became the chief of all the enormous interests of the Carnegie Company. He had reached

the highest point of efficiency, and his career from that time was one succession of brilliant achievements.

Just now, Mr. Schwab is paying the debt to Nature that he has contracted by too much hard work and too much high-living. Even so wonderful a machine as he has shown himself to possess cannot run forever at topmost speed, with forced draft and the safety valve tied down. It had to be stopped for repairs at last.

But we are assured that the collapse is only temporary, and that Mr. Schwab will soon be back in the role in which we delight to do him honor—that of the sublimated employee—a wage-earner, raised to the *n*th power.

* * *

One of Tom Reed's Retorts

"No matter what you say," declared Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, to Chairman Payne, of the Ways and Means Committee, when discussing the Babcock proposition to put all steel products on the free list, "I am right, and I know it, and when a man is right he is in the majority." "Just so," replied Payne, "but you remember that Tom Reed used to say, 'God and one make a majority, but many a martyr has been burned at the stake while the votes are being counted.'"—Leslie's Weekly.

* * *

A Good Spellbinder's Story

An amusing anecdote of Opie Read, the Southern novelist, who now lives in Chicago, is told in Frank Leslie's. Until the last presidential campaign Mr. Read had always affiliated with the Democracy. During the campaign of 1900, however, he made speeches in the West in behalf of the sound-money ticket. When his bill of expenses went to Mr. Hanna the chairman noticed that Mr. Read's expenses in Denver were much larger than at any other place. Mr. Hanna called Mr. Read's attention to this. "I reckon as much," Mr. Read replied, "but did you ever play poker in

that pesky town?" Mr. Hanna made no answer, but put an "O. K." on the account.

* * *

Some of David Starr Jordan's Characteristics

No teacher employs more simple, forceful methods, says the *World's Work*. He addresses himself to the vital points, and whenever he can do so he lets his subject speak for itself. If the lecture be about fish he is likely to appear in an apron beside a barrel of live specimens, and dipping his bared arm down into the water, flash before the eyes of his pupils an example of his subject. His faith in athletics is firm and abiding. Once every year he plays at first base in the faculty's ball game. He has also played with the students. He loves the woods and wilds, and has only tolerance for towns. He is as appreciative as John Muir of elemental blessedness. He does not mind walking abroad in the dark or in the rain.

* * *

Amelia Bingham and Her Husband

It is rather a remarkably story, that of Amelia Bingham, the actress-manager, and her husband, as told in *Leslie's*. Her family kept an inn in a little town in Ohio, where Lloyd Bingham happened to stop once in the course of his professional wanderings on the regulation one night stands. In the dining room he saw Amelia, radiant, smiling and flaxen-haired, and his heart went out to her at once. As soon as they were married she started in to become an actress and he thereupon gave up the stage, turned broker, and from an unknown actor developed into a successful speculator in Wall street, able, eventually, to supply the funds for the carrying out of his wife's ambitions. And this mutual helpfulness has lasted until this day, with the result that both the Binghams have obtained a success that their past hardly seemed to prophesy.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This department was formerly called the "Native Son," the name of the magazine absorbed by the Pacific Monthly about a year ago. "The Pioneer," it is believed, is a more suggestive and inclusive title; but the purpose of the department—now, as then—is to nurture an interest in the early history of the Pacific Northwest, without regards for any boundary line. To this end, will be chronicled historical data and incidents, legends and traditions, and the lives and experiences of those noble men and women, "The Pioneers."*

Abraham Lincoln and Oregon

Abraham Lincoln once declined the position of Governor of Oregon Territory. This is not generally known, but it is none the less true. After the office had been refused by John Marshall—afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—it was tendered to the great "rail splitter." His reply came characteristically: "No, sir-ee!" Lincoln refused the position, not from any lack of appreciation of the honor or unwillingness to bear the responsibility. The real cause was the unwillingness of his wife to undergo the hardships of a trip across the plains and the privations of life in the far West.

In other ways, Lincoln's life touched the history of Oregon. His birth occurred in the same year—1809—in which John Jacob Astor conceived the plan of fitting out the ship *Tonquin* for trade in the Oregon country. Exactly fifty years from Lincoln's birthday, Oregon was admitted as a State.

Again, when Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States, he was introduced to the people by Oregon's first Senator, Colonel E. D. Baker. And during the campaign, one of the candidates for Vice-President on an opposition ticket was ex-Governor Lane, whom Lincoln had been asked to succeed in office.

* * *

The Beginnings of Education in Oregon

In the fall of 1848, the first school-

house was erected in the "classic shades of Yamhill." It was, of course, a log building, and contained, as a great and much-boasted feature, a huge fire-place with a mud and straw chimney, almost large enough to receive the teacher and all the pupils. Over the door of the edifice the boys fastened a rough board and inscribed thereon, by means of a piece of charcoal, the words, "Yamhill University."

The boys were generally clad in buckskin, while the girls wore dresses made of the coarsest cloth and colored with tea-grounds. The footwear—when anything was worn on the feet—consisted of moccasins.

But out of that old log schoolhouse—out of those crude outreachings for knowledge, grew men whose names are writ large in the history of the Northwest. The teacher, W. L. Adams, has since earned the right to affix A. M., M. D., LL. D. to his name. Among his students, one, James Shelton, became a physician and editor of a well-known medical journal. L. L. Rowland, another, became superintendent of public instruction with a string of titles after his name. John R. McBride was Congressman from Oregon and Chief Justice of Idaho. Still another, George L. Woods, was Governor of two States, Oregon and Utah.

Like many another one of its day and its kind, the Yamhill schoolhouse has a record which our present-day stately edifices of stone and brick can never hope to equal.

The First Government of Washington

J. Patton Anderson, U. S. Marshall, was the first federal officer to reach Washington Territory after it was segregated from Oregon. He arrived at Olympia July 3, 1853, and was followed in November by the Governor, Isaac I. Stephens. Charles Lander was the first Chief Justice, and O. B. McFadden and Victor Munroe, Associate Judges. The latter presided over the first territorial court, held at Cowlitz landing in January, 1854.

The first Legislature was convened at Olympia on February 27, the same year. F. A. Chenoweth was the first Speaker of the House, and Geo. N. McConana the first President of the Council. Both houses were Democratic. The first delegate to Congress was Columbia Lancaster.

* * *

Sir James Douglas

In the early days, before the 49th parallel represented so distinct a line of division as now, and when the interests of the people living north and south of that line were identical, there were men whose services were tendered alike to the inhabitants of the early Oregon and the dwellers in British Columbia.

Chief among these men, whose humanity was limited neither by race nor ruler, was Sir James Douglas. The son of a West Indian planter, he traced his descent from the Black Douglas of Scottish fame. He was educated in Glasgow, and, in 1817, came to the Pacific Coast to enter the employ of the Northwest Company. His industry and integrity won him many positions of honor and responsibility, until he became chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, whose affairs he administered for many years with great success.

The first judicial position west of the Rockies was filled by Sir James. He was also the first district judge to be stationed north of the Columbia by the Provisional Government, his district being that of Vancouver, Clarke Co., Wash. In 1846, he removed to Vancouver, B. C. Some time later he was appointed Governor of British Columbia, being the first to hold that honora-

ble position. Subsequently he was knighted by Queen Victoria. But, in spite of these honors, he retained the greatest interest in his American friends, and gave substantial proof of his loyalty on several occasions. Through his instrumentality, the whites captured by the Queen Charlotte Island Indians in 1851-52 were rescued and returned to their homes. At another time he sent a vessel to protect the imperilled settle-

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

ments on the Sound. Again, in '55-'56, he supplied the American settlers with arms and ammunition with which to fight the hostile Indians east of the mountains. He was a warm friend of Dr. McLoughlin and of Peter Skeen Ogden, co-operating with them in their labors in behalf of the pioneer settlements.

In Vancouver, B. C., his home until his death, a beautiful monument has been erected to his memory, a fitting tribute to a life of usefulness and honor.

* * *

The First Oysters

In the year 1851, Capt. J. W. Russell gathered the first oysters ever taken from Shoalwater Bay. Capt. Russell was a resident of Pacific City, a settlement which existed at that time on the shores of Baker's Bay, but which exists now in memory only. The bivalves were shipped in a schooner to San Francisco, where they found a ready market.

Fashions for Men's Winter Wear

Fashion is established by evolution—what has been good during the season past is improved, and what has become common is abandoned. Radical changes are seldom introduced with any degree of success—a fact which is due to the well-founded rule that a gentleman must never be too conspicuously dressed.

This Autumn and the coming Winter will differ but little in the sartorial sense from last year. The changes have been very few, in the main, representing some slight modification of a style that has become too familiar.

Evening Dress In evening dress the only change to be mentioned is that silk-faced lapels are urged. Silk facing is, at all times, a matter of taste and does not form a distinct line of demarcation between the fashionably and the unfashionably dressed man.

The most fashionable overcoats for the coming season are those of the large type, long, roomy, loose-fitting. The Chesterfield will partake of the general design of roominess.

Outing Garments

The more I see of the outing clothes, the more firmly am I convinced that the louder the colors are, the better. Flaring tints and mountainous checks seem to harmonize very well with bright sunshine and green grass.

Remarks on Care of Clothing

I have always insisted that the tailor who understands his business seeks to attain the effect of elegance with the least possible display. To design an artistic garment is to produce a perfectly harmonious scheme, which will bring out all the better qualities of a good figure. What is more important than to place a man in such a light so that he will ap-

pear to the best advantage? But, after all, the most pleasing thing about a well-dressed man is the look of perfect order and freshness that comes from having his clothes perfectly cared for, and he should not wear any one article of clothing for any length of time if he expects to preserve its shape and freshness. The presser can do much to renew the youth of a garment, but he cannot give to it that which has been strained out of it by long and unremitting wear.

James A. Beckett

The McCorkledy Veranda

CONTINUED

It was Sarah McCorkledy's fault. Mr. Gargoyle would perhaps not have returned to the subject, but she stirred him up by saying she hoped he would explain himself on Doran Josephine's account, for of course he never really meant what he had said about there being two sides to the bill-board question and especially an esthetic element in the argument, for, as well as against. Mr. Gargoyle insisted that he meant every word, and he declared brazenly in full hearing of Doran Josephine that there are buildings in the city which have been distinctly improved in appearance by the posting of bills all over them. Unspeakably squalid they stood, before, with old mouldy, crumbling corners slanting rhomboid fashion, loose boards escaping from nails rusty with the rains of fifty winters, old windows sagging, old door sills rotting. On a dark drizzling day the very sight of this aggregation is enough to induce suicide. They are murderous. Not only might they fall any day and crush those melancholy, slow, leering creatures who find a sort of make-believe business shelter in their curdling shadows, but in their ugliness and hopelessness they are immoral, and dangerously depressing.

But of late the bill poster had decorated all these mournful shacks from eaves to sills. He had not left a foot of space uncovered. He had done it joyously and well. He had made those frightful objects at least outwardly as clean, bright, spick and span as one of your grandmother's choice spare quilts, not so artistic, possibly, as her sunrise pattern, or tulip bed, but neat and cheerful.

Sarah McCorkledy looked as if she would like to disperse the whole assemblage, but Mr. Gargoyle calmly continued, "It would be far better to guide and instruct the bill poster than to persecute and exile him. Like the drama, the bill board may become a legitimate educational element of society if placed in the proper hands and moulded by a correct public sentiment. Let the once despised artist exercise his genius upon all architectural structures which offend the public eye. Keep his luxuriant taste within bounds. Indeed, schools for the special training of billboard artists might well be established under the fostering care of the city. These could also be utilized in the proper education of newspaper cartoonists, greatly to the improvement of public taste. The billboard artist, I repeat, has possibilities. His figures of men, women and things may become beautiful, dramatic, forceful, even in advertising, if we demand that they shall be. But under proper encouragement he would probably not remain a mere advertiser, however artistic. You know that no one now will submit attention to elaborate writing. Each separate idea must be labeled, framed and printed large. It is more and more an age that picks up wit as pigeons peas. Perhaps there might come the evolution of monthly billboard paragraphs, condensed thoughts of great writers, and these always accompanied by splendid illustrations in colors spread upon immense wall spaces by the Gibsons and Christys of the new School of Municipal Art. It might become necessary to create the office of City Editor of Bill Boards."

"Swell job. You could get it, Gargoyle. I'll push you," murmured Mr. McCorkledy. But Mr. Gargoyle proceeded, without deigning to notice the interruption. "Whole avenues might be

devoted to these paragraphs and illustrations, along which the lover of art might roll with luxurious wheels, drinking in fresh air and absorbing literature and art at the same time. Think of the wealth of color in those illustrations lighting up the city, like masses of glorious autumn leaves, on dull winter days. On plazas, in children's playgrounds, in public parks, the billboard cartoonist's art would furnish a vast means of amusement, as well as instruction, to the children. Other American cities are becoming noted for their wealth of beautiful statues. Ours might become renowned for her bill boards.

In order to draw on bill boards for the public, one should be graduated from the city school of instruction in municipal art, and the city should pay him a salary."

Here the Gargoyle brought his gaze calmly to earth, but Sarah McCorkledy had fled to the parlor.

Lucia Van Cliff Chase

Senator Hanna's Corned-Beef Hash

The corned-beef hash which was the feature of breakfasts given at Senator Hanna's home in Washington to President Roosevelt and other magnates was greatly relished by the guests, and has become famous. The recipe for preparing it is given in Leslie's as follows: Equal parts of boiled prime corned beef and potatoes are prepared. The beef is chopped as fine as possible, and the soft, mealy potatoes are cut into tiny tubes. A small onion is minced to add flavor, and the bottoms of the dishes are rubbed with a head of garlic. Another garlic head is wrapped in a piece of fat and thrown into the center of the mass. The whole is then mixed thoroughly and nicely browned in a big skillet or frying-pan. During this operation disks of Bermuda onions cut so that each round shows every ring of the onion are thrown into a deep dish of pure lard and browned delicately. When these disks are crisp they are used to garnish the edge of the platter, and the hash is served garnished with parsley or herbs, and a squeeze of a lemon.

Mariella; of Out-West

By Ella Higginson

Price, \$1.50

New York: The MacMillan Co.

If you would go into the glad free spaces of the out-of-doors and breathe tonic draughts of scented ozone; if you would stand on the shores of Puget Sound and hear the sibilance of breaking waves; or stand in the forest depths

Higginson a large and appreciative audience—holding a full measure of humor and pathos, and not without its dark shadow of tragedy.

The author speaks as one having authority. She knows well the Sound region and the Sound people, and loves them both, and her love and knowledge have alike entered into the making of her book.

In the advent of the great "Boom" of 1888 she finds rich opportunity for the study of contrasted types. On the one hand are the pioneer families, uncouth, crude, with natures narrowed and warped by unremitting toil. On the other, the exponents of a thin culture, borne in and stranded by the first wave of the oncoming tide of civilization. From these two classes the author draws her characters, but not with equal confidence. While the first group—the Palmers, the Mallorys and Proudfoots—are real and convincing, Mrs. Flush and the others fail to impress one as being faithful reproductions.

Out of this sordid environment, the character of Mariella—untamed child of the forest, with her unclouded vision of life, her unerring instinct for truth and beauty—gleams like a solitaire from a setting of clay and tinsel. And the story of her life and the love which finally claims her shames into silence all the worn phrases of conventional praise.

MRS. ELLA HIGGINSON
Author of "Mariella; of Out-West "

and listen to the various voicings of Nature's host; and if you would mingle with people who are truly children of Nature, laugh and weep with them and live with them their toil-spent lives—if you would do these things through the magic medium of a book, read Mrs. Higginson's "Mariella."

A wonderful story it is, filled with those qualities which have won for Mrs.

The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton

By Nathaniel Stephenson

Price, \$1.20 net

New York: John Lane

It is but seldom, nowadays, that after reading a story you feel that there really must be some continuation—that it is quite impossible to say good-bye to the people in whose varying fortunes your interest has been enwrapped. But that is exactly your sensation after reading "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton." You can hardly realize that the curtain has

fallen and the lights turned out, and you clutch eagerly at the "au revoir"—which supplants the customary "Finis"—as a possible promise of a sequel.

Come to think of it, that is the highest sort of praise; but even a surfeited reviewer is subject to sporadic attacks of enthusiasm. Mr. Stephenson has written a splendid story and we do not begrudge him his full meed of applause.

The author has chosen for his material one of the vital and dominant elements of our society—the element in whose veins stirs plebian blood, but whose very sturdiness has pushed itself to the front, outstripping those of finer but less vigorous fibre. These are the men who *do things*, who control our politics, fight our battles, captain our industries. That their wives should hold high places in "Society" is but the natural consequent.

And it is of these people of whom Mr. Stephenson writes. John Moulton—man of crude force and uncultured tastes, incontinent money-maker, who can see no other object than the acquisition of wealth that makes life worth the living—and his beautiful wife, with her repugnance for the sordidness of her husband's life, her pitiful, ill-directed outreachings for something better that are finally focused in a passion for a noble ancestry—these two are the foremost characters, and their prototypes may be found in any of our great cities. And in the portraiture of these types, so essentially American, the author displays a keenness of vision and a broadness of understanding that proclaim him, in truth, a student of humanity.

Also, the English is admirable. Scholarly without being pedantic, crisp and vigorous without sacrificing purity, it assembles all the requisites of style. "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton" may not be the "great American novel," but it is a great American novel that must be placed in the front rank of our fiction.



The Vultures

By Henry Seton Merriman

Price, \$1.50

New York: Harper Brothers

Mr. Merriman has written many clever stories—of that there can be no question. But this, his latest effort, will

hardly subserve to enhance his reputation.

Mayhap "effort" is not quite the word to use; for we venture, if the truth were told, "The Vultures" required no great amount of effort on the author's part for its production. Mr. Merriman has been very prolific of late—so much so, in fact, that his work seems to have lost its bloom, its freshness, its charm. In the words of the athletic trainer, he has "gone stale."

The story has to do with one of the many abortive attempts of Poland to rid itself of the Russian yoke, and hinges upon the assassination of Czar Alexander II. The scene shifts from London to Warsaw, and thence to St. Petersburg; but most of the incidents transpire in the Polish capital—that hot-bed of intrigue and revolution. The "Vultures" are the members of the Secret Service and the Diplomatic Corps of various nations, who, scenting afar off the brewing trouble in Poland, gather at Warsaw to await developments.

There is, it would seem, sufficient material for an acceptable story of the historic-romantic type; but the author, through mere indolence, no doubt, failed to make the best of his opportunities, and the resultant book is, at the most, a very ordinary piece of work. To be sure, the practised hand, gained by much hard work, stands him in good stead, concealing by the tricks of the trade—clever dialogue, the introduction of minor episodes, etc.—what would otherwise be fatal flaws in the structure of the story.

From the very outstart the reader will sense the lack of enthusiasm, and if he reads to the end, he will feel that the story is poorly developed, of slothful workmanship and weak design. And the worst of it all is that, at the end, nothing of consequence has been accomplished. The plot to free Poland was a dismal fiasco, the lovers were not united, everything remains as it was before. When one has been lured through 340 pages by the hope that something would happen to repay him for his trouble, and nothing does happen, he feels himself decidedly aggrieved. A murrain on a book with such an ending!

GENERAL SURVEY—

The Aftermath of the Coal Strike The commission appointed by President Roosevelt to arbitrate the differences between the operators and strikers met in Washington, October 24, and elected Judge Gray president. Mr. Wright, the recorder, was made a full member of the commission. Instructions were received from the President, charging them "to establish relations between the employers and the wage-workers in the anthracite fields on a just and permanent basis." Later, they adjourned to the coal fields, where they visited the mines and also the homes of the strikers, familiarizing themselves with the prevalent conditions. The demands of the workers have been enunciated by President Mitchell. They embody the same issues raised before the strike, of which the two principal points are the 20 per cent. increase of wages and 20 per cent. reduction in hours of labor. The operators take the same stand as before, denying the justice of the demands and refusing to recognize the union. Meanwhile, an unsettled condition still prevails in the coal region, and the presence of the troops is still necessary. The trouble is chiefly between the operators who did not sign the agreement and their employees. When the men returned to work at these collieries, they were met by demands that they sign papers binding them not to molest the non-union men who were retained. In most cases, the men refused to work, and the strike was—in these cases—continued, pending the action of the commission.

Failure of Danish Treaty On October 22, the Danish Landsthing rejected the treaty for the cession of the Danish West Indies to the United States. The vote was a tie, 32 to 32. The defeat of the treaty was

brought about by the strenuous efforts of the Conservative party in opposition to the Government. It is not believed that this will be a final settlement, but that eventually the islands will be ceded to the United States.

Validity of the Panama Title Attorney General Knox has delivered his opinion that the acceptance of the offer of the Panama Canal Company to convey to the United States the canal for \$40,000,000 would insure a valid and unincumbered title to the property. The length of the "opinion" is 300 pages, precluding even a resume. In general, however, it is asserted that the relations between the new and the old company are not such as to encumber the title.

The chief hindrance to progress lies in the failure of the Columbian government to ratify the treaty necessary to our construction of the canal. In fact, the Congress, by whom the treaty must be passed, has not yet been elected. This condition is due to the war in Columbia.

Cuban Congress The Congress of Cuba convened on November 3, having adjourned from October 20. President Palma's message takes a cheerful view of the situation. There is \$1,562,000 in the treasury, and the budget for the next year contemplates a surplus of \$2,000,000. Good order prevails throughout the country, he says, and the sanitary condition is even better than under the American regime. Regarding the United States, he says that our country sympathizes with Cuba, and expresses a hope that satisfactory trade relations will be established.

POLITICS—

The Election With a few exceptions, the results of the recent elections are about as anticipated, and

the political complexion is practically unchanged. In general, the victory is a Republican one, in which factional fights largely reduced the majorities. Congress is still decisively Republican, although the majority in the next house will probably not exceed 25. In New York, Odell (Rep.) was elected by a very scanty majority. In New York City, Coler, the Democratic candidate, received a majority of 119,500—due to dissatisfaction with Low's administration as Mayor—but the Republican majorities in the other parts of the state were sufficient to elect Odell. In Pennsylvania, Pennypacker (Rep.) received a large majority. The campaign methods of Tom Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, were rebuked with a round Republican majority. In Iowa, where the matter was complicated by Henderson's withdrawal, the Republicans were victorious after a bitter fight. A feature of the election was the overwhelming Republican triumph in Idaho. In California, Pardee (Rep.) was elected Governor, while Washington went Republican by a generous majority. In fact, the West presented a solid Republican front, with increased majorities. This is attributed to the gratification of the West over the irrigation bill, made a law by the last Republican Congress.

SCIENCE—

A Prehistoric American

The discovery of a human skeleton imbedded in preglacial strata has aroused a vast deal of excitement in the scientific world. The find was made by a farmer living near Lansing, Kansas, and the "Lansing man" is the name given the skeleton. Just when he lived cannot be determined exactly, but one geologist has conjectured that he was in existence from 21,000 to 30,000 years ago. The cranial formation would indicate an intellectual development far inferior to the early inhabitants of America of which we know.

Military Automobiles

Two new war automobiles have been on exhibit at Washington, D. C., the property and invention of Major R.

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P. Davidson. Each machine is provided with a protective shield and armed with a Colt rapid-firing gun which shoots automatically after the first discharge. Four hundred and eighty shots a minute can be fired, and this means that when in action, at a range of 2000 yards, a stream of 21 bullets is constantly in the air. The great difficulty, however, is found in the propelling gear, which has not been perfected to insure against breakdown.

Speed vs. Armament

The relative merits of speed and power as a predominant feature in our new armored cruisers have caused no little discussion in the Naval Board of Construction. Finally a report favoring fighting power was submitted, with one dissenting vote. It is the policy of the United States to equip its vessels of all classes with great battery power, so that they will be superior in that respect to foreign vessels of equal class. That this quality shall still characterize our vessels seems to be the wish of the Construction Board.

Dr. Lorenz's Operation

The operation performed by Prof. Adolf Lorenz upon the little daughter of J. A. Armour is notable, not only for the exceedingly large fee—\$100,000—but for the marvelously simple manner of its performance. The operation was to remedy congenital dislocation of the hips, and was performed without knife. The surgeon relies only upon his sensitive touch and knowledge of anatomy to enable him to so manipulate the defective joint that it is possible to articulate the bones and put them in a plaster cast. After the operation mentioned, Prof. Lorenz conducted a clinic for the purpose of demonstrating his methods, and has since visited many parts of the country for the same purpose.

The Tuberculosis Congress

The annual session of the Tuberculosis Congress was held recently in Berlin. The most important phase of the matter under discussion was the question whether animal and human tuber-

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culosis are intercommunicable. Dr. Robert Koch, who last year created something of a sensation by denying the traditional theory, this year reaffirmed his position that human tuberculosis does not result from eating tuberculous meat, or the drinking of milk from a tuberculous cow. "The fact is," he asserts, "that most people have eaten tubercular bacilli. Why," he asks, "is not the infection widespread?"

LITERATURE—

The Edinburgh Review The venerable Edinburgh Review celebrated its 100th birthday with a special edition. Its century of existence has been characterized by lofty standards, absolute independence and rare editorial ability. The special number contains as a leading article a history of the magazine, with portraits of all its editors from its proprietor, Sydney Smith, to the present incumbent. In the long list of contributors scintillate such names as Scott, Carlyle and Macauley. The unvarying policy of the Review was to publish anonymous articles, and it still clings to this custom, in spite of the vogue which demands that the silliest squib shall have its perpetrator's name affixed.

George Douglas Brown The death of George Douglas Brown has robbed the world of letters of one of its strongest individual powers. It is a matter for keenest regret that this comparatively young man, whose first book, "The House With the Green Shutters," has startled the critics and reading public alike into a recognition of a master mind—a rare, artistic force, quite distinct, quite above the highest average of his contemporaries—should be thus cut down without reaping the rewards of his labor. At the time of his death, he had a complete brief for a new novel, to be called "Incompatibilities." But whether or not his future achievement would have realized the rich promises of his first book, is one of the mysteries that is wrapt in death.

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Please mention the Pacific Monthly.

The Jew and Fiction

A recent article by Bernard G. Richards discusses the attitude of the Jew toward those writers, headed by Mr. Zangwill, who have so mercilessly availed themselves of the esoteric life of the Hebrew for the making of novels. The writer asserts that the keenest resentment prevails among the Jews at this exhibition of their life. The Jews are a super-sensitive people, shrinking from the curious gaze of unsympathetic eyes; and this picturing of the sordid conditions of the Ghetto by such graphic pens as Mr. Zangwill's has aroused a stream of indignation among the rich and aristocratic members of the race.

EDUCATION—

A Three-Year College Course

An important step has been taken by Harvard in reducing the time required for securing the bachelor degrees from four to three years. This is not indicative of any lowering of the requirements for the degree, but means that a student, by doing an extra amount of work, may accomplish in three years what has heretofore demanded four. It practically abolishes the distinction between the yearly classes, and permits an unrestricted selection of electives. The move is made to meet the growing demand for lengthened courses of professional study.

The Inauguration of Dr. Wilson

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the new President of Princeton, was inaugurated on the 25th of October, with ceremonies befitting the dignity and significance of the occasion. The historic old campus was thronged with visitors, among whom were distinguished representatives of the great universities and men of highest prominence in other walks of life. The principal addresses were made by the retiring President, Dr. Patton, by the Hon. Grover Cleveland, and by Dr. Wilson. The occasion was one of great auspiciousness, and bodes an augmented prosperity for the noble old institution under its young and vigorous chief.



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said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'GOURAUD'S CREAM' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.

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Poor Spelling At a spelling test, held at Northwestern University, out of 141 freshmen only 56 were able to pass. The words given were not particularly hard, but they were too much for the majority of the class. Prof. Clark says the trouble lies in the "scientific" method in vogue in public schools, by which the scholars learn the principle but not the practice of spelling.

ART—

Verestchagin's Paintings It is said of Verestchagin that his paintings are inseparable from him, that they were a part of his very life. With this in mind, the announcement that his productions—depicting the history of the campaign of Napoleon I in Russia—are to be sold at auction has aroused no little comment in the art coterie. In reply to the question, "Why do you sell them?" the famous artist replied, "Because I have decided to describe in paintings another country." But it is not divulged what country or period it is whose history and traditions he expects to chronicle pictorially. China, his friends surmise, because of the similarity of the conditions there to those prevailing in Russia at the time treated in his former series.

Art Collections Recently, a number of famous art collections have been purchased abroad by Americans, but have been left on the other side because of the high protective tariff on all such articles. Sometimes such collections have been "loaned" to galleries and museums in order to save the expense of transportation and tariff. The South Kensington Museum has just waked up to the fact that such loans are made only for the convenience of the owners, and has served notice that they must be removed.

American Photographers Win At the international photographic exhibit, held in Turin, Italy, the American exhibitors, though fewer in number than those from the European

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nations, took the majority of the prizes, including one offered by King Victor Emmanuel.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT—

"Higher Criticism" At the congress of the Church of England, which has been in session in London, the so-called higher criticism came in for much discussion. Little antagonism was shown to the belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible, the general sentiment being that all revelation is progressive and that it is erroneous to oppose those who do not believe in accepting the Bible literally. One speaker won applause by saying that religion has much to gain and nothing to fear from the "newer thought."

High Church Ritualism The line of demarcation between the Protestant and Roman Catholic church has been crossed by the dedication of the Church of St. Ignatius in New York. Ostensibly Episcopalian, it is, to all intents and purposes, Catholic, and the rector, in the dedication service, pronounced it a part of the Catholic and not the Protestant sect. The service used is Catholic, and the power of absolution and other matters of Roman Catholic doctrine are parts of its creed.

The Bible and the Schools In several states, the courts have decided that the Bible may not be read in the schools as a part of religious worship, basing their decision on the law that no sectarian instruction shall be permitted in any school supported by public funds. But in point of practice, the Bible will be read in the schools wherever public sentiment approves. From the standpoint of the Buddhist or the Jew, the Bible is sectarian; but this is a Christian country, and in this light, the reading of the Bible is *not* sectarian, so long as it partakes of the doctrines or customs of no particular sect.

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He scorns to eat of any meat,
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But Mrs. Spratt will none of that;
Foodine she cannot eat.
Her special wish is for a dish
Of Expurgated Wheat.

To William Spratt the food is flat
On which his mater dotes.
His favorite feed--his special need--
Is Eata Heapa Oats.

But sister Lil can't see how Will
Can touch such tasteless food.
As breakfast fare it can't compare
She says with Shredded Wood.

But none of these Leander please,
He feeds upon Bath Mitts,
While sister Jane improves her brain
With Cero-Grapo-Grits.

Lycurgus votes for Father's Oats,
Proggine appeals to May;
The Junior John insists upon
Uneeda Bayla Hay

Corrected Wheat for Little Pete;
Planked Pine for Dot; while "Bub,"
The Infant Spratt, is waxing fat
On Battle Creek, Near-Grub.
--Chicago Tribune.

* * *

No Overtime.

Here is an extraordinary story of an elephant employed in a timber yard. A number of logs had to be moved by him, and only one remained when the bell rang for ceasing work. Of course the elephant knew the bell and what it meant, and was sauntering away, when the foreman bade him move the last log. He did not object, but with all his tugging and straining, did not manage to lift it. Seeing this, the foreman called up a second elephant to help, but even the two together did no good--the log could not be stirred. It must be left. Next day, to the foreman's astonishment, when the bell rang for beginning work, the first elephant marched straight up to the log, lifted it quite easily and carried it to its proper place.

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Beastly nuisance, waiting heaw,
Weally, something's wrong, I feaw!

8 P.M.

P'whaps Melissa thinks she's cleavaw,
I'll remember this fowevaw!

8:30 P. M.

This is hohwid. When I meet haw,
Vehwy coldly I will treat haw.

9 P. M.

She said Monday evening. Thundaw!
This is Tuesday! Hohwid blundaw!

* * *

How Won?

Just a man and just a maid,
Just a hammock in the shade,
Just a pair of laughing eyes
Tinted like the summer skies,
Just a little argument
Savoring of sentiment,
Just the theme of love begun,
And just this—the maiden's won;
—Adelaide Pugh in Leslie's Weekly.

* * *

The Hair Brush.

Prof. Unna, Hamburg, Germany, European authority on skin diseases, says that dandruff is as contagious as any other malevolent d'sease, and that one common source of the spread of dandruff is the use of the same hair brush by different persons. The way to avoid catching dandruff or any other disease from another's brush, is to insist on the use of Newbro's He-pli-cide. It not only kills the dandruff germ, but it is also an antiseptic that will prevent the catching of any disease whatever through contagion of another's brush.

* * *

How to Give Away an Orange.

When giving away an orange it was formerly considered that all that was needed was to say, "I give you this orange." The real modern up-to-date way is as follows:

I give you all, and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, claim and advantage of, and in, this orange, together with all the skin, rind, juice, pulp and pips; with full power to bite, cut, suck or otherwise eat the same or give the same away; together with all the rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips. anything heretofore or hereafter or in any other deed or deeds instruments of whatsoever nature to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.—Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

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EVERETT W A S H .

What the Cakewalk Really Is.

By the time of the Louisiana Purchase, the Negroes, especially those of the interior, had lost all recollection of Africa, and with the failure of the mothers to teach their children even a few words of their old speech that tie disappeared. Being an imitative race, they soon learned to adopt the songs, dances and customs of their masters applicable to their conditions. For example, the "cake walk" is but a grotesque variation of the stately minuet of long ago.—Leslie's Monthly.

* * *

Landlord—"In one word, when are you going to pay your arrears?"

Hardup Author—"I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished which I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."—Tit-Bits.

* * *

"I have always thought," said Godfrey Scorsjel, "that Bjornstjerne Bjornson would be the right man to undertake an expedition to the north pole. If he could get within fifteen or twenty degrees of the pole with his dogs and sledges he could use his name for a couple of skees and slide the rest of the way."—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

A Wild Animal He Hadn't Known.

"Good morning," said a portly gentleman, as he hurried into a Southern book store. "I want three copies of 'The Tiger's Stripes.'"

"The what?" asked the puzzled dealer.

"The Tiger's Stripes,"—Tom Dixon wrote it—all about reconstruction, nigger supremacy, Southern girls, and all that sort of rot. My wife's had two and wants three more."

Light dawned on the bookseller,—

"You mean 'The Leopard's Spots,'" he said.

"I guess that is it. I knew it was some wild animal I hadn't known," he remarked, as he left the shop with the bundle under his arm.—World's Work.

* * *

"Don't you think that modern actors are more repressed in their methods than the old-timers were?" asked the friend.

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; "scenery has become so elaborate and expensive that we have to carry ourselves with more caution in order not to damage it."—Washington Star.

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Before the settlement of the coal strike, when coal could hardly be had for love or money, the Treasury Department was in receipt of the following letter from Mark Twain:

"New York, Oct. 3, 1902.—To the Honorable, the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington—Sir: Prices for the customary kinds of winter fuel having reached the altitude which puts them out of reach of literary persons in straitened circumstances, I desire to place with you the following order:

"Forty-five tons best old dry Government bonds, suitable for furnace, gold 7 per cent. 1864 preferred.

"Twelve tons early greenbacks, range size, suitable for cooking.

"Eight barrels seasoned 25 and 50-cent postal currency, vintage of 1866, eligible for kindling.

"Please deliver with all convenient dispatch at my house in Riversdale at lowest rates for spot cash, and send bill to

Your obliging servant.

MARK TWAIN.

"Who will be very grateful and will vote right."

* * *

The Reason.

In walking, if you meet a maid,
Wife, widow, divorcee.

And if she smiles in passing you,
As one who says, "Good day!"

A gentleman will always lift

His hat with graceful mien,

Not grudgingly, but as above,

That his whole head be seen.

The hat is raised that we may see

If he is bald or not;

Though she removes nor hat nor switch

From off her vacant spot.

—Leslie's Monthly.

* * *

Ready Wit Valuable.

If anyone is going to hobnob with emperors and great folks he had better have his wits constantly about him. A person never has a chance to be dull a second time to the same king. A ready reply has made the fortune of many a man, as history amply shows.

General Young, who was one of the American officers who went to Germany at the invitation of Emperor William, was introduced to the Emperor, and the latter asked him if he had ever been in Germany before. General Young replied: "I have never visited this part." The Emperor inquired what part he had visited, whereupon General Young said: "I have visited St. Louis, Cincinnati and Milwaukee." The Emperor roared with laughter at the quick response of the American General, and he took him by the arm and introduced him to the Empress, to whom, of course, the witticism had to be repeated.

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Board, 50c per square foot; meals extra. Breakfast at five, dinner at six, supper at seven. Guests are expected not to speak to the deaf waiter. Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for supper. Not responsible for diamonds, cycles, or other valuables kept under the pillows; they should be deposited in the safe. "Bicycle" playing cards kept on sale at the office, but country visitors are requested not to play any game more exciting than "Old Maid" after 7 P. M., as their noise may disturb the night clerk's slumbers. The hotel is convenient to all cemeteries; hearses to hire at 25c a day. Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet. If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape. If you're fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring. Baseballists desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand. If the lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that's light enough for any room. Anyone troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bedpost. Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundations. No playing-cards allowed in the house except those bought at the office.

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